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THE

WORKS

OF

FRANCIS RABELAIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

DU CHAT, MOTTEUX, OZELL,

AND OTHERS.

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VOL. IV.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.; CUTHELL AND MARTIN; R. FAULDER; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME; J. MURRAY; J. CARPENTER; W. J. AND J. RICHARDSON; AND BLACK, PARRY, AND KINGSBURY.

1807.

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THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

RABELAIS'S WORKS.

CONTINUED.

CHAP. XLVII.

HOW THE DEVIL WAS DECEIVED BY AN OLD WOMAN OF POPE-FIGLAND.

THE country lob trudged home very much concerned and thoughtful, you may swear; insomuch that his good woman, seeing him thus look moping, weened that something had been stolen from him at market: but when she had heard the cause of his affliction, and seen his budget well lined with coin, she bade him be of good cheer, assuring him that he'd be never the worse for the scratching bout in question; wishing him only to leave her to manage that business, and not trouble his head about it; for she had already contrived how to bring him off cleverly. Let the worst come to the worst, said the husbandman, it will be but a scratch; for I'll yield at the first stroke, and quit the field. Quit a fart, replied the wife; he shall have none of the field: rely upon me, and be quiet; let me alone to deal with him. You say he's a pimping little devil, that's enough; I'll soon make him give up the field, I'll warrant you. Indeed, had he been * a great devil, it had been somewhat.

The

* *A great devil.*] Less a novice.

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The day that we landed in the island happened to be that which the devil had fixed for the combat. Now the countryman, having, like a good catholic, very fairly confessed himself, and * received, betimes in the morning, by the advice of the vicar, had hid himself, all but the snout, in the holy water-pot, in the posture in which we found him; and just as they were telling us this story, news came that the old woman had fooled the devil, and gained the field. You may not be sorry, perhaps, to hear how this happened.

The devil, you must know, came to the poor man's door, and rapping there, cried, So ho! ho the house! ho, clod-pate! where art thou? Come out with a vengeance; come out with a wannion; come out and be damn'd: now for clawing. Then briskly and resolutely entering the house, and not finding the countryman there, he spied his wife lying on the ground, piteously weeping and howling. What's the matter? asked the devil. Where is he? What does he? Oh! that I knew where he is, replied threescore and five, the wicked rogue, the butcherly dog, the murderer! He has spoiled me; I am undone; I die of what he has done to me. How, cried the devil, what is it? I'll tickle him off for you by and by. Alas, cried the old dissembler, he told me, the butcher, the tyrant, the tearer of devils, told me that he had made a match to scratch with you this day, and to try his claws, he did but just touch me with his little finger, here betwixt the legs, and has spoiled me for ever. Oh! I am a dead woman! I shall never be myself again: do but see! Nay, and besides, he talked of going to the smith's, to have his pounces sharpened and pointed. Alas! you are undone, Mr. Devil; good sir, scamper quickly, I am sure

* A vulgar curtailed phrase for the highest and most solemn act of religion.

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sure he won't stay; save yourself, I beseech you. While she said this, she uncovered herself up to the chin, after the manner in which the * Persian women met their children who fled from the fight, and plainly showed † her what d'ye call it. The frighted devil, seeing the enormous solution of the continuity in all its dimensions, blessed himself, and cried out, Mahon, Demiourgon, Megæra, Alecto, Persephone; s'life, catch me here when he comes! I am gone: s'death, what a gash! I resign him the field.

Having heard the catastrophe of the story, we retired a ship-board, not being willing to stay there any longer. ‡ Pantagruel gave to the poor's-box of the fabric of the church, eighteen thousand gold royals, in commiseration of the poverty of the people, and the calamity of the place.

CHAP. XLVIII.

HOW PANTAGRUEL WENT ASHORE AT THE ISLAND OF PAPIMANY.

HAVING left the desolate island of the Popefigs, we sailed, for the space of a day, very fairly and merrily, and made the blessed island of Papimany. As soon as we had dropped anchor in the road, before we had well moored our ship with ground-tackle, four persons, in different garbs, rowed towards us in a skiff. One of them was dressed like a monk

* *Persian women, &c.*] See Plutarch. These women, when their sons were flying from the enemy, pulled up their cloaths, and in scorn bade them come and hide themselves once more in their mothers bellies.

† *Her what d'ye call it.*] *Son comment ha nom.*

‡ *Pantagruel gave &c.*] A good lesson for princes to be generous and liberal, on occasion. Pantagruel went nowhere but he bestowed his favours liberally, and left all the marks of a princely munificence.

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monk in his frock, draggle-tailed, and booted; the other like a falconer, with a lure, and a long-winged hawk on his fist: the third like a solicitor, with a large bag, full of informations, subpœnas, breviates, bills, writs, cases, and other implements of pettifogging. The fourth looked like one of your vine barbers about Orleans, with a jantee pair of canvass trowsers, a dosser, and a pruning knife at his girdle.

As soon as the boat had clapped them on board, they all with one voice asked, Have you seen him, good passengers, have you seen him?—Who? asked Pantagruel. You know who, answered they. Who is it? asked friar John. 'Sblood and oonds, I'll thrash him thick and threefold. This he said, thinking that they enquired after some robber, murderer, or church-breaker. Oh wonderful, cried the four, do not you foreign people know the one? Sirs, replied Epistemon, we do not understand those terms: but if you will be pleased to let us know who you mean, we'll tell you the truth of the matter without any more ado. We mean, said they, He that is. Did you ever see him? He that is, returned Pantagruel, according to our theological doctrine, is God, * who said to Moses, I am that I am. We never saw him, nor can he be beheld by mortal eyes. We mean nothing less than that supreme God, who rules in heaven, replied they; we mean the God on earth. Did you ever see him? Upon my honour, cried Carpalim, they mean the pope. Ay, ay, answered

* *Who said to Moses, I am that I am.*] Instead of those words, Rabelais only says: *Et en tel mot se declaira à Moses*, i. e. and in that word he declared himself to Moses. What word? *He that is*: not, I am that I am. God said not to Moses, I am that I am, but *I am he that is.* And therefore Rabelais makes him say so too. Our English Bibles indeed have it, I am that I am, and so has the Latin, *Eheje qui sum*: but the former should be, as I said before, I am he that is, and the latter *Eheje qui est.* The septuagint translation has it right, ἐγώ εἰμὶ ὁ ὤν, I am he that is. Accordingly Rabelais begins this period with *He that is*; for no being besides God truly is.

swered Panurge; yea verily, gentlemen, I have seen three of them, whose sight has not much bettered me. How! cried they, our sacred decretals inform us, that there never is more than one living. I mean successively, one after the other, returned Panurge; otherwise I never saw more than one at a time.

O thrice and four times happy people! cried they, you are welcome, and more than double welcome! They then kneeled down before us, and would have kissed our feet, but we would not suffer it, telling them that, should the pope come thither in his own person, 'tis all they could do to him. No, certainly, answered they, for we have already resolved upon the matter. We would kiss his bare arse, without boggling at it, and eke his two pounders: for he has a pair of them, the holy father, that he has; we find it so by our fine decretals, otherwise he could not be pope. So that, according to our subtile decretalin philosophy, this is a necessary consequence: he is pope; therefore, he has genitories (genitals) and should genitories no more be found in the world, the world could no more have a pope.

While they were talking thus, Pantagruel enquired of one of the coxswain's crew, who those persons were? he answered, that they were the four estates of the island; and added, that we should be made as welcome as princes, since we had seen the pope. Panurge having been acquainted with this by Pantagruel, said to him in his ear, I swear and vow, sir, 'tis even so; he that has patience may compass any thing. Our seeing the pope hath done us no good: now, in the devil's name, 'twill do us a great deal. We then went ashore, and the whole country, men, women, and children, came to meet us as in a solemn procession. Our four estates cried out to them with a loud voice, "They have seen him! they have seen him! they have seen him! That proclamation being

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made, all the mob kneeled down before us, lifting up their hands towards heaven, and crying, O happy men! O most happy! and this acclamation lasted above a quarter of an hour.

Then came the Busby of the place, with all his pedagogues, ushers, and school-boys, whom he magisterially flogged, as they used to whip children in our country formerly, when some criminal was hanged, that they might remember it. This displeased Pantagruel, who said to them, Gentlemen, if you do not leave off whipping these poor children, I'm gone. The people were amazed, hearing his Stentorean voice; and I saw a little hump with long fingers, say to the hypodidascal, What! in the name of wonder do all those that see the pope grow as tall as yon huge fellow that threatens us! Ah! how I shall think time long till I have seen him too, that I may grow and look as big. In short, the acclamations were so great, that * Homenas (so they call'd their bishop) hastened thither, on an unbridled mule, with green trappings, attended by his aposts (as they said) and his supposts, or officers, bearing crosses, banners, standards, canopies, torches, holy water-pots, &c. He too wanted to kiss our feet (as the good Christian Valfinien did to Pope Clement) saying, that one of their hypothetes, that's one of the scavengers, scowerers, and commentators of their holy decretals, had written, that, in the same manner as the Messiah, so long and so much expected by the Jews, at last appeared among them; so, on some happy day of God, the pope would come into that island; and that, while they waited for that blessed time, if any who had seen him at Rome, or elsewhere, chanced to come among them, they should be sure to make much of them, feast them plentifully, and treat them with a great

* *Homenas.*] This word is a production of that of *homme*. They use it in Languedoc, when they would say, a great loggerheaded booby, that has neither wit nor breeding.

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great deal of reverence. However, we civily desired to be excused.

CHAP. XLIX.

HOW HOMENAS, BISHOP OF PAPIMANY, SHEWED US THE * URANOPET DECRETALS.

HOMENAS then said to us: 'Tis enjoined us by our holy decretals to visit churches first, and taverns after. Therefore, not to decline that fine institution, let us go to church; we will afterwards go and feast ourselves. Man of God, quoth friar John, do you go before, we'll follow you: you spoke in the matter properly, and like a good Christian; 'tis long since we saw any such. For my part this rejoices my mind very much, and I verily believe that I shall have the better stomach after it. Well, 'tis a happy thing to meet with good men! Being come near the gate of the church, we spied a huge thick book, gilt, and covered all over with precious stones, as rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and pearls, more, or at least as valuable as those which Augustus consecrated to Jupiter Capitolinus. This book hanged in the air, being fastened with two thick chains of gold to the † zoophore of the porch. We looked on it, and admired it. As for Pantagruel, he handled it, and dandled

* *Uranopet.*] Descending from heaven, or ascending to heaven.

† *Zoophore.*] Cotgrave defines it, A painted carved girdle, or border, about a porch or pillar. But he does not tell us whence it is derived. The Cambridge dictionary, under the word zophorus, (which certainly is mispelt for zoophorus) says, A freeze or border in pillars, or other works, set off with the shapes of several things (he should have said, living creatures, Ζωα, and other things) graven upon it. I shall only add, that the Greeks sometimes mean by it the oblique circle of the heavens, called the Zodiac, filled with the representations of animals, &c. Architects call it, as I said before, the freeze, which every body knows is between the architrave and cornice.

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dled it, and turned it as he pleased, for he could reach it without straining; and he protested, that whenever he touched it, he was seized with a pleasant tickling at his fingers end, new life and activity in his arms, and a violent temptation in his mind to beat one or two serjeants, or such officers, * provided they were not of the shaveling kind. Homenas then said to us, The law was formerly given to the Jews by Moses, written by God himself. At Delphos, before the portal of Apollo's temple, this sentence, ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ, was found written with a divine hand. And some time after it, † E I was also seen, and as divinely written and transmitted from heaven. Cybele's image was brought out of heaven, into a field called Pesinunt, in Phrygia: so was that of Diana to Tauris, if you will believe Euripides; the oriflambe, or holy standard, was transmitted out of heaven to the noble and most Christian kings of France, to fight against the unbelievers. In the reign of ‡ Numa Pompilius, second king of the Romans, the famous copper buckler, called Ancile, was seen to descend from heaven. At Acropolis, near Athens, § Minerva's statue formerly fell from the empyreal heaven. In like manner the sacred decretals, which you see, were written with the hand of

* *Provided they were not of the shaveling kind.*] Because by the decretals 'tis forbid, under pain of excommunication, on any account whatever, to strike either clerics or laics that were tonsured. Now, before the year 1425, there were in France multitudes of serjeants clerical, and others laical, who had undergone tonsure, and who, under favour of that, committed several grievous offences in the execution of their offices, without being liable to any punishment: and though, in that year, and even in 1518, endeavours were used to redress those grievances, both by arret and edict, the disorder still continued in some when our author wrote this.

† E I *was also seen.*] Plutarch has wrote a treatise, shewing the signification of this mysterious E I: which two letters were also divinely written, and transmitted from heaven, says the Dutch scholiast.

‡ *Numa.*] See Plutarch.

§ *Minerva.*] See Pausanias's attics.

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of * an angel, of the cherubim kind. You outlandish people will hardly believe this, I fear. Little enough of conscience, said Panurge.—And then, continued Homenas, they were miraculously transmitted to us here, from the very heaven of heavens; in the same manner as the river Nile is called Diipetes, by Homer, the father of all philosophy (the holy decretals always excepted). Now, because you have seen the pope, their evangelist and everlasting protector, we will give you leave to see and kiss them on the inside, if you think it meet. But then you must fast three days before, and canonically confess; nicely and strictly mustering up, and inventorising your sins, great and small, so thick that one single circumstance of them may not 'scape you; as our holy decretals, which you see, direct. This will take up some time. Man of God, answered Panurge, we have seen and descried decrees, and eke decretals enough o' conscience; some on paper, others on parchment, † fine and gay like any painted paper lantern, some on vellum, some in manuscript, and others in print: so you need not take half this pains to shew us these. We'll take the good-will for the deed, and thank you as much as if we had. Ay, marry, said Homenas, but you never saw these that are angelically written. Those in your country are only transcripts from ours; as we find it written by one of our old decretaline scholiasts. For me, do not spare me; I do not value the labour, so I may serve you: do but tell me whether you will be confessed, and fast only three short little days of God? As for confessing, answered

* *An angel, &c.*] Erasmus in his *exequiæ seraphicæ. Christus legem evangelicam promulgavit: Franciscus legem suam, angeli manibus his descriptam, tradidit seraphicis fratribus.* This tradition could not but be known to Homenas; but, as it would have derogated from the dignity of the decretals, he did not think himself obliged to take any notice of it, much less to lay any stress upon it.

† *Fine and gay like any painted lantern.*] *Parchemin lanterné* means only transparent, as the horn of a lantern.

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answered Panurge, there can be no great harm in it; but this same fasting, master of mine, will hardly down with us at this time, for we have so very much overfasted ourselves at sea, that the spiders have spun their cobwebs over our grinders. Do but look on this good friar John des Entomeures. (Homenas then courteously demy-clipped him about the neck) some moss is growing in his throat, for want of bestirring and exercising his chaps. He speaks the truth, vouched friar John; I have so much fasted that I'm * almost grown hump-shouldered. Come, then, let's go into the church, said Homenas; and pray forgive us if for the present we do not sing you a fine high mass. The hour of mid-day is past, and after it our sacred decretals forbid us to sing mass, I mean your high and lawful mass. But I'll say † a low and dry one for you. I had rather have one moistened with some good Anjou wine, cried Panurge; fall to, fall to your low mass, and dispatch. Od's-boddikins, quoth friar John, it frets me to the guts that I must have an empty stomach at this time of day. For, had I eaten a good breakfast, and fed like a monk, if he should chance to sing us the *requiem æternam dona eis domine*, I had then brought thither bread and wine for the ‡ traits passez, (those that

* *Almost grown hump-shouldered.*] It should be, grown quite hump-shouldered, or hump-backed. *Tout bossu*, in French. The abbot Guyet was of opinion it should be *moussu*, mossy, not *bossu*, hump-backed: but in all the editions M. du Chat had met with, it was *bossu*, and he's of opinion it ought to be so, i. e. hump-backed. This expression, adds he, being taken from the correspondency there is between a stomach that's empty, and a sack that is so, which can't stand on end, but falls together of a heap.

† *A low and dry mass.*] A little mass, or low mass: a mass without communion. *Messa bassa, messa senza communione*, says Oudin.

‡ *Traits passez, &c.*] Rabelais plays upon the word *trepassez* (the dead.) You must know that, to go to mass for the dead, is, say the Italians, *andar alla messa doppo haver fatta collatione, perche visi porta pane e vino, i. e.* to go to mass after having taken a repast, because then you carry with you bread and wine, (in your belly suppose). This is what friar John merrily alludes to.

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that are gone before). Well, patience; pull away, and save tide *: short and sweet, I pray you, and this for a cause.

CHAP. L.

HOW HOMENAS SHEWED US THE ARCH-TYPE, OR REPRESENTATION OF A POPE.

Mass being mumbled over, Homenas took a huge bundle of keys out of a trunk near the head altar, and put thirty two of them into so many key-holes; put back so many springs; then with fourteen more master'd so many padlocks, and at last opened an iron window strongly barr'd above the said altar. This

* *Short and sweet.*] Don't be long about your mass. Rabelais says, *troussez la court, de paour* (*peur*) *que ne se crotte.* Tuck it up short, for fear of its daggling. Thus in the play, called the passion of Jesus Christ, with four dramatis personæ, St. John, to the headsman who was come to dispatch him:

Amy, puis que finer me fault,
Pour tenir justice & raison,
Accorde que face oraison,
A dieu, par pensée devote.

Grongnart, Borreau.

Fay le donc court, que ne se crotte,
Je ne veuil plus attendre a l' huis.

Anglicè.

Friend, since I must suffer death
For having been sincere,
Grant me to finish my last breath,
To God in humble pray'r.

Grumblesby, the headsman.

Then make it short, for fear of daggling;
I cannot stand much longer haggling.

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This being done, in token of great mystery, he covered himself with wet sackcloth, and drawing a curtain of crimson satin, showed us an image daubed over coarsely enough, to my thinking: then he touched it with a pretty long stick, and made us all kiss the part of the stick that had touched the image. After this he said unto us, What think you of this image? It is the likeness of a pope answered Pantagruel: I know it by the triple crown, his furred aumusse, his rochet, and his slipper. You are in the right, said Homenas; it is the idea of that same good God on earth, whose coming we devoutly await, and whom we hope one day to see in this country. O happy, wished for, and much expected day! and happy, most happy you, whose propitious stars have so far favoured you, as to let you see the living and real face of this good God on earth! by the single sight of whose picture we obtain full remission of all the sins which we remember that we have committed, as also a third part, and * eighteen quarantaines of the sins which we have forgot: and indeed we only see it on high annual holidays.

This caused Pantagruel to say, that it was a work † like those which Dædalus used to make; since, though it were deformed and ill drawn, nevertheless some divine energy, in point of pardons, lay hid and concealed in it. Thus, said Friar John, at Sevillé, the rascally beggars being one evening on a solemn holiday at supper in the spittle, one bragged of having got six blancs, or two-pence half-penny; another, eight

* *Eighteen quarantaines of the sins which we have forgot.*] This is the style of the penitential canons.

† *Like those which Dædalus us'd to make.*] Wrong; it should have been translated, A work like that which once, upon a certain occasion, was made by Dædalus. For Dædalus was a most ingenious artificer, and this work here alluded to was as clumsily made as possibly he could make it, and that for a cause, which the reader will see in M. du Chat's note: a pleasant story enough about Juno's jealousy, but too long to be here inserted.

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eight liards, or two-pence; a third, seven carolus's, or sixpence: but an old mumper made his vaunts of having got three testons, or five shillings. Ah, but (cry'd his comrades) thou hast * a leg of God; as if, continued Friar John, some divine virtue could lie hid in a stenching ulcerated rotten shank. Pray, said Pantagruel, when you are for telling us some such nauseous tale, be so kind as not to forget to provide a bason, Friar John: I'll assure you, I had much ado to forbear bringing up my breakfast. Fie! I wonder a man of your coat is not asham'd to use thus the sacred name of God, in speaking of things so filthy and abominable; fie! I say. If among your monking tribes such an abuse of words is allowed, I beseech you leave it there, and do not let it come out of the cloisters. Physicians, said Epistemon, thus attribute a kind of divinity to some diseases: Nero also extolled mushrooms, and, in a Greek proverb, termed them divine food, because with them he had poisoned Claudius his predecessor. But methinks, gentlemen, this same picture is † not over-like our late popes.

* *A leg of God.*] Both a Hebrew and Greek expression for a rotten ulcerated leg. See Henry Stephens's dial. du nouv. lang. Fr. Ital. and Plutarch c. 33. of the dialogue about which are the most sensible beasts.

† *Not over-like our late popes.*] Alexander VI. and Julius II. But chiefly the last, who in 1511, with a helmet on his head, and cuirasse on his back and breast, appeared before Miranda, to hasten the siege of that place, which he thought his generals were slack in carrying on. It is of this pontiff that John le Maire de Belges speaks, in these verses of K. Louis XII's epistle to Hector of Troy:

Il faict beau veoir un ancien prebstre en armes
Crier l'assault, enhorter aux allarmes,
Souillé de sang, en lieu de sacrifice,
Contre l'estat de son tres digne office.

Fine sight! to see an ancient priest in arms,
Cry, on, and storm, exhorting to alarms,
Disgracing his high office, and all o'er,
Instead of sacrificing, stain'd with gore.

Of

popes. For I have seen them, not with their pallium, aumusse, or rochet on, but with helmets on their heads, more like the top of a Persian turbant; and while the christain commonwealth was in peace, they alone were most furiously and cruelly making war. This must have been then, returned Homenas, against the rebellious, heretical protestants; reprobates, who are disobedient to the holiness of this good God on earth. 'Tis not only lawful for him to do so, but it is enjoined him by the sacred decretals; and if any dare transgress one single iota against their commands, whether they be emperors, kings, dukes, princes, or commonwealths, he is immediately to pursue them with fire and sword, strip them of all their goods, take their kingdoms from them, proscribe them, anathematize them, and destroy not only their bodies, those of their children, relations, and others, but damn also their souls to the very bottom of the most hot and burning cauldron in hell. Here, in the devil's name, said Panurge, the people are no heretics; such as was our Raminagrobis, and as they are in Germany and England. You are christians of the best edition, all picked and culled for ought I see. Ay, marry are we, returned Homenas, and for that reason we shall all be saved. Now let us go and bless ourselves with holy-water, and then to dinner.

CHAP.

Of the same Julius IId. Budæus in l. 4. of his de asse, says: *Enimvero visendum spectaculum, patrem non modo sanctissimum, sed etiam senio & canitie spectabilem, quasi ad tumultum gallicum è Bellonæ fano suos evocatos cientem, non trabea, non augustis insignibus venerandum, non pontificiis gestaminibus sacrosanctum, sed paludamento & cultu barbarico conspicium: sed furiali (ut ita dicum) confidentia succinctum, fulminibus illis brutus & inanibus luridum, eminente in truci vultu cultuque spirituum atrocitate.*

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CHAP. LI.

TABLE-TALK IN PRAISE OF THE DECRETALS.

Now topers, pray observe that while Homenas was saying his dry mass, three collectors, or licensed beggars of the church, each of them with a large basin, went round among the people, saying, with a loud voice; Pray remember the blessed men who have seen his face. As we came out of the temple, they brought their basins brim full of papimany chink to Homenas, who told us that it was plentifully to feast with; and that, of this contribution and voluntary tax, one part should be laid out in good drinking, another in good eating, and the remainder in both: according to an admirable exposition hidden in a corner of their holy detretals: which was performed to a T, and that at a noted tavern not much unlike that of * Will's at Amiens. Believe me, we tickled it off there with copious cramming, and numerous swilling.

I made two notable observations at that dinner: the one, that there was not one dish served up, whether of cabrittas, capons, hogs (of which latter there is † great plenty in Papimany) pigeons, conies, leverets,

* *Will's at Amiens.*] It has been already said, in a note on ch. XI. of this book, how it came about there were formerly so many cook's shops at Amiens. We shall here take notice of what John de la Bruiere Champier, l. 15. ch. 1. of his de re cibaria, says of one Guillot, (angelicé Will or Billy,) who about the beginning of the 16th century, kept the best and nicest ordinary in all France. *Nostrâ memoriâ*, says he, *novimus in Gallia Belgica Ambiani unum popinarium, nomine Gulielmum (Guilotum vulgus cognominat) qui etiamnum citius dicto exquisitissimis omnis generis avitii (fowl, from avis) cibis, aut ferinæ, aut piscium cœnas instruebat, quæ vel regibus dari dignissimè potuissent. Hic facile inter popinarios gallicos palmam jure obtinuit.*

† *Great plenty in Papimany.*] The sneerers, among the catholics, call their canons God Almighty's hogs.

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rets, turkies, or others, without abundance of magistral stuffing: the other, that every course, and the fruit also, were served up by unmarried females of the place, tight lasses, I'll assure you, waggish, fair, good-conditioned and comely, spruce and fit for business. They were clad all in fine long white albes, with two girts; their hair interwoven with narrow tape and purple ribbond, stuck with roses, gilly-flowers, marjoram, daffidown-dillies, thyme, and other sweet flowers.

At every cadence, they invited us to drink and bang it about, dropping us neat and genteel courtsies: nor was the sight of them unwelcome to all the company; and as for Friar John, he leered on them side-ways, like a cur that steals a capon. When the first course was taken off, the females melodiously sung as an epode in the praise of the sacrosanct decretals; and then the second course being served up, Homenas, joyful and cheery, said to * one of the she butlers, light here, Clerica. Immediately one of the girls brought him a tall-boy brim-full of † extravagant wine. He took fast hold of it, and ‡ fetching a deep

* *One of the she butlers, Light here, Clerica.*] Rabelais's words are *Clerice, esclaire icy.* A sensible pun to such as speak French. Light here, clerk. Words properly of a curate ordering his young clerk to light him with his lantern, in administrating the sacraments to a sick person. Homenas makes use of it here, to let his servants know, they should fill him nothing but bumpers, (lampées in French) which likewise alludes to lamp-light.

† *Extravagant wine.*] Tythe wine, granted to Homenas's church by some extravagante, i. e. extraordinary constitution added to the body of the canon law.

‡ *Fetching a deep sigh.*] Much cause indeed to sigh, like the fat prior, in Marot, who cry'd.

Que d'on ha de maulx pour servir saincte eglise!

O! how much we go thro' who serve the church!

Not unlike a parson I knew, possessed of one of your fat goose livings of 400l. a year, stroaking his hand over his pot-belly, after dinner, in his elbow-chair: O my God! said he, very devoutly.

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a deep sigh, said to Pantagruel; My lord, and you my good friends, here's t'ye, with all my heart: you are all very welcome. When he had tipped that off, and given the tall-boy to the pretty creature, he lifted up his voice and said; O most holy decretals, how good is good wine found through your means! This is the best jest we have had yet, observed Panurge. But it would still be a better, said Pantagruel, if they could turn bad wine into good.

O seraphic sextum! (continued Homenas) how necessary are you not to the salvation of poor mortals! O cherubic clementinæ! how perfectly the perfect institution of a true christian is contained and described in you! O angelical extravagants! how many poor souls that wander up and down in mortal bodies, through this vale of misery, would perish, were it not for you! When, ha! when shall this special gift of grace be bestowed on mankind, as to lay aside all other studies and concerns, to use you, to peruse you, to understand you, to know you by heart, to practise you, to incorporate you, to turn you into blood, and incentre you into the deepest ventricles of their brains, the inmost marrow of their bones, and most intricate laybrinth of their arteries? Then, ha then! and no sooner than then, nor otherwise than thus, shall the world be happy! While the old man was thus running on, Epistemon arose and softly said to Panurge; For want of a close stool, I must e'en leave you for a moment or two: this stuff has unbunged the orifice of my mustard-barrel; but I'll not tarry long.

Then, ah then! continued Homenas, no hail, frost, ice, snow, overflowing, or vis major: then plenty of all earthly goods here below. Then uninterrupted and eternal peace through the universe, an end of all wars, plunderings, drudgeries, robbing, assassinates, unless it be to destroy these cursed rebels the heretics.

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heretics. Oh, then, rejoicing, cheerfulness, jollity solace, sports and delicious pleasures, over the face of the earth. Oh! what great learning, inestimable erudition, and godlike precepts, are knit, linked, rivetted and mortised in the divine chapters of these eternal decretals!

Oh! how wonderfully, if you read but one demy canon, short paragraph, or single observation of these sacrosanct decretals, how wonderfully, I say, do you not perceive to kindle in your hearts, a furnace of divine love, charity towards your neighbour, * provided he be no heretic, bold contempt of all casual and sublunary things, firm content in all your affections, and extatic elevation of soul even to the third heaven.

CHAP. LII.

A CONTINUATION OF THE MIRACLES CAUSED BY THE DECRETALS.

†Wisely, brother Timothy, quoth Panurge; did 'em, did 'em? He says blew: but for my part, I believe as little of it as I can. For, one day by chance I happened to read a chapter of them at Poictiers, at the most decretalipotent Scotch doctor's, and old Nick turn me into bumfodder, if this did not make me so hide-bound and costive, that for four or five

* *Provided he be no heretic.*] Homenas, good soul! believes, like a true bigot, a man may want charity towards a heretic, and be ne'er the worse christian for't.

† *Wisely*, &c.] All this circumlocution of words is taken out of Cotgrave, for the rendering *dire d'orgues*: but the thing is this: *orgues* meaning organs, Panurge does as much as say to Homenas, You have heard others talk thus, and upon that footing you affirm it; and so you do just like the organs, which yield a delightful sound, when well managed: but for my part, I'll not believe you without good vouchers.

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five days I hardly scumbered one poor butt of sir-reverence; and that too was full as dry and hard, I protest, as Catullus tells us were those of his neighbour Furius:

Nec toto decies cacas in anno,
Atque id durius est fabâ, & lapillis:
Quod tu si manibus teras, fricesque,
Non unquam digitum inquinare posses.

Oh, ho, cry'd Homenas, * by'r lady, it may be you were then in the state of mortal sin, my friend. Well turned, cried Panurge; this was a new strain egad.

One day, said Friar John, at Sevillé I had applied to my posteriors, by way of hind-towel, a leaf of an old clementinæ, which our rent-gatherer John Guimard had thrown out into the green of our cloyster: now the devil broil me like a black pudding, if I was not so abominably plagued with chaps, chawns and piles at the fundament, that the orifice of my poor nockandroe was in a most woeful pickle for I don't know how long. By'r lady, cry'd Homenas, 'twas a plain punishment of God, for the sin that you had committed in bewraying that sacred book, which you ought rather to have kissed and adored; I say with an adoration of latria, or of hyperdulia at least: † the Panormitan never told a lie in the matter.

Saith Ponocrates; At Montpelier, John Choüart having bought of the monks of St. Olary a delicate set of decretals, written on fine large ‡ parchment of

* *By'r lady.*] *Inian*, in the original: i. e. by St. John: a childish oath, says Cotgrave.

† *The Panormitan.*] *Nicolas de Fudeschis*, a Sicilian, archbishop of Palermo, in 1425. His commentary on the clementinæ was printed in 8vo. at Paris 1516. See Draudius's bibliotheque.

‡ *Parchment of Lamballe.*] A town of Bretagne, famous for the manufactory of parchment.

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of Lamballe, to beat gold between the leaves, not so much as a piece that was beaten in them came to good, but all were dilacerated and spoiled. Mark this, cried Homenas; 'twas a divine punishment and vengeance.

At Mans, said Eudemon, Francis Cornu, apothecary, had turned an old set of extravagantes into waste paper: may I never stir, if whatever was lapt up in them was not immediately corrupted, rotten and spoiled; incense, pepper, cloves, cinnamon, saffron, wax, cassia, rhubarb, tamarinds, all, drugs and spices, were lost without exception. Mark, mark, quoth Homenas, an effect of divine justice! This comes of putting the sacred scriptures to such prophane uses.

At Paris, said Carpalim, Snip Groignet the taylor had turned an old clementinæ into patterns and measures, and all the clothes that were cut on them were utterly spoiled and lost; gowns, hoods, cloaks, cassocks, jerkins, jackets, waistcoats, capes, doublets, petticoats, corps de robes, vardingals, and so forth. Snip thinking to cut a hood, would cut you out a codpiece; instead of a cassock, he'd make you a high crown'd hat; for a waistcoat, he'd shape you out a rochet; on the pattern of a doublet, he'd make you a thing like a frying-pan; then his journey-men having stitched it up, did jag it and pink it at the bottom, and so it looked like a pan to fry chesnuts. Instead of a cape, he made a buskin; for a vardingal, he shaped a montero-cap; and thinking to make a cloak, he'd cut out a pair of your big outstroutting Switzers breeches, with panes like the outside of a tabor. Insomuch that Snip was condemned to make good the stuffs to all his customers; and to this day poor cabbage's hair grows through his hood, and his arse through his pocket-holes. Mark, an effect

effect of heavenly wrath and vengeance! cried Homenas.

At Cahusac, said Gymnast, a match being made by the lords of Estissac and viscount Lausun to shoot at a mark, Peretou had taken to pieces a set of * decretals, and set one of the leaves for the white to shoot at: now I sell, nay I give and bequeath for ever and aye, the mould of my doublet to fifteen hundred hampers full of black devils, if ever any archer in the country (though they are singular marksmen in Guienne) could hit the white. Not the least bit of the holy scribble was contaminated or touched: nay, and Sansornin the elder, who held stakes, swore to us, figues dioures, hard figs (his greatest oath) that he had openly, visibly, and manifestly seen the bolt of Carquelin moving right to the round circle in the middle of the white; and that just on the point, when it was going to hit and enter, it had gone aside above seven foot and four inches wide of it towards the bakehouse.

Miracle! cry'd Homenas, miracle! miracle! Clerica, come wench, light, light here. Here's to you all, gentlemen; I vow you seem to me very sound christains. While he said this, the maidens began to snicker at his elbow, grinning, giggling, and twittering among themselves. Friar John began to paw, neigh, and whinny at the snout's end, as one ready to leap, or at least to play the ass, and † get up and ride tantivy to the devil, like a beggar on horseback.

Methinks, said Pantagruel, a man might have been more

* *Decretals.*] Add, printed on canonge paper. A beautiful large paper, called by Vives, *charta grandis, augustana, sive imperialis; quæ*, says he, *de rebus sacris hieratica nominatur, qualis videtur in libris sacrorum ædium.* See his dialogue entitled scriptio. See in du Chat the derivation of the word canonge.

† *Get up and ride tantivy, &c.*] It is in the original, *monter dextre, comme Herbault sa poivre gent.* Which has two meanings: one is, fall

more out of danger near the white of which Gymnast spoke, than was formerly Diogenes near another. How's that? asked Homenas; what was it? Was he one of our decretalists? Rarely fallen in again egad, said Epistemon, returning from stool; I see he will hook his decretals in, though by the head and shoulders.

Diogenes, said Pantagruel, one day, for pastime, went to see some archers that shot at butts, one of whom was so unskilful, that, when it was his turn to shoot, all the by-standers went aside, lest he should mistake them for the mark. Diogenes had seen him shoot extremely wide of it: so when the other was taking aim a second time, and the people removed at a great distance to the right and left of the white, he placed himself close by the mark; holding that place to be the safest, and that so bad an archer would certainly rather hit any other.

One of the lord d'Estissac's pages at last found out the charm, pursued Gymnast, and by his advice Perotou put in another white, made up of some papers of Pouillac's law suit, and then every one shot cleverly.

At Landerousse, said Rhizotomus, at John Delif's wedding were very great doings, as 'twas then the custom of the country. After supper, several farces, interludes, and comical scenes were acted: they had also several morrice-dancers with bells and tabors; and divers sorts of masks and mummers were let in. My school fellows and I, to grace the festival to the best of our power (for, fine white and purple liveries had been given to all of us in the morning) contrived a merry mask with store of cockle-shells, shells of snails, periwinkles, and such other. Then for

fall upon them, as your gentlemen's dogs fall upon beggars at the gates: the other is, ride 'em, worry 'em, and harrass 'em, as some lords of manors do their poor tenants.

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for want of cuckoe-pint or priest pintle, lousebur, clote and paper, we made ourselves false faces with the leaves of an old sextum, that had been thrown by, and lay there for any one that would take it up; cutting out holes for the eyes, nose and mouth. Now, did you ever hear the like since you were born? when we had played our little boyish antic tricks, and came to take off our sham faces, we appeared more hideous and ugly than the little devils that acted the passion at * Douay: for our faces were utterly spoiled at the places which had been touched by those leaves: one had there the small pox; another, God's token, or the plague spot; a third, the crinckums; a fourth, the measles; a fifth, botches, pushes, and carbuncles: in short, he came off the least hurt, who only lost his teeth by the bargain. Miracle! bawled out Homenas, miracle!

Hold, hold, cry'd Rhizotomus, 'tis n't yet time to clap. My sister Kate, and my sister Ren, had put the crepines of their hoods, their ruffles, snuffekins, and neck-ruffs new wash'd, starch'd, and iron'd, into that very book of decretals; for, you must know, it was covered with thick boards, and had strong clasps. Now by the virtue of God—Hold, interrupted Homenas, what God do you mean? There is but one, answered Rhizotomus. In heaven, I grant, replied Homenas; but we have another here on earth, d'ysee. Ay, marry have we, said Rhizotomus; but on my soul I protest I had quite forgot it.—Well then, by the virtue of God the Pope, their pinners, neck-ruffs, bibs, coifs, and other linen, turned as black as a charcoal-man's sack. Miracle! cry'd Homenas. Here, Clerica, light me here; and pr'ythee, girl, observe these rare stories. How comes it to pass then, asked Friar John, that people say,

Ever

* *Douay.*] Read Doué. One's in France, t'other in Flanders.

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* Ever since decrees had tails, -

And

* *Ever since decrees had tails.*] It should be ever since decrees had wings. On which M. du Chat has this long, but not tedious, note. The decretals, says he, which are of so great weight and authority with the canonists, were not only added to the body of the ancient decrees, as wings, ailes, to the main pile of a building; but they are likewise the wings of the decrees in another sense; inasmuch as, by the means and help of these wings, the popes, whom the ancient canons kept pretty low, have soared to their present height, and have assumed the power they now exercise over the Latin church. *Prendre des ailes*, or, as they speak in Languedoc, *prendre ales*, to take the wing, is to forget one's self so far as to lose sight of the lowness of one's true condition; as some years ago was the case of a certain arrogant fop, not far from Montpellier, according to the following tale, made upon occasion of his taking too much upon him:

Certain bourgeois, trenchant du gentilhomme,
Avec un gros de nobles campagnars,
En rang d'oignons, soupoit un jour, & comme
Il se devoit l'air de faire les parts,
Coupoit dindons, levrauts, perdrix, canars;
On s'appercut que l'ecuier habile
Tout en rangeant les morceaux sur les plats
Avoit grand soin de ne s'oublier pas.
D'ailes surtout de perdrix une pile
Sur son assiete on voioit s'elever.
Lors un d'entre eux qui se sentit grever,
D'un tour de main raerochant les plus belles,
Vous en avez, dit-il, plus qu'il ne faut:
Pas ne vous sied, monsieur, d'avoir tant d'ailes;
Vous ne prenez deja qu'un vol trop haut.

A certain upstart citizen of late,
Would cut a figure, and would needs look great,
A knot of country gentlemen were met;
And, like a row of onions, all were set,
And he amidst them.—Supper being serv'd,
To this and that and t'other man he carv'd.
Ducks, levrets, partridge, turkeys pout he cuts,
And on their plates what part he pleases, puts.
In dealing out their pittances, the elf
Took special care not to forget himself.
Well-stor'd his plate was with the choicest things;
But, above all, a pile of partridge wings.
One, that lov'd partridge wings as well as cit,
Whips from his plate the best—"Sir, is it fit,"
Said he to monsieur carver, "is it right,
"You should have all the wings, in our despite,
"You, who already take too high a flight?

H. Stephens.

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* And gens d'arms lugg'd heavy mails,
Since each monk would have a horse,
All went here from bad to worse.

Depuis que decrets eurent ales,
Et gens-d'armés porterent males,
Moines allerent à cheval,
En ce monde abonda tout mal.

I understand you, answered Homenas: this is one of the † quirks and little satires of the new-fangled heretics.

CHAP.

H. Stephens, who, in the above quatrain of the decretals, instead of four verses, gives them in five, in ch. 39 of his apology for Herodotus, took them, it may be, from the collection of adages, &c. published by Peter Grosnet of Auxerre, about the year 1536. I will give you a Latin version of the first of those four French verses, as done by Gentillet, the supposed Latin and French author of the anti-machiavel. *Ex quo decretum cumplis se sustulit alis.* And in the French part of his book, this first verse runs thus, *Depuis que decret eut prius ales.* This quatrain had not suffered so many alterations, if people had known that formerly *ales* was used for *ailes*, and that in Languedoc, where this old word is still continued, *avoir* or *prendre ales*, is to give one's self false airs. This was well known to those, who lived near the borders of Languedoc, and consequently to Gentillet. Neither was Beza, tho' a Burgundian, nor Duaren, tho' a Bas-Briton, unacquainted therewith. *Ad decretalia veniamus*, said Beza, in 1553, in his *passavant, & alios libros sequentes, de quibus nemo est qui nesciat proverbium quod dicitur, postquam decretum habuit alas, totum mundum fuisse maledictum. In eo decretalium volumine*, said the latter, some few years after (in his preface to his *de sacris ecclesiæ ministeriis*) *multa intueri licet, quæ à prisca illa disciplina, quæ decretorum liber à Gratiano editus continet, multum degenerent. Atque hinc natum est illud apud nostrates tritum ac vulgo jactatum, malè cum rebus humanis actum esse, ex quo decretis alæ accesserunt.*

* *And gens d'arms lugg'd heavy mails.*] Beza, l. 4, of his ecclesiastical history, says, this is an allusion to the proverb *muli mariani*; which see explained in Sartorius. But Beza's reasoning thereupon is so confused, and his application so inexact and incoherent, that there's no making head or tail of what he says. It is more likely that what made the *gens d'arms* carrying port-mantles, or mails, so odious to the people, was, that, after they had submitted to carry that luggage, nothing escaped them wherever they quartered or marched, but they would pouch up a thousand things they took a fancy to at people's houses, or in the fields.

† *Quirks, &c.*] Homenas is mistaken. Nothing was more common than that proverb, or had been so for a long time.

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CHAP. LIII.

HOW, BY THE VIRTUE OF THE DECRETALS, GOLD IS SUBTILLY DRAWN OUT OF FRANCE TO ROME.

I would, said Epistemon, it had cost me a pint of the best tripe that ever can enter into gut, so we had but compared with the original the dreadful chapters, *execrabilis : de multa : si plures : de annatis per totum : nisi essent : cum ad monasterium : quod dilectio : mandatum ;* and certain others, that draw every year out of France to Rome, four hundred thousand ducats and more.

Do you make nothing of this? asked Homenas. Though methinks, after all, 'tis but little, if we consider that France, *the most christian*, is the only nurse the see of Rome has. However, find me in the whole world a book, whether of philosophy, physic, law, mathematics, or other human learning, nay, even, by my God, of the holy scripture itself, that will draw as much money thence? None, none, * pshaw, tush, blurt, pish ; none can. You may look till your eyes drop out of your head, nay, till doomsday in the afternoon, before your can find another of that energy ; I'll pass my word for that.

Yet these devilish heretics refuse to learn and know it. Burn 'em, tear 'em, nip 'em with hot pincers, drown 'em, hang 'em, spit 'em at the bunghole, pelt 'em, paut 'em, bruise 'em, beat 'em, cripple

* *Pshaw, &c.*] Nargues, nargues, in the original. A term of contempt. We say, a fig for't. So here Homenas's nargues, i. e. a fig for other books; or nazardes, a rap o' the nose for such as say there's any book to compare with the decretals. The anti-choppin, p. 46, and 47. *Et sic tu facis non plus non minus quam pueri sese ludentes cum simiis & guenonibus* (guenon, a she monkey, in French) *quibus ex una parte cultri offerunt buccellam pomi vel partem nucis, & de altera dant illis narques super nasum. Narques & nargues*, which before, in ch. xvii. Rabelais had coined into a couple of islands, re synonymous to nazarde.

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ple 'em, dismember 'em, cut 'em, gut 'em, bowell 'em, paunch 'em, thrash 'em, slash 'em, gash 'em, chop 'em, slice 'em, slit 'em, carve 'em, saw 'em, bethwack 'em, pare 'em, hack 'em, hew 'em, mince 'em, flea 'em, * boil 'em, broil 'em, roast 'em, toast 'em, bake 'em, fry 'em, crucify 'em, crush 'em, squeeze 'em, grind 'em, batter 'em, burst 'em, quarter 'em, unlimb 'em, behump 'em, bethump 'em, belump 'em, belabour 'em, pepper 'em, spitchcock 'em, and carbonade 'em on grid-irons, these wicked heretics! decretalifuges, decretalicides, worse than homicides, worse than patricides, decretalictiones of the devil of hell!

As for you other good people, I must earnestly pray and beseech you to believe no other thing, to think on, say, undertake, or do no other thing than what's contained in our sacred decretals, and their corollaries, this fine sextum, these fine clementinæ, these fine extravagantes. O deific books! So shall you enjoy glory, honour, exaltation, wealth, dignities, and preferments in this world; be revered and dreaded by all, preferred, elected, and chosen above all men.

For, there is not under the cope of heaven a condition of men, out of which you'll find persons fitter to do and handle all things, than those who by divine prescience, eternal predestination, have applied themselves to the study of the holy decretals.

Would you chuse a worthy emperor, a good captain, a fit general in time of war, one that can well foresee all inconveniencies, avoid all dangers, briskly and bravely bring his men on to a breach or attack, still be on sure grounds, always overcome without loss of his men, and know how to make a good use of his victory? Take me a decretist.---No, no, I

* *Boil 'em.*] Punishments then in fashion. Mat. Corderius, ch. 49, n. 28, of his *de corr. serm. emendatione:* They are going to execute him, i. e. to hang, or burn, or behead, or quarter, or boil him. *Ad capitale supplicium perductus est.*

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What makes and daily increases the famous and celebrated patrimony of St. Peter in plenty of all temporal, corporeal, and spiritual blessings? The holy decretals.

What made the holy apostolic see and pope of Rome, in all times, and at this present, so dreadful in the universe, that all kings, emperors, potentates, and lords, willing, nilling, must depend on him, hold of him, be crowned, confirmed, and authorized by him, come thither to strike sail, buckle, and fall down before his holy slipper, whose picture you have seen? The mighty decretals of God.

I will discover you a great secret. The universities of your world have commonly a book, either open or shut, in their arms and devices: what book do you think it is? Truly, I do not know, answered Pantagruel; I never read it. It is the decretals, said Homenas, without which the privileges of all universities would soon be lost. You must own, I have taught you this; ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Here Homenas began to belch, to fart, to funk, to laugh, to slaver, and to sweat; and then he gave his huge greasy four-corner'd cap to one of the lasses, who clapt it on her pretty head with a great deal of joy, after she had lovingly buss'd it, as a sure token that she should be first married. * *Vivat*, cry'd Epistemon, *fifat*, *bibat*, *pipat*.

O apocalyptic secret, continued Homenas! light, light, Clerica, light here † with double lanterns. Now for the fruit, virgins.

I was saying then, that giving yourselves thus wholly to the study of the holy decretals, you'll gain wealth and honour in this world: I add, that in the

* *Vivat, fifat, pipat, bibat.*] *Germanis vivere, bibere est*, is the saying in France, on occasion of this cry of the Germans, which Epistemon pronounces after the German fashion. See Misson, lett. 9, of his travels into Italy.

† *With double lanterns.*] Bring a couple of bumpers, (lampets in French) which equivocates to lanterns in sense.

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next you'll infallibly be saved in the blessed kingdom of heaven, whose keys are given to our good God and decretaliarch. O my good God, whom I adore and never saw, by thy special grace open unto us, at the point of death at least, this most sacred treasure of our holy mother church, whose protector, preserver, butler, chief larder, administrator, and disposer thou art; and take care, I beseech thee, O lord, that the precious works of supererogation, the goodly pardons, do not fail us in time of need: so that the devils may not find an opportunity to gripe our precious souls, and the dreadful jaws of hell may not swallow us. If we must pass through purgatory, thy will be done. It is in thy power to draw us out of it when thou pleasest. Here Homenas began to shed huge hot briny tears, to beat his breast, and * kiss his thumbs in the shape of a cross.

CHAP. LIV.

HOW HOMENAS GAVE PANTAGRUEL SOME BON-CHRESTIAN FEARS.

Epistemon, Friar John, and Panurge, seeing this doleful catastrophe, began, under the cover of their napkins, to cry, meeow, meeow, meeow; feigning to wipe their eyes all the while as if they had wept. The wenches were doubly diligent, and brought brimmers of † clementine wine to every one, besides store

* *Kiss his thumbs in the shape of a cross.*] Allusion to what is usually done by bigots, whose devotion consists so essentially in kissing the cross, that, in order to have a cross always at hand, they do [What? carry their wives with them? No] form a cross with their two thumbs, and in that shape are continually lifting them to their mouths. In Languedoc they say of a man that bestirs him rigorously in an affair, and seems to have it at heart, he kisses his thumbs a-cross that it may succeed.

† *Clementine wine.*] Clement the Vth, who was of Bourdeaux, and

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store of sweetmeats; and thus the feasting was revived.

Before we arose from table, Homenas gave us a great quantity of fair large pears; saying, Here, my good friends, these are singular good pears; you'll find none such any where else, I dare warrant.* Every soil bears not every thing, you know; India alone boasts black ebony; the best incense is produced in Sabæa; the sphragitid earth at † Lemnos: so this island is the only place where such fine pears grow. You may, if you please, make seminaries with their kernels in your country.

I like their taste extremely, said Pantagrnel. If they were sliced, and put into a pan on the fire with wine and sugar, I fancy they would be very wholesome meat ‡ for the sick, as well as for the healthy. Pray what do you call them? No otherwise than you have heard, replied Homenas. We are a plain downright sort of people, as God would have it, and call figs, figs; plums, plums; and pears, pears. Truly, said Pantagruel, if I live to go home, (which I hope will be speedily, God willing) I'll set and graff some in my garden in Touraine, by the banks of the Loire, and will call them bon-christian or good-christian pears: for I never saw better chris-

and under whose name the clementines were compiled, had planted in the territory of Pessac, a village within a league of Bourdeaux, a vineyard, which still bears the name of that pope. See du Chesne's antiquities of the cities, &c. l. 3, c. 2. But this is not what Rabelais has his eye to here. There is a great deal more likelihood that he means wine of a certain growth, the tythe whereof had been granted to Homenas's church by some clementine.

* *Every soil, &c.*] *Nec verò terræ ferre omnes omnia possunt*, says Virgil, l. 2, of his Georgics. And lower:

——Sola India nigrum
Fert ebenum, solis est thurea virga Sabæis.

† *Lemnos.*] See Pliny, l. 37, c. 8.

‡ *For the sick, as well as for the healthy.*] Pliny, l. 23, c. 7, says, all pears are heavy and hard of digestion, especially to unhealthy people; but in the same chapter he excepts baked pears.

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He also caused the church box, for its repairs and fabric, to be quite filled with double crowns of gold; and ordered nine hundred and fourteen angels to be delivered to each of the lasses, who had waited at table, to buy them husbands when they could get them.

CHAP. LV.

HOW PANTAGRUEL, BEING AT SEA, HEARD VARIOUS UNFROZEN WORDS.

WHEN we were at sea, junketting, tippling, discoursing, and telling stories, Pantagruel rose and stood up to look out: then asked us, Do you hear nothing, gentlemen? Methink I hear some people talking in the air, yet I can see nobody. Hark! According to his command we listened, and with full ears sucked in the air, as some of you suck oysters, to find if we could hear some sound scattered through the sky; and to lose none of it, like the emperor Antoninus, some of us laid their hands hollow next to their ears: but all this would not do, nor could we hear any voice. Yet Pantagruel continued to assure us he heard various voices in the air, some of men, and some of women.

At last we began to fancy that we also heard something, or at least that our ears tingled; and the more we listened, the plainer we discerned the voices, so as to distinguish articulate sounds. This mightily frightened us, and not without cause; since we could see nothing, yet heard such various sounds and voices of men, women, children, horses, &c. insomuch that Panurge cried out, Cods belly, there's no fooling with the devil; we are all beshit, let's fly.

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that there were several worlds, that touched each other in an equilateral triangle; in whose centre, he said, was the dwelling of truth: and that the words, ideas, copies, and images of all things past, and to come, resided there; round which was the age: and that with success of time part of them used to fall on mankind, like rheums and mildews; just as the dew fell on Gideon's fleece, till the age was fulfilled.

I also remember, continued he, that Aristotle affirms Homer's words to be flying, moving, and consequently animated. Besides, * Antiphanes said, that Plato's philosophy was like words, which, being spoken in some country during a hard winter, are immediately congealed, frozen up, and not heard: for what Plato taught young lads, could hardly be understood by them when they were grown old. Now, continued he, we should philosophize and search whether this be not the place where those words are thawed.

You'd wonder very much, should this be the head and lyre of Orpheus. When the Thracian women had torn him to pieces, they threw his head and lyre into the river Hebrus; down which they floated to the Euxine sea, as far as the island of Lesbos; the head continually uttering a doleful song, as it were, lamenting the death of Orpheus, and the lyre, with the wind's impulse, moving its strings, and harmoniously accompanying the voice. Let's see if we cannot discover them hereabouts.

* *Antiphanes said, &c.*] See Plutarch.

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which made us all start. This was the report of a field-piece in its time,' cried friar John.

Panurge prayed Pantagruel to give him some more: but Pantagruel told him, that to give words was the * part of a lover. Sell me some then, I pray you, cried Panurge. That's the part of a lawyer, returned Pantagruel. I would sooner sell you silence, though at a dearer rate; as Demosthenes formerly sold it by the means of his † *argentangina*, or silver squinsey.

However,

* *The part of a lover.*] *Verba dat omnis amans*, says Ovid.

† *Argentangina.*] M. du Chat taking no notice of this argentangina, any further than by referring to Erasmus's adages; and the old Dutch scholiast saying only, that it was a distemper which Demosthenes was reproached with, when he declined speaking against the Milesian ambassador's request; (see Aul. Gel. l. 2. c. 9.) I thought it might not be disagreeable to quote what Sartorius says upon this phrase, *argentanginam patitur.* Ἀργυάγχην πάσχει, such a one labours under an argentangina. *Hy heeft die gelt zucht*, say the Hollanders; *i. e.* he has (not the mully-grubs, but) the money-grubs, as near as I can make the English answer to the Dutch. *Gelt*, every body knows is money, and *zucht* is properly a swelling caused by bad humours (*gezwollenheyd ontstaande uyt quaade vochtigheden.*) So here, metaphorically, *gelt-zucht* is an ailment caused by money, which takes a man in the mouth, and hinders him from speaking, as was the orator Demosthenes's case, which gave occasion to this proverb: *Natum à Demosthene, qui cum diei unius reticentiam Milesiorum legatis viginti talentis vendidisset, hoc est, duodecim coronatorum millibus, postero die prodiit in concionem, collo multa lana obducto, ut qui anginam pateretur. Quidam verò è populo, cui simulatio subolebat, exclamabat eum non συνάγχην, sed ἀργυράγχην pati. Est autem synanche, quod vulgò squinantiam vocant.* Demosthenes being bought off by the Milesian ambassadors, who had given him twenty talents, that is, twelve thousand crowns, for only one day's silence, the orator came next day into the senate-house, his neck muffled about with rollers, and his chin bolstered up with wool, as if he had a sore throat: but one of the assembly smelt a rat, and cried out, Demosthenes has not got a cold, but gold; as near as I can imitate the Greek pun. The Greeks have another proverb to the same purpose: Βὸς ἐπὶ γλώττης: *Bos in lingua:* he has an ox on his tongue. (*Hem is een stuck specks in de mont geworpen*, say the Dutch. Somebody has thrown a piece of bacon into his mouth; when a man is bribed to be silent.) As for the ox on the tongue, the reader must know the Athenian coin was stamped with the figure of an ox. Plautus in Persa: *boves bini hic sunt in crumena*, he has a pair of oxen in his purse. Such, therefore, as were corrupted into silence, were said to have an ox stamped on their tongue: *bovem in lingua habere.* He has a bone in his mouth, say the French: *il a un os dans la bouche.*

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qut being thus obliged to go further in pilgrimage to her.

CHAP. LVII.

HOW PANTAGRUEL WENT ASHORE AT THE DWELLING OF GASTER, THE FIRST * MASTER OF ARTS IN THE WORLD.

THAT day Pantagruel went ashore in an island, which, for situation and governor, may be said not to have its fellow. When you just come into it, you find it rugged, craggy, barren, unpleasant to the eye, painful to the feet, and almost as inaccessible as the † mountain of Dauphiné, which is somewhat like a toad-stool, and was never climbed, as any can remember, by any but ‡ Doyac, who had the charge of king Charles the VIIIth's train of artillery.

This same Doyac, with strange tools and engines, gained that mountain's top, and there he found an old ram. It puzzled many a wise head to guess how it got

* *Master of Arts.*] Alluding to the *magister artis, ingeniique largitor venter*, of the poet Persius.

† *Mountain of Dauphiné.*] This mountain is one of the four wonders which Louis XI. took notice of in Dauphiné. It is within three leagues of Grenoble, going towards Embrun, near the Grande Chartreuse; and being shaped like a pyramid reversed, it has got the name of inaccessible.

‡ *Doyac, &c.*] John. The continuation of Monstrelet, fol. 209, calls him Doyae, and fol. 229, de Doyac; but Seyssel calls him plain Oyac, which seems to suit best with the first condition of that man, who, from a hosier, as he was in Auvergne at Montferrant, the place of his birth, rose to be the chief favourite of Louis XI. See more of him, and of his fate, in Du Chat. But this was not the person that formed and executed the bold design of climbing the mountain in question; it was one Damp Julian, a Lorrainer, a captain of Montelimar, who, by means of engines he had contrived himself, climbed to the top of it the 26th of June, 1492. We are told this in the chevalier Bayard's life, written by Symphorian Champier; and the thing is yet more satisfactorily particularized in the registers of the parliament of Dauphiné, which have been followed by Salvaing de Boissieux, in the Latin poem he wrote to celebrate the wonders of this mountain.

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He does not hear: and, as the Egyptians said that Harpocrates, the god of silence, named * Sigalion in Greek, was astomé, that is, without a mouth; so Gasta was created † without ears, even like the image of Jupiter in Candia.

He only speaks by signs: but those signs are more readily obeyed by every one, than the statutes of senates, or commands of monarchs; neither will he admit the least let or delay in his summons. You say, that when a lion roars, all the beasts at a considerable distance round about, as far as his roar can be heard, are seized with a shivering. This is written, 'tis true; I have seen it. I assure you, that at master Gaster's command, the very heavens tremble, and all the earth shakes: his command is called, Do this or die. Needs must when the devil drives; there's no gainsaying of it.

The pilot was telling us how, on a certain time, after the manner of the members that mutinied against the belly, as Æsop describes it, the whole kingdom of the ‡ Somates went off into a direct faction against Gaster, resolving to throw off his yoke: but they soon found their mistake, and most humbly submitted; for otherwise they had all been famished.

What company soever he is in, none dispute with him for precedence or superiority; § he still goes first, though kings, emperors, or even the pope, were there. So he held the first place at the council of Basle; though some will tell you, that the council was tumultuous, by the contentions and ambition of many for priority.

Every

* *Sigalion.*] Auson. Ep. 25, v. 27.

Aut tua Sigalion Ægyptius oscula signet.

† *Without ears.*] See Plutarch in the same discourse.

‡ *Somates.*] From σῶμα, the body. Now the author makes a kingdom of it, where lives Messer Gaster (a Greek word likewise, signifying the belly, stomach, and paunch.)

§ *He still goes first.*] The belly will be foremost especially if it is more than ordinary large and prominent.

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Every one is busied, and labours to serve him; and indeed, to make amends for this, he does this good to mankind, as to invent for them all arts, machines, trades, engines, and crafts: he even instructs brutes in arts which are against their nature, making poets of ravens, jackdaws, chattering jays, parrots and starlings, and poetresses of magpies, teaching them to utter human languages, speak and sing; and all for the gut. He reclaims and tames eagles, gerfaulcons, faulcons gentle, sakers, lanniers, gosse-hawks, spar-hawks, merlins, hagards, passengers, wild rapacious birds; so that setting them free in the air, whenever he thinks fit, as high and as long as he pleases, he keeps them suspended, straying, flying, hovering and courting him above the clouds: then on a sudden he makes them stoop, and come down amain from heaven next to the ground; and all for the gut.

Elephants, lions, rhinocerotes, bears, horses, mares, and dogs, he teaches to dance, prance, vault, fight, swim, hide themselves, fetch and carry what he pleases; and all for the gut.

Salt and fresh-water fish, whales, and the monsters of the main, he brings up from the bottom of the deep; wolves he forces out of the woods, bears out of the rocks, foxes out of their holes, and serpents out of the ground; and all for the gut.

In short, he is so unruly, that in his rage he devours all men and beasts: as was seen * among the Vascons, when Q. Metellus besieged them in the Sertorian wars; among the Saguntines besieged by Hannibal; among the Jews besieged by the Romans, and

* *Among the Vascons, &c.*]

——— *Sed qui mordere cadaver*
Sustinuit ———
Vascones, ut fama est, alimentis talibus usi
Produxere animas, ———

Says Juvenal, sat. 15. See Florus, l. 3, c. 22. and Val. Max. l. 7, c. 6.

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and six hundred more; and all for the gut. When his regent Penia takes a progress, wherever she moves, all senates are shut up, all statutes repealed, * all orders and proclamations vain: she knows, obeys, and has no law. All shun her, in every place chusing rather to expose themselves to shipwrecks at sea, and venture through fire, rocks, caves and precipices, than be seized by that most dreadful tormentor.

CHAP. LVIII.

HOW, AT THE COURT OF THE MASTER OF INGENUITY, PANTAGRUEL DETESTED THE ENGASTRYMYTHES AND THE GASTROLATERS.

AT the court of that great master of ingenuity, Pantagruel observed two sorts of troublesome and † too officious apparitors, whom he very much detested. The first were called Engastrimythes; the others, Gastrolaters.

The first pretended to be descended of the ancient race of ‡ Eurycles; and for this brought the authority of Aristophanes, in his comedy called The Wasps: whence of old they were called Euryclians, as § Plato writes, and Plutarch in his book of the cessation of oracles. In the holy decrees, 26 qu. 3, they are styled Ventriloqui; and the same name is given them in Ionian by Hippocrates, in his fifth book of epid. as men who speak from the belly. Sophocles calls them Sternomantes. These were soothsayers,

* *All orders, &c. vain.*] Necessity has no law, as the proverb says.

† *Too officious apparitors.*] Servants, incommodious to Gaster their master, by preventing him in all his appetites. See Cæl. Rhodig. l. 9, c. 13. of his ancient readings.

‡ *Eurycles.*] The name of an Engastrimuthe in Aristophanes's comedy of the Wasps.

§ *Plato.*] In his dialogue entitled the Sophist.

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soothsayers, enchanters, che
and seemed not to speak an
mouth, but from the belly.

Such a one, about the ye
was * Jacoba Rodogina, an
extract: from whose belly
nite number of others at F
have often heard the voice of
low, feeble, and small indeed
articulate and intelligible, whe
of curiosity, by the lords and
pine Gaul. To remove all ma
assured that this was not a tri
her stripped stark naked, and
nose to be stopped. This evil
Curl'd-pate, or Cincinnatulo,
any called him by that name;
ways ready to answer. If any s
past or present, he gave pertine
to the amazement of the hearers
come, then the devil was gravell
fast as a dog can trot. Nay, so
to own his ignorance; instead o
out a rousing fart, or mutterin
barbarous and uncouth inflexions
derstood.

As for the ‡ Gastrolaters, they
another in knots and gangs. So
wanton, and soft as so many §

* *Jacoba Rodogina.*] Or of Rouïgue, a
likewise was Cælius Rhodiginus, who, l. 5, c.
ing, had related this story, but without specifyi
† *Cisalpine Gaul.*] Beyond the Alps in
the contrary with respect of Rome: 'tis an a
tween mount Cenis and the river Rubicon,
bending Piedmont, Montferrat, Milan, M
Dutch scholiast.
‡ *Gastrolaters, &c.*] The same who are
Rabelais, coquillons or cuculiated gentry, are
whom he bore an old grudge.
§ *Milksops.*] According to their natural dis
portion to their income.

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louring, grim, dogged, demure and crabbed; all idle, mortal foes to business, spending half their time in sleeping, and the rest in doing nothing, a rent-charge and dead unnecessary weight on the earth, as Hesiod saith; afraid, as we judged, of offending or lessening their paunch. Others were masked, disguised, and so oddly dressed, that it would have done you good to have seen them.

There's a saying, and several ancient * sages write, that the skill of nature appears wonderful in the pleasure which she seems to have taken in the configuration of sea-shells, so great is their variety in figures, colours, streaks, and imitable shapes. I protest the variety we perceived in the dresses of the gastrolatrous coquillons was not less. They all owned Gaster for their supreme God, adored him as a God, offered him sacrifices as to their omnipotent Deity, owned no other God, served, loved, and honoured him above all things.

You would have thought that the holy apostle spoke of those, when he said, Phil. chap. 3. Many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are enemies of the cross of Christ: whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly. Pantagruel compared them to the cyclops Polyphemus, whom † Euripides brings in speaking thus: I only sacrifice to myself (not to the gods) and to this belly of mine, the greatest of all the gods.

CHAP.

* *Sages.*] See Pliny, l. 9, c. 33.

† *Euripides.*] In his tragedy of the Cyclops. See Plutarch in cessation of oracles.

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CHAP. LIX.

OF THE RIDICULOUS STATUE MANDUCE; AND HOW, AND WHAT THE GASTROLATERS SACRIFICE TO THEIR VENTRIPOTENT GOD.

While we fed our eyes with the sight of the phyzzes and actions of these lounging gulli-gutted Gastrolaters, we on a sudden heard the sound of a musical instrument called a bell; at which all of them placed themselves in rank and file, as for some mighty battle, every one according to his office, degree and seniority.

In this order, they moved towards master Gaster, after a plump, young, lusty gorbellied fellow, who, on a long staff, fairly gilt, carried a wooden statue grossly carved, and as scurvily daubed over with paint; such a one as * Plautus, Juvenal, and Pomp. Festus describe it. At Lyons, during the carnaval, 'tis called Maschecrouste, or † Gnaw crust; they call this Manduce.

It was a monstrous, ridiculous, hideous figure, fit to fright little children: its eyes were bigger than its belly, and its head larger than all the rest of its body; well mouth-cloven, however, having a goodly pair of wide, board jaws, lined with two rows of teeth, upper tier and under tier, which, my the magic

* *Plautus, &c.*] Plautus in his comedy of the Cable; Juneval, Sat. and Pompon. Festus, l. xi.

† *Gnaw crust.*] They don't now carry it about at Lyons, though they still talk of it there, and frighten their children with threatning to throw them to Masche-croute, to be devoured by him. If it is true, as is affirmed, that in several places of Flanders they call Kermès such another image, which is carried about on flesh-days, it must be on account of the terrible snapping noise, made by the jaws of that statue when they are moved; since in Holland, they also call Kermès the din and tumultuous noise, which runs through all fairs, where 'tis hardly possible to hear one another speak.

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gic of a small twine hid in the hollow part of the golden staff, were made to clash, clatter, and rattle dreadfully one against another; as they do at Metz with * St. Clement's dragon.

Coming near the Gastrolaters, I saw they were followed by a great number of fat waiters and tenders, laden with baskets, dossers, hampers, dishes, wallets, pots and kettles. Then under the conduct of Manduce, and singing I don't know what dithyrambics, crepalocomes, and epenons, opening their baskets and pots, they offered their God,

White hippocras, with dry toasts.	Soft bread.
White bread.	Houshold bread.
Brown bread.	Capirotadoes.
Carbonadoes, six sorts.	Cold loins of veal, with spice.
Brawn.	Zinziberine.
Sweet-breads.	Beatille pies.
Fricassees, nine sorts.	Brewess.
Monastical brewess.	Marrow-bones, toast and cabbage.
Gravy soupe.	Hashes.
Hotch-pots.	

Eternal drink intermixed. Brisk delicate white-wine led the van; claret and champaign followed, cool, nay, as cold as the very ice, I say; filled and offered in large silver cups. Then they offered,

Chitterlings garnished with mustard.	Hung-beef.
Sausages.	Chines and pease.
Neats tongues.	Hog's haslets.

Scotch

* *Clement's dragon.*] The people call it *graulli*, either from the German word *greulich*, horrible, terrible, or rather corruptly for *gargouille*, (which see explained elsewhere.) The image is carried in procession on St. Mark's day, and during the rogation week: but this not being the same figure Rabelais saw, the jaws of the graulli have now no motion. Only, on the end of his tongue, which is of iron, is fixed a small white loaf, which, together with as many more as each baker furnishes, before whose stall the procession passes, makes up the stipend or salary of the poor man who carries the graulli.

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Scotch-collops.
Puddings,
Carvelats.
Bolonia sausages.
Hams.
Brawn heads.
Powdered venison, with turnips.
Pickled olives.

All this associated with sempiternal liquor. Then they housed within his muzzle,

Legs of mutton with shallots.
Ollas.
Lumber pies, with hot sauce.
Ribs of pork with onion sauce.
Roast capons, basted with their own dripping.
Caponets.
Caviar and toast.
Fawns, deer.
Hares, leverets.
Partridges, and young partridges.
Plovers.
Dwarf-herons.
Teals.
Duckers.
Bitterns.
Shovelers.
Curlews.
Wood-hens.
Coots, with leeks.
Fat kids.
Shoulders of mutton, with capers.
Sir-loins of beef.
Breasts of veal.
Phesants, and phesant poots.
Peacocks.
Storks.
Woodcocks.
Snipes.
Hortolans.
Turkey cocks, hen turkeys, and turkey poots.
Stock doves, and wood-culvers.
Pigs, with wine sauce.
Black-birds, owsels, and rayles.
Moor-hens.
Bustards, and bustard poots.
Fig-peckers.
Young Guinea hens.
Flemmings.
Cignets.
A reinforcement of vinegar intermixt.
Venison pasties.
Lark-pies.
Dormice-pies.
Cabretto-pasties.
Roe-buck pasties.
Pigeon-pies.
Kid-pasties.
Capon-pies.
Bacon-pies.
Souced hogs-feet.

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Fry'd pasty-crust.
Forced capons.
Parmesan cheese.
Red and pale hippocras.
Gold-peaches.
Artichokes.
Dry and wet sweetmeats, 78 sorts.
Boiled hens, and fat capons marinated.
Pullets with eggs.
Chickens.
Rabbits, and sucking rabbits.
Quails, and young quails.
Pigeons, squobbs, and squeakers.
Herons, and young herons.
Fieldfares.
Olives.
Thrushes.
Young sea-ravens.
Geese, goslins.
Queests.
Widgeons.
Mavises.
Grouses.
Turtles.
Doe-conies.
Hedge-hogs.
Snytes.
Then large puffs.
Thistle-finches.
Whore's farts.
Fritters.
Cakes, sixteen sorts.
Crisp wafers.
Quince tarts.
Curds and cream.
Whipp'd cream.
Preserv'd myrabolans.
Gellies.
Welch barrapyclids.
Macaroons.
Tarts, twenty sorts.
Lemon-cream, Rasberry-cream, &c.
Comfits, 100 colours.
Cream-wafers.
Cream-cheese.

Vinegar brought up the rear to wash the mouth, and for fear of the squinsy: also toasts to scower the grinders.

CHAP. LX.

WHAT THE GASTROLATERS SACRIFICED TO THEIR GOD ON INTERLARDED FISH-DAYS.

PANTAGRUEL did not like this pack of rascally scoundrels, with their manifold kitchen sacrifices,

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and would have been gone, had not Epistemon prevailed with him to stay and see the end of the farce. He then asked the skipper, what the idle lobcocks used to sacrifice to their gorbellied god on interlarded fish-days? For his first course, said the skipper, they give him:

Caviar.
Botargoes.
Fresh butter.
Pease soup.
Spinage.
Fresh herrings, full-roed.
Sallads, a hundred varieties, of cresses, sodden hop-tops, bishops-cods, cellery, sives, rampions, jew's ears, (a sort of mushrooms that sprout out of old elders) asparagus, woodbind, and a world of others.
Red herrings.
Pilchards.
Anchovies.
Fry of tunny.
* Cauliflowers.
† Beans.
Salt salmon.
Pickled griggs.
Oysters in the shell.

Then he must drink, or the devil would gripe him at the throat: this therefore they take care to prevent, and nothing's wanting. Which being done, they give him lampreys with hippocras sauce:

Gurnards.
Salmon trouts.
Barbels, great and small.
Roaches.
Cockrells.
Minews.
Thornbacks.
Sleeves.
Sturgeons.
Sheath-fish.
Mackerels.
Maids.
Plaice.
Fry'd oysters.
Cockles.
Prawns.
Smelts.
Rock-fish.
Gracious lords.
Sword-fish.
Skate-fish.
Lamprills.

Jegs.

* *Cauliflowers.*] Not mere cauliflowers, but *emb' olif*, i. e. with oil. See this explained before, in ch. 32.

† *Beans.*] It is not plain beans in Rabelais, but *sagrenées de febues*, which Cotgrave says is a porridge, or mess of beans, sallad oil, and some verjuice or vinegar.

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Jegs.
Pickerells.
Golden carps.
Burbates.
Salmons.
Salmon-peels.
Dolphins.
Barn trouts.
Miller's thumbs.
Precks.
Bret-fish.
Flounders.
Sea-nettles.
Mullets.
Gudgeons.
Dabs, and sandings.
Haddocks.
Carps.
Pykes.
Botitoes.
Rochets.
Sea-bears.
Sharplings.
Tunnies.
Silver eels.
Chevins.
Cray-fish.
Pallours.
Shrimps.
Congers.
Porpoises.
Bases.
Shads.
Murenes, a sort of lampreys.
Craylings.
Smys.
Turbots.
Trouts, not above a foot long.
Salmons.
Meagers.
Sea-breams.
Halibuts.
Soles.
Dog's tongue, or kind fool.
Muscles.
Lobsters.
Great prawns.
Dace.
Bleaks.
Tenches.
Ombers.
Fresh-cods.
Dried-melwells.
Darefish.
Fausens, and griggs.
Eel pouts.
Tortoises.
Serpents, i. e. wood-eels
Dorees.
Moor-game.
Pearches.
Loaches.
Crab-fish.
Snails, and whelks.
Frogs.

If, when he had crammed all this down his guttural trap-door, he did not immediately make the fish

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swim again in his paunch, death in a trice. Special care is taken ship with vine-tree sirup. T him, haberdines, poor-jack, m mashed, &c.

Eggs fry'd, beaten, but-	Stoc
ter'd, poach'd, harden'd,	Gre
boil'd, broil'd, stew'd,	Sea-
slic'd, roasted in the	Cod
embers, toss'd in the	Sea-
chimney, &c.	

Which to concoct and digest negar is multiplied. For the lat crifices they offer,

Rice milk, and hasty	Figs.
pudding.	Almon
Butter'd wheat, and	Skirret
flummery.	White-
Watergruel, and milk	Raisins
porridge.	Dates.
Frumenty, and bony-	Chestn
claber.	Filbert
Stew'd prunes, and	Parsnij
bak'd bullace.	Artich

Pistachoes, or fistic-nuts.

Perpetuity of soaking wit

'Twas none of their fault, I'll same god of theirs was not publi plentifully served in his sacrific Heliogobalus's idol; nay, more Dragon in Babylon under king B ter had the manners to own t but a poor, vile, wretched creatu Antigonus, first of the name, w tus, (as poets will flatter, especia

* *Antigonus, &c.*] See Plutarch in his treatise of Isis and Osiris.

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of his fustian dubb'd him a God, and made the sun adopt him for his son, said to him; My lysanophore, (or, in plain English, my groom of the close-stool) can give thee the lie; so master Gaster very civilly used to send back his bigoted worshippers to his close-stool, to see, smell, taste, philosophise, and examine what kind of divinity they could pick out of his sir-reverence.

CHAP. LXI.

HOW GASTER INVENTED MEANS TO GET AND PRESERVE CORN.

Those gastrolatrous hobgoblins being withdrawn, Pantagruel carefully minded the famous master of arts, Gaster. You know that, by the institution of nature, bread has been assigned him for provision and food; and that, as an addition to this blessing, he should never want the means to get bread.

Accordingly, from the beginning he invented the smith's art, and husbandry to manure the ground, that it might yield him corn: he invented arms, and the art of war, to defend corn; physic and astronomy, with other parts of mathematics, which might be useful to keep corn a great number of years in safety from the injuries of the air, beasts, robbers, and purloiners: he invented water, wind, and hand-mills, and a thousand other engines to grind corn, and turn it into meal; leaven to make the dough ferment, and the use of salt to give it a savour; for he knew that nothing bred more diseases than heavy, unleavened, unsavoury bread.

He found a way to get fire to bake it; hour-glasses, dials, and clocks to mark the time of its

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baking; and, as some countrie
trived means to convey it out
another.

He had the wit to pimp for
mals of different species, that
for the generation of a third
more strong and fit for hard
two. He invented carts and
along with greater ease: and,
dered his progress, he devised
(to the astonishment of the
over to barbarous, unknown,
thence to bring, or thither to

Besides, seeing that, when h
some years the corn perished
due season, in others rotted,
excess, sometimes spoiled by
in the ear, or beaten down by
was destroyed on the ground;
since the days of yore, he h
conjure the rain down from h
ting certain grass, common e
known to very few, some of
us. I took it to be the same
whose boughs being dipped by
† Agrian fountain, on the
Arcadia, in time of drought,
gathered into clouds, and the
that kindly moistened the who

* *Eat by worms in the ear.*] *Egrene*
corn, from the ear: so *les vens egrenoien*
shaken out by the winds. Mr. Mott
translates it as if it were *vers*, worms; b
to all the old editions. Worms (*vers*)
the corn; but winds (*vents*) *egrenent les*
the ear.

† *Agrian fountain.*] Read the fo
Leonicus, l. 1. c. 67. of his various hi
dics, this fountain is called Ἀγνώ, an
likewise has called it Agnò.

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Our master of arts was also said to have found a way to keep the rain up in the air, and make it fall into the sea; also to annihilate the hail, surpress the winds, and remove storms as the * Mathanensians of Trœzene used to do. And as in the fields thieves and plunderers sometimes stole, and took by force the corn and bread which others had toiled to get, he invented the art of building towns, forts, and castles, to hoard and secure that staff of life. On the other hand, finding none in the fields, and hearing that it was hoarded up and secured in towns, forts, and castles, and watched with more care than ever were the golden pippins of the Hesperides, he turned engineer, and found ways to beat, storm, and demolish forts and castles, with machines and warlike thunderbolts, battering rams, balists, and catapults, whose shapes were shown us, not over-well understood by our engineers, architects, and other disciples of Vitruvius; as master Philebert de l'Orme † king Megistus's principal architect has owned to us.

And seeing that sometimes all these tools of destruction were baffled by the cunning subtilty or the subtle cunning (which you please) of fortifiers, he lately invented cannons, field-pieces, culverins, mortar-pieces, basilisks, murdering instruments that dart iron, leaden and brazen balls, some of them outweighing huge anvils. This by the means of a most dreadful powder, whose hellish compound and effect has even amazed nature, and made her own herself out-done by art; the ‡ Oxydracian thunders, hails,

* *Mathanensians.*] This is taken from the same work of Nicholas Leonicus, l. 2, c. 38. See Pausanias's corinthiacs.

† *King Megistus, &c.*] Henry II. in whose reign Philebert de l'Orme was architect and intendant of the buildings, as he continued to be under the kings Francis II. and Charles IX. The different works of this ingenious Lyonnois were printed in fol. in 1569, at Paris, by Frederic Moral.

‡ *Oxydracian, &c.*] See Apollonius's life by Philostratus, l. 2, c. 16.

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and storms, by which the peop
mediately destroyed their enem
but mere potguns to these. Fo
guns, when used is * more drea
more diabolical, and maims, t
mows down, sweeps away mor
greater consternation and dest
dred thunderbolts.

CHAP. LX

HOW GASTER INVENTED AN AI HURT OR TOUCHED BY CA

Gaster having secured hims
within strong holds, has sometim
enemies; his fortresses, by tha
curst instrument, levelled and d
beloved corn and bread snatche
and sacked by a tyrannic force
sought means to preserve his w
piers, and sconces from cannon
the bullets from hitting him, sto
flight, or at least from doing him
walls any damage. He shewe
which has been since used by F
common among the pastimes an
tions of the Thelemites. I'll tell
work, and pray for the future be
to believe what Plutarch affirms t
pose a herd of goats were all s
devil drove 'em, do but put a b

* *More dreadful, &c.*] Polydore Virgil
self much after the same manner, in his trea

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mouth of the hindmost nanny, and they will all stop stock still, in the time you can tell three.

Thus Gaster, having caused a brass faulcon to be charged, with a sufficient quantity of gunpowder, well purged from its sulphur, and curiously made up with fine camphire; he then had a suitable ball put into the piece, with twenty four little pellets like hail shot, some round, some pearl fashion: then taking his aim, and levelling it at a page of his, as if he would have hit him on the breast; about sixty strides off the piece, half way between it and the page in a right line, he hanged on a gibbet by a rope a very large siderite, or iron-like stone, otherwise called herculean, formerly found on Ida in Phrygia by one Magnes, as * Nicander writes, and commonly called load-stone: then he gave fire to the prime on the piece's touch-hole, which in an instant consuming the powder, the ball and hail-shot were with incredible violence and swiftness hurried out of the gun at its muzzle, that the air might penetrate to its chamber, where otherwise would have been a vacuum; which nature abhors so much, that this universal machine, heaven, air, land, and sea would sooner return to the primitive chaos, then admit the least void any where. Now the ball and small shot, which threatened the page with no less than quick destruction, lost their impetuosity, and remained suspended and hovering round the stone; nor did any of them, notwithstanding the fury with which they rushed, reach the page.

Master Gaster could do more than all this yet, if you'll believe me: for he invented a way how to cause bullets to fly backwards, and recoil on those that sent 'em, with as great a force, and in the very numerical parallel for which the guns were planted. And indeed, why should he have thought this difficult, seeing the herb † ethiopis opens all locks

* *Nicander.*] See Pliny, l. 36, c. 16.
† *Ethiopis*, &c.] See Pliny, l. 24, c. 17, &c.

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whatsoever; and an echineis or remora, a silly weakly fish, in spite of all the winds that blow from the 32 points of the compass, will in the midst of a hurricane make you the biggest first rate remain stock still as if she were becalmed, or the blustering tribe had blown their last: nay, and with the flesh of that fish, preserved with salt, you may fish * gold out of the deepest well that was ever sounded with a plummet; for it will certainly draw up the precious metal. † Since, as Democritus affirmed, and Theophrastus believed and experienced, that there was an herb at whose single touch an iron wedge, tho' never so far driven into a huge log of the hardest wood that is, would presently come out: and 'tis this same herb your hickways, alias woodpeckers, use, when with some mighty ax any one stops up the hole of their nests, which they industriously dig and make in the trunk of some sturdy tree. Since stags and hinds, when deeply wounded with darts, arrows, and bolts, if they do but meet the herb called dittany, which is common in Candia, and eat a little of it, presently the shafts came out, and all's well again: even as kind Venus cured her beloved by-blow Æneas, when he was wounded on the right thigh with an arrow by Juturna, Turnus's sister. Since the very wind of laurels, fig-trees, or sea calves, makes the thunder sheer off, insomuch that it never strikes them. Since at the sight of a ram, mad elephants recover their former senses. Since mad bulls coming near wild fig trees, called caprificii, grow tame, and will not budge a foot, as if they had the cramp. Since the venomous rage of vipers is assuaged if you but touch them with a beechen bough. Since also ‡ Euphorian writes,

* *Gold*, &c.] See Pliny, l. 9, c. 25.

† *Since Democritus*, &c.] Though Democritus was reckoned by Pliny to be a great liar, yet in the point before us, Theophrastus, who is one of Pliny's heroes, gives full credit to Democritus's assertion. See Pliny for all or most of these particulars.

‡ *Euphorion.*] See Ælian, l. 17, c. 28.

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writes, that in the isle of Samos, before Juno's temple was built there, he has seen some beasts called neades, whose voice made the neighbouring places gape and sink into a chasm and abyss. In short, since elders grow of a more pleasing sound, and fitter to make flutes, in such places where the crowing of cocks is not heard, as the ancient sages have writ, and Theophrastus relates: as if the crowing of a cock dulled, flattened, and perverted the wood of the elder, as it is said to astonish and stupify with fear that strong and resolute animal, a lion. I know that some have understood this of wild elder, that grows so far from towns or villages, that the crowing of cocks cannot reach near it; and doubtless that sort ought to be preferred to the stenching common elder, that grows about decayed and ruined places: but others have understood this in a higher sense, not literal, but allegorical, according to the method of the * Pythagoreans: as when it was said that Mercury's statue could not be made of every sort of wood; to which sentence they gave this sense; that God is not to be worshipped in a vulgar form, but in a chosen and religious manner. In the same manner by this elder, which grows far from places where cocks are heard, the ancients meant, that the wise and studious ought not to give their minds to trivial or vulgar music, but to that which is celestial, divine, angelical, more abstracted, and brought from remoter parts, that is, from a region where the crowing of cocks is not heard: for, to denote a solitary and unfrequented place, we say, cocks are never heard to crow there.

* *Pythagoreans.*] Pythagoras used to say, allegorically, that all sorts of wood ought not to be employed indifferently in making Mercury's statue: which has been explained by Apuleius, in his first apology for magic; by Alex. ab Alex. l. 4, c. 12, of his genial days; and by Erasmus, in his adages.

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CHAP. LXI

HOW PANTAGRUEL FELL ASLEEP
CHANEPH, AND OF THE PROBL
SOLVED WHEN HE WAKED.

THE next day merrily pursu
came in sight of the island
Pantagruel's ship could not a
ping about, and then failing us
calmed, and could hardly get a
from starboard to larboard, a
starboard, though to our sails
blers.

With this accident we were
ping, drooping, metagrabolized
the mire, in C sol fa ut flat,
hinges, and I don't know howi
speak one single syllable to eac

Pantagruel was taking a nap,
ding on the quarter deck, by th
liodorus in his hand; for still
sleep † better by book than by

Epistemon was conjuring,
know what latitude we were in.

Friar John was got into the
ing, by the ascendant of the spit
of ragousts and fricassees, wha
then be.

Panurge (sweet baby!) held

* *Chaneph.*] It means hypocrisy, in
this island, Rabelais places a sort of pre
mortified exterior, concealed, according to
indiscretions.

† *Better by book*, &c.] He chose rath
absolutely to do nothing.

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lion, alias hemp, next his tongue, and with it made pretty bubbles and bladders.

Gymnast was making tooth pickers with lentisk.

Ponocrates, dozing, dozed, and dreaming, dreamed; tickled himself to make himself laugh, and with one finger scratched his noddle where it did not itch.

Carpalim, with a nut shell, and a trencher of verne, [that's a card in Gascony] was making a pretty little merry windmill, cutting the card longways into four slips, and fastening them with a pin to the convex of the nut, and its concave to the tared side of the gunnel of the ship.

Eusthenes, bestriding one of the guns, was playing on it with his fingers, as if it had been a trump-marine.

Rhizotomus, with the soft coat of a field tortoise, alias ycleped a mole, was making himself a velvet purse.

Xenomanes was patching up an old weather-beaten lantern, with a hawk's jesses.

Our pilot (good man!) was pulling maggots out of the seamen's noses.

At last Friar John, returning from the forecastle, perceived that Pantagruel was awake. Then breaking this obstinate silence, he briskly and cheerfully asked him how a man should kill time, and raise good weather, during a calm at sea?

Panurge, whose belly thought his throat cut, backed the motion presently, and asked for a pill to purge melancholy.

Epistemon also came on, and asked how a man might be ready to bepiss himself with laughing, when he has no heart to be merry?

Gymnast, arising, demanded a remedy for a dimness of eyes?

Ponocrates, after he had a while rubbed his noddle,

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and shaked his ears, asked, how
dog-sleep? Hold, cried Panta
patetics have wisely made a rule,
questions and doubts, which are of
ought to be certain, clear and intel
you mean by * dog's-sleep? I mean
crates, to sleep fasting in the sun a
dogs do.

Rhizotomus, who lay stooping o
his drowsy head, and lazily yaw
sympathy, set almost every one
yawning too: then he asked for
oscitations and gapings.

Xenomanes, half puzzled, and
vamping his antiquated lantern, as
of the stomach might be so well ba
ed from the keel to the main hatch
stowed, that our human vessels mi
walt, but well trimmed, and stiff?

Carpalim, twirling his diminuti
how many motions are to be felt i
gentleman may be said to be hungr

Eusthenes, hearing them talk,
decks, and from the capstern calle
a man that's fasting, bit by a se
is in greater danger of death, th
serpent have eat their breakfasts
fasting-spittle is poisonous to serp
creatures?

One single solution may serve
blems, gentlemen, answered Par
single medicine for all such sympt
My answer shall be short, not to t

* *Dog's-sleep.*] In Oudin's dictionary,
a dog, is to sleep indifferently at all hours, an
† *A yawning*, &c.] *Oscitante uno, dein*
‡ *A man's fasting-spittle.*] See Aristotl
and Pliny, l. 7, c. 2.

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needless train of pedantic cant. * The belly has no ears, nor is it to be filled with fair words: you shall be answered to content by signs and gestures. As formerly at Rome, Tarquin the proud, its last king, sent an answer by signs to his son Sextus, who was among the Gabii, (at Gabii.) (Saying this, he pulled the string of a little bell, and friar John hurried away to the cook-room.) The son having sent his father a messenger, to know how he might bring the Gabii (Gabini) under a close subjection; the king, mistrusting the messenger, made him no answer, and only took him into his privy garden, and in his presence, with his sword, lopt off the heads of the tall poppies that were there. The express returned without any other dispatch: yet having related to the prince what he had seen his father do, he easily understood that by those signs he advised him to cut off the heads of the chief men in the town, the better to keep under the rest of the people.

CHAP. LXIV.

HOW PANTAGRUEL GAVE NO ANSWER TO THE PROBLEMS.

PANTAGRUEL then asked, what sorts of people dwelled in † that damn'd island? They are, answered Xenomanes, all ‡ hypocrites, holy mountebanks,

* *The belly*]. *L'estomach affamé.* A hungry stomach has no ears, said Cato the censor, in one of his speeches to the Roman people. See his life in Plutarch.

† *That damn'd island.*] *Isle de chien*, in Rabelais. On which *M.* du Chat says, *Chienne d'Isle* (Bitchington island, if you will,) island of people who bark at and bite all the world, as curst curs do.

‡ *Hypocrites.*] Add hydropics, puft up with a false opinion of their own sanctity.

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tebanks, tumblers of beads, mumblers of Av
spiritual comedians, sham saints, hermits, al
poor rogues, who, like the hermit of
between Blaye and Bourdeaux, live wholly
given them by passengers. Catch me the
can, cried Panurge; may the devil's head
jure my bum-gut into a pair of bellows, if
find me among them. Hermits, sham sain
forms of mortification, holy mountebanks
in the name of your father Satan, get o
sight: when the devil's a hog, you shall
I shall not forget yet a while our fat * Co
of Chesil. O that Beelzebub and Asta
counselled them to hang themselves out of
and they had don't! we had not then su
much by devilish storms as we did for ha
them. Hark'ee me, dear rogue, Xenom
friend, I prithee are these hermits, hypoc
eves-droppers, maids or married? Is there
of the feminine gender among them? Coul
hypocritically take there a small hypocriti
Will they lie backwards, and let out t
rooms? There's a fine question to be ask
Pantagruel! Yes, yes, answered Xenoma
may find there many goodly hypocrites
spiritual actresses, kind hermitesses, wo
have a plaguy deal of religion; then t
copies of 'em, little hypocritillons, sham-
and hermitillons. Foh! away with the
friar John; a young saint, an old devil! (M
an old saying, and as true a one as a you
an old saint.) Were there not such, continu
manes, the isle of Chaneph, for want of a n
tion of progeny, had long ere this been d
desolate.

* *Concilipetes of Chesil.*] Fathers of the council of Tr
fore, ch. 18.

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Pantagruel sent them by Gymnast, in the pinnace, seventy-eight thousand fine pretty little *gold half-crowns, of those that are marked with a lantern. After this he asked, What's o'clock? Past nine, answered Epistemon. 'Tis then the best time to go to dinner, said Pantagruel: for the sacred line, so celebrated by † Aristophanes in his play called Concionatores, is at hand, never failing when the shadow is decempedal.

Formerly, among the Persians, dinner time was at a set hour ‡ only for kings: as for all others, their appetite and their belly was their clock; when that chimed, they thought it time to go to dinner. So we find in Plautus a certain parasite making a heavy do, and sadly railing at the inventors of hour-glasses and dials, as being unnecessary things, there being no clock more regular than the belly.

§ Diogenes, being asked at what times a man ought to eat, answered, The rich when he is hungry, the poor when he has any thing to eat. Physicians more properly say, that the canonical hours are,

To rise at five, to dine at nine,
To sup at five, to sleep at nine.

The

* *Gold half-crowns.*] Cyrus, being reduced to beggary in the other world, begged Epictetus to bestow a penny upon him in charity. I give no pennies said that philosopher, who was become a great lord in that country; here sirrah, here's a crown for you. (Rab. l. 2. c. xxx.) The reason of this proceeding of Epictetus is, that when great men bestow their favours, they ought to have more regard to their own grandeur than to the meanness and indispensable occasions of the necessitous. Upon this footing, though it is a common saying, *A pauvre gens menue monoye*, (small money to poor people;) yet we find Pantagruel's alms to the poor hermits, &c. of Chaneph, consists in half-crowns, &c. See Du Chat more at large here.

† *Aristophanes.*] See Erasmus's adages, chil. 3. cent. 4. ch. 70.

‡ *Only for kings.*] John de la Bruyere Champier, l. 2, c. 3, of his *de re cibaria*: *Marcellinus, Persas, munditias conviviorum, & luxum, maximeque potandi aviditatem vitasse, ut luem, prodit: nec apud eos, extra regales mensas, horam esse præstitutam prandendi. Sed ventrem esse cuique solarium, eoque monente, quod incidisset edisse.*

§ *Diogenes, &c.*] See this Cynic's life in Diogenes Laertius.

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The famous king * Petos
—Here the officers for th
ready the tables and cup
whose sight and pleasant s
able; and brought plates, n
flaggons, tall-boys, ewers,
basons, and cisterns.

Friar John, at the head o
yeomen of the pantry, and
carvers, cup-bearers, and cup
four stately pasties, so hug
mind of the four bastions at
manfully did they storm the
they make with the long trai
after them! How bravely dic
pan-puddings, and paid off t
rily did they soak their noses!

The fruit was not yet brou
gale at west and by north beg
course, misen-sail, fore-sail, to
for which blessing they all su
thanks and praise.

When the fruit was on the
asked; Now tell me, gentleme
fully resolved or no? I gape a
answered Rhizotomus. I sleep n
said Ponocrates. I have cleared
Gymnast. I have broke my fas
so that for this whole day I shall
danger of my spittle.

* *Petosiris.*] Juvenal Sat. 6.

Ægra licet jaceat, capiendo nulla videt
Aptior hora cibo, nisi quam dederit Pet

The pretended magic of Petosiris, as also tha
dias in Pliny, l. 29, c. 1, was properly not mo
fondness for the mathematics, which persuaded
the knowledge of the stars was so extensive, tha
covered whether a sick person had best take a ne

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* Asps.
Amphisbenes.
Anerudutes.
Abedissimons.
Alhatrafs.
Ammobates.
Apimaos.
Alhatabans.
Aractes.
Asterions.
Alcharates.
Arges.
Spiders.
Starry Lizards.
Attelabes.
Ascalabotes.
Hæmorrhoids.
Basilisks.
Fitches.
Sucking water-snakes.
Black wag-legflies.
Spanish flies.
Catoblepes.
Horn'd snakes.
Caterpillars.
Crocodiles.
Toads.
Night-mares.
Mad dogs.
Colotes.
Cychriodes.
Cafezates.
Cauhares.
Snakes.
Cuhersks, two-tongued adders.
Amphibious serpents.
Cenchres.
Cockatrices.
Dipsades.
Domeses.
Dryinades.
Dragons.
Elopes.
Enhydrides.
Falvises.
Galeotes.
Harmenes.
Handons.
Icles.
Jarraries.
Ilicines.
Pharao's mice.
Kedusudures.
Sea-hares.
Chalcidic newts.
Footed serpents.
Manticores.
Mulnres.
Mouse-serpents.
Shrew-mice.
Miliares.
Megalaunes.
Spitting-asps.

Porphyri.

* *Asps, &c.*] A great part of these different names of serpents, and other venomous creatures, disposed here in alphabetical order, is to be found in Pliny: and this order is imitated from the same Pliny, l. 37, c. 10, which treats of the various kinds of precious stones. The names are mostly corrupted; and therefore 'twill be best to consult thereupon Albertus Magnus, Bartholomeus Anglicanus, Aldrovand: and Redi.

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Porphyri.
Parcades.
Phalangs.
Pemphedrons.
Pine-tree-worms.
Rutulæ.
Worms.
Rhagia.
Rhaganes.
Salamanders.
Sloe-worms.
Stellions.
Scorpones.
Scorpions.
Horn-worms.
Scalavotins.
Solofruida
Deaf-asps.
Horse-lee
Salt-hater
Rot-serpe
Stink-fish
Stuphes.
Sabrins.
Blood-suc
Hornfrett
Scolopend
Tarantulas
Blind-wor
Tetragnath
Teristals.
Vipers, &c

CHAP. LXV.

HOW PANTAGRUEL PAST THE TIME WITH

In what hierarchy of such venomo
you place Panurge's future spouse, as
Art thou speaking ill of women,
thou mangy scoundrel, thou sorry,
shaveling monk? By the cenoman
gixie, said Epistemon, Euripides has
makes Andromache say it, that by in
help of the gods, men had found r
all poisonous creatures; but none
against a bad wife.

This flaunting Euripides, cried Pan
bling against women every foot, and
devoured by dogs, as a judgment fr
Aristophanes observes.—Let's go on.
that's next. I can leak now like an

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said then Epistemon. I am, said Xenomanes, full as an egg and round as a hoop: my ship's hold can hold no more, and will now make shift to bear a steady sail. Said Carpalim, a truce with thirst, a truce with hunger; they're strong, but wine and meat are stronger. I'm no more in the dumps, cried Panurge; my heart's a pound lighter. I'm in the right cue now, as brisk as a body-louse, and as merry as a beggar. For my part, I know what I do when I drink; and 'tis a true thing (though 'tis in your Euripides) that is said by that jolly toper Silenus of blessed memory, that

> The man's emphatically mad,
> Who drinks the best, yet can be sad.

We must not fail to return our humble and hearty thanks to the Being, who, with this good bread, this cool delicious wine, these good meats and rare dainties, removes from our bodies and minds these pains and perturbations, and at the same time, fills us with pleasure and with food.

But methinks, sir, you did not give an answer to friar John's question; which, as I take it, was, how to raise good weather? Since you ask no more than this easy question, answered Pantagruel, I'll strive to give you satisfaction; and some other time we'll talk of the rest of the problems, if you will.

Well then, friar John asked how good weather might be raised. Have we not raised it? Look up and see our full top-sails: Hark! how the wind whistles through the shrouds, what a stiff gale it blows; observe the rattling of the tacklings, and see the sheets, that fasten the main-sail behind; the force of the wind puts them upon the stretch. While we passed our time merrily, the dull weather also passed away; and while we raised the glasses to our mouths, we also raised the wind by a secret sympathy in nature.

Thus

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Thus * Atlas and Hercules clubbed to raise and underprop the falling sky, if you'll believe the wise mythologists; but they raised it some half an inch too high; Atlas, to entertain his guest Hercules more pleasantly, and Hercules to make himself amends for the thirst which sometimes before had tormented him in the deserts of Africa.—Your good father, said friar John, interrupting him, takes care to free many people from such an inconveniency: for I have been told by many venerable doctors, that his chief butler, Turelupin, saves above eighteen hundred pipes of wine yearly, to make servants, and all comers and goers, drink before they are a-dry.—As the camels and dromedaries of a caravan, continued Pantagruel, use to drink for the thirst that's past, for the present, and for that to come; so did Hercules: and being thus excessively raised, this gave new motion to the sky, which is that of †*titubation and trepidation*, about which our crack-brain'd astrologers make such a pother.—This, said Panurge, makes the saying good,

‡While jolly companions carouse it together
A fig for the storm; it gives way to good weather.

Nay, continued Pantagruel, some will tell you, that

* *Atlas and Hercules, &c.*] The poets feigned that Atlas supported the heavens on his shoulders; but that, in order to ease him, Hercules, who was not to be conquered by labour, one day lent him his back. See Lucian in his dialogue entitled Caron, or the Contemplators, and Seneca's tragedy of Hercules furens. Rabelais, l. 5, c. 22, speaks of this labour of Atlas and Hercules. According to him, they made a debauch together, which he calls *hausser le tems*, raising the weather, hoisting away the clouds; because by sitting long a tippling, the weather, which was cloudy at their first sitting down to table, is become clear and serene, when they are going to break up. It is in the same sense that l. 1, c. 5, it is said, long tippling breaks the thunder.

† *Titubation and trepidation.*] See Agrippa, *de vanitate scientiarum*, ch. of astronomy.

‡ *While jolly companions, &c.*] Read these two lines thus:

While

that we have not only shortened the time of the calm, but also much disburthened the ship; not like Æsop's basket, by easing it of the provisions, but by breaking our fasts; and that a man is more terrestrial and heavy when fasting, than when he has eaten and drank, even as they pretend that he weighs more dead than living. However it is, you'll grant they are in the right, who take their morning's draught, and breakfast before a long journey; then say that the horses will perform the better, and that a spur in the head, is worth two in the flank; or, in the same horse dialect,

That a cup in the pate
Is a mile in the gate.

Don't you know that formerly the Amycleans worshipped the noble father Bacchus above all other gods, and gave him the name of *Psila, which in the Doric dialect signifies wings: for, as the birds raise themselves by a towering flight with their wings above the clouds; so, with the help of soaring Bacchus, the powerful juice of the grape, our spirits are exalted to a pitch above themselves, our bodies are more sprightly, and their earthly parts become soft and pliant.

CHAP.

While round a fat ham we carouse it together,
The storm spends itself, and gives way to fair weather.

Le mal temps passe, & retourne le bon,
Pendant qu'on tringue autour du gras jambon.

In those times, a ham was a principal and a standing dish, at all repasts of pleasure. See tales of Eutrapel, ch. 21.

Psila.] See Pausanias's laconics.

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CHAP. LXVI.

HOW, BY PANTAGRUEL'S ORDER, THE MUSES WERE SALUTED NEAR THE ISLE OF GANABIM.

This fair wind and as fine talk brought us in the sight of a high land, which Pantagruel discovering afar off, shewed it Xenomanes, and asked him, Do you see yonder to the leeward a high rock, with two tops much like mount Parnassus in Phocis? I do plainly, answered Xenomanes; 'tis the isle of *Ganabim. Have you a mind to go ashore there? No, returned Pantagruel. You do well indeed, said Xenomanes; for there is nothing worth seeing in the place. The people are all thieves: yet there is the finest fountain in the world, and a very large forest towards the right top of the mountain. Your fleet may take in wood and water there.

He that spoke last, spoke well, quoth Panurge; let us not by any means be so mad as to go among a parcel of thieves and sharpers. You may take my word for't, this place is just such another, as, to my knowledge, formerly were the islands of †Sark and Herm, between the smaller and the greater Britain; such as were the ‡Poneropolis of Philip in Thrace; islands of thieves, banditti, picaroons, robbers, ruffians,

*Ganabim.] A Hebrew word for a thief, says the Dutch scholiast. *Mot Hebreu qui signifie larron.* He should have said *larrons*, thieves, for *ganabim* is the plural of *ganab*, a thief. See Camb. dict. It is an island of our author's own creating.

†*Sark and Herm.*] These are two small islands, or rather two whitish rocks, between Guernsey and Jersey, anciently dependent on Normandy, but united to England by William the conqueror. As, in all probability, it was customary in Rabelais's time, for such of his nation as were forced to quit their country for any crime, to retire to those two places; our author, for that reason, makes these two small islands a receptacle of thieves and sharpers.

‡ *Poneropolis, &c.*] See Plutarch, in his treatise of curiosity; and Suidas, at the word Δελὶς πολις, where he quotes to this purpose the historian Theopompus in 13 of his Philippics.

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fians, and murderers, worse than raw-head and bloody bones, and full as honest as the senior fellows of the college of iniquity, the very out-casts of the county-gaols common-side. As you love yourself, do not go among 'em: if you go, you'll come off but blnely, if you come off at all. If you will not believe me, at least believe what the good and wise Xenomanes tells you: for may I never stir if they are not worse than the very cannibals: they would certainly eat us alive. Do not go among 'em, I pray you; 'twere safer to take a journey to hell. Hark, by cod's body, I hear 'em ringing the alarm bell most dreadfully, as the Gascons about Bourdeaux used formerly to do against the commissaries and officers for the tax on salt, or my ears tingle. Let's shear off.

Believe me, sir, said friar John, let's rather land; we'll rid the world of that vermin, and inn there for nothing. Old Nick go with thee for me, quoth Panurge. This rash hair-brained devil of a friar fears nothing, but ventures and runs on like a mad devil as he is, and cares not a rush what becomes of others; as if every one was a monk, like his friarship. A pox on grinning honour, say I. Go to, returned the friar, *thou mangy noddy-peak! thou forlorn druggle-headed sneaksby! and may a million of black devils anatomize thy cockle brain. The hen-hearted rascal is so cowardly, that he bewrays himself for fear every day. If thou art so afraid, dunghill, don't go, stay here and be hanged, or go and hide thy loggerhead under madam Proserpine's †petticoat.

Panurge

* *Thou mangy noddy-peak.*] In the original, *Ladreverd:* which M. du Chat interprets, A man without courage, insensible to the spurrings of honour. The like says Cotgrave: A coward; one that's insensible and cannot, or fearful and will not, feel the wrongs done to him.

† *Petticoat.*] *Cottardie*, an old word for a petticoat: used here, because it equivocates to *couhardie*, (the cowardice of Panurge.)

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Panurge hearing this, his breech began
buttons: so he slunk in in an instant, and
hide his head down in the bread-room a
musty biscuits, and the orts and scraps o
bread.

Pantagruel in the mean time said to the re
a pressing retraction in my soul, which lik
admonishes me not to land there. Whenev
felt such a motion within me, I have foun
happy in avoiding what it directed me to sh
undertaking what it prompted me to do; an
had occasion to repent following its dictates

As much, said Epistemon, is related of th
of Socrates, so celebrated among the a
Well then, sir, said friar John, while the sh
water, have you a mind to have good sp
nurge is got down somewhere in the hold,
is crept into some corner, and lurks like a m
cranny: let 'em give the word for the gunn
yon gun over the round-house on the poop:
serve to salute the muses of this Antiparnas
sides, the powder does but decay in it.
i'th' right, said Pantagruel: here, give the
the gunner.

The gunner immediately came, and was
by Pantagruel to fire that gun, and then
with fresh powder; which was soon don
gunners of the other ships, frigates, galli
gallies of the fleet, hearing us fire, gave eve
gun to the island: which made such a horr
that you'd have sworn heaven had been
about our ears.

* *Never had occasion to repent, &c.*] The queen of N
her memoirs, says much the same of herself, and of Ca
Medicis her mother.

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CHAP. LXVII.

HOW PANURGE BEWRAYED HIMSELF FOR FEAR; AND OF THE HUGE CAT RODILARDUS, WHICH HE TOOK FOR A PUNY DEVIL.

PANURGE, like a wild, addle-pated, giddy goat, sallies out of the bread-room in his shirt, with nothing else about him but one of his stockings, half on half off, about his heel, like a rough-footed pigeon; his hair and beard all bepowdered with crums of bread, in which he had been over head and ears, and a huge and mighty puss partly wrapt up in his other stocking. In this equipage, his chops moving like a monkey's who's a louse-hunting, his eyes staring like a dead pig's, his teeth chattering, and his bum quivering, the poor dog fled to friar John, who was then sitting by the chain-wales of the starboard-side of the ship, and prayed him heartily to take pity on him, and keep him in the safeguard of his trusty bilbo; swearing by his share of Papimany, that he had seen all hell broke loose.

Woe's me, my Jacky, cried he, my dear Johnny, my old crony, my brother, my ghostly father! all the devils keep holiday, all the devils keep their feast to-day, man: pork and pease choke me, if ever thou sawest such preparations in thy life for an infernal feast. Dost thou see the smoke of hell's kitchens? (This he said, showing him the smoke of the gunpowder above the ships.) Thou never sawest so many damned souls since thou wast born; and so fair, so bewitching they seem, that one would swear they are stygian ambrosia. I thought at first (God forgive me) that they had been English souls; and I don't know, but that this morning the isle of Horses, near Scotland, was sacked, with all the En-

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at honest Vinet's, took one of the pitchforks in the stable; then turning to the inn-keeper, said to him, *Da Roma in qua io non son andato del corpo. Di gratia piglia in mano questa forcha, & fa mi paura.* I have not had a stool since I left Rome. I pray thee take this pitch-fork, and fright me. Vinet took it, and made several offers, as if he would in good earnest have hit the signor; but did not: so the Sienese said to him, *Si tu non fai altramente, tu non fai nulla: pero sforzati di adoperarli più guagliardamente.* If thou dost not go another way to work, thou hadst as good do nothing: therefore try to bestir thyself more briskly. With this, Vinet lent him such a swinging stoater with the pitch-fork souce between the neck and the collar of his jerkin, that down fell signore on the ground arsyversy, with his spindle shanks wide straggling over his pole. Then mine host sputtering, with a full-mouthed laugh, said to his guest, By Belzebub's bum gut, much good may do you, signore Italiano. Take notice this is *datum Camberiaci*, given at Chamberry. 'Twas well the Sienese had untrussed his points, and let down his drawers: for this physic worked with him as soon as he took it; and as copious was the evacuation, as that of nine buffaloes and fourteen * missificating arch-lubbers. Which operation being over, the mannerly Sienese courteously gave mine host a whole bushel of thanks, saying to him, *Io ti ringratio, bel messere; cosi facendo tu m'ai esparmiata la speza d'un serviziale.* I thank thee, good landlord;

* *Missificating arch-lubbers.*] *Archiprebstres d'Aostie*, says Rabelais, arch-priests of Aostia. The buffalo, or buffle, is a kind of wild ox, commonly in Italy, and probably more so at Ostia than in other parts of that country. Which, belike, gave occasion to Rabelais, always an enemy to ecclesiastics, to couple together the buffalos and arch-priests of Ostia, as supposed to be greater eaters than your ordinary oxen and plain priests. Before, in l. 1, c. 21, the author used a proverb importing that arch-deacons' noses run more copiously than simple deacons.

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by this thou hast e'en saved me the expence of a clyster.

I'll give you another example of Edward the fifth, king of England. Master Francis Villon, being banished France, * fled to him, and got so far into his favour, as to be privy to all his houshold affairs. One day the king, being on his close-stool, showed Villon the arms of France, and said to him, Dost thou see what respect I have for thy French kings? I have none of their arms any where but in this backside, near my close-stool. Odd's life, said the buffoon, how wise, prudent and careful of your health, your highness is! How carefully your learned doctor † Thomas Linacer looks after you! He saw that, now you grow old, you are inclined to be somewhat costive, and every day were fain to have an apothecary; I mean, a suppository or clyster thrust into royal nockandroe: so he has, much to the purpose, induced you to place here the arms of France; for the very sight of them puts you into such a dreadful fright, that you immediately let fly, as much as would come from eighteen squattering ‡ *bonasi of Pæonia*

* *Fled to him.*] Francis Corbueil, surnamed Villon, had committed several villanies, for which, in 1461, he was condemned by the chatelet to be hanged. But the parliament having changed the punishment of death into that of banishment, Villon, who at first retired to St. Maixant in Poitou, went from thence into England, being then but thirty years old, as he says himself, in the beginning of his (larger) will and testament.

† *Thomas Linacer.*] He died in 1524, aged three-score and four; and if we may believe Konigius in his bibliotheque, he was physician only to Henry VII. and Henry VIII. Besides, Edward V. began his reign but in 1483, full eighteen years after Villon's banishment. Thus, as it is not at all likely that this banishment lasted so long, so it is more than probable, that what is here said by Rabelais concerning Edward V. and the poet Villon, is a mere fable from one end to the other.

‡ *Bonasi of Pæonia.*] Βονασσος. Cambridge dictionary, quoting Pliny, 8, 15. A wild beast like a bull, only hath the mane of a horse: when he is hunted, he saves himself by his ordure, which he throws out in that abundance, and is so noisome, that the hunters are fain

Pæonia. And if they were * painted in other parts of your house, by jingo, you would presently conskite yourself wherever you saw them. Nay, had you but here a picture of the great oriflamb of France, odds bodikins, your tripes and bowels would be in no small danger of dropping out at the orifice of your posteriors.—But henh, henh, *atque iterum* henh.

A silly cockney am I not,
As ever did from Paris come?
And with a rope and sliding knot
My neck shall know what weighs my bum.

A cockney of short reach, I say, shallow of judgment, and judging shallowly, to wonder, that you should cause your points to be untrussed in your chamber, before you come into this closet. By'r lady, at first I thought your close-stool had stood behind the hangings of your bed; otherwise it seemed very odd to me you should untruss so far from the place of evacuation. But now I find I was a gull, a wittal, a woodcock, a mere ninny, a jolt-head, a noddy, a changeling, a calf-lolly, a doddipole. You do wisely, by the mass, you do wisely: for had not you been ready to clap your hind face on the mustard-pot as soon as you came within sight of these arms, mark ye me, cop's body, the bottom of your breeches had supplied the office of a close-stool.

Friar John, stopping the handle of his face with his left hand, did, with the fore finger of the right, point out Panurge's shirt to Pantagruel; who,

fain to leave the pursuit. The remarks, said to be made by Rabelais himself on the fourth book, say, that when the bonasus finds himself pressed by the dogs, he squirts his dung at them almost five paces off; and that it is so hot, it fetches off not only the hair, but the very skin.

* *Painted in other parts of your house.*] The original says, painted in your bed-chamber, in your guard-room, in your hall, in your chapel, in your galleries, or in any other parts of your house.

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seeing him in this pickle, scared, appalled, shivering, raving, staring, bewrayed, and torn with the claws of the famous cat * Rodilardus, could not chuse but laugh, and said to him; Pr'ythee what wouldst thou do with this cat? With this cat, quoth Panurge, the devil scratch me, if I did not think it had been a young soft-chined devil, which, with this same stocking instead of mittain, I had snatched up in the great hutch of hell, as thievishly as any sizar of Montague college could have done. The devil take Tybert: I feel it has all bepinked my poor hide, and drawn on it to the life I don't know how many lobsters whiskers. With this he threw his boar-cat down.

Go, go, said Pantagruel, be bathed and cleaned, calm your fears, put on a clean shift, and then your cloaths. What! do you think I am afraid, cried Panurge? Not I, I protest: by the testicles of Hercules, I am more hearty, bold, and † stout, though I say it that should not, than if I had swallowed as many flies as are put into plumb-cakes, and other paste at Paris, from Midsummer to ‡ Christmas. ——But what's this? hah! oh, ho! how the devil came I by this? Do you call this what the cat left in the malt, filth, dirt, dung, dejection, fœcal matter, excrement, § stercoration, sir-reverence, ‖ ordure, second hand meats, fewmets, strouts, ¶ scybal or syparathe?

* *Rodilardus.*] Latin for bacon-gnawer. *Rodare and lardum.* The inventor of this name was Eliseus Calentius, one of Paul Jovius's eminent men.

† *Stout, &c.*] The fly is a symbol of temerity, inasmuch as that insect falls upon any thing, to the hazard of its life. Thence the proverb.

‡ *Christmas.*] Read all-saints day, or all hallows-tide: *toussaints*, in the original.

§ *Stercoration.*] *Laisse* in the original. *Lesses*, i. e. wolf's or wild boar's dung.

‖ *Ordure.*] *Repaire* in French: i. e. *crotels* or hares dung.

¶ *Scybal.*] The Dutch scholiast says, is *un estron endurcy*, a hard t——d. M. du Chat says nothing of it. Robertson's lexicon, Σκύβαλον, *stercus. fimus, quisquiliæ.* q. τοῖς χυσὶ βαλλομενον, thrown

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* syparathe? 'Tis + Hibernian saffron, I protest. Hah, hah, hah! it is Irish saffron, by shaint Pautrick, and so much for this time. ‡ Selah. Let us drink.

thrown to the dogs: which definition implies dogs meat, I should think: though other dictionaries say, *scybalum* means dung, ordure.

* *Syparathe.*] It should be *spyrathe*, not *syparathe*, as in the new editions. It means the dung of sheep or goats. Σπύ ραθος, *caprarum stercus.* (See Robertson's lexicon.) Σπύ ραθος μία; *apud Dioscor. dicitur stercoris caprini una pilula; una bacca, & unus globulus: apud quem etiam legitur* ἀιγὸς, *vel* ἀιγῶν σπὺ ραθοι; *sed & de ovillo quoque stercore usurpari docet Hetych.*

† *Hibernian saffron.*] Hibernian partly equivocates to *bren*, a ——d.

‡ *Selah. Let us drink.*] *Sela*, is as much as to say, most certainly. 'Tis certainly saffron. The new editions have it *cela*; but Rabelais writ it *sela*, a Hebrew word denoting a serious and vehement affirmation. Here it alludes to the *sela* which concludes several lessons of the choir, after which every one betakes himself to drinking.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

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M. MOTTEUX

HIS

EXPLANATORY REMARKS

ON THE

PROLOGUE TO THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE author begins this prologue with a question, Why people say, that men are not such fools now-a-days, as they were in the days of yore? He answers it himself, by a prophecy out of an imaginary book, which he calls the prelatical bagpipe. I give it in French and English; lest, as it is very dark, I should be suspected of having mistaken my author's meanings; for he seems to have had more than one, and to have bantered the reader with a sham explanation. Let us see if we can unriddle it.

The jubilee's year, when all like fools were shorn,
Is about [or above] thirty [or trente] supernumerary.
O want of veneration! fools they seem'd;
But, persevering, with long breves, at last
No more they shall be gaping greedy fools:
For they shall shell the shrub's delicious fruit,
Whose flow'r they in the spring so much had fear'd.

La'n jubilé que tout le monde raire
Fadas se feit, est supernumeraire
Au dessus trente. O peu de reverence!
Fat il sembloit; mais en preseverance
De longs brevets, fat plus ne gloux sera:
Car le doux fruict de l'herbe esgoussera,
Dont tant craignoit la fluer en prime vere.

'The

'The year of jubilee' was in 1525, under pope Clement VII. Then all Europe suffered themselves to be shorn or fleeced by the pardon-pedlars, the sellers of the court of Rome's indulgences, and other trumpery ware. 'Is supernumerary about [or above] thirty [or trente].' This means, that time is past, and such years of jubilee are needless, out of fashion, and cried down after the year 1530, (or, perhaps, the council of Trent;) by reason of the change made by the restoration of learning, and the reformers: so that people were no longer to be fleeced by the sellers of pardons. And, indeed, about the year 1530, king Francis I. invited the learned to come to Paris, and having procured several men well versed in various studies, fixed them in the university of Paris. Belleforest and Lambinus say, that in 1531, he established twelve professors for Latin, Greek, Hebrew, mathematics, philosophy, divinity, oratory, physic, &c. But du Tillet, who at large relates what that prince did, and designed, for the advancement of learning, says this was 1530. Besides we find in Rat. Tem. part I. lib. vi. *Multum huic principi debent Gallicanæ litteræ: nam illius liberalitate accitis undique viris omni artium genere excultis, publicæ scholæ honestis stipendiis Lutetiæ constitutæ sunt anno* 1530, *quam in rem hortatoribus usus est Joanne Bellaïo, &c.* And Genebrard, who was afterwards one of those professors, writes, anno 1530, *Guillielmo Budæo & Joanne Bellaïo hortantibus, regios linguarum professores instituit. In Clemente VIII.* Now, those learned men, to whom Petavius gives the epithets of *litterati & pii*, purged the age of its foolishness, and very much forwarded the affairs of the reformation: so that in 1530, or at least at the time of the sitting of the council of Trent, the reign of ignorance may be said to have come to an end.

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book was written, though it was not published till after our author's death, perhaps because it spoke too plain. This makes him foretel the speedy oblivion of whole cart-loads of books, that were dull, dark, and mischievous, though they seemed florid, flourishing, and flowery, gay and gaudy as so many papillons, [butterflies]; by which he seems to play upon the word papa, as in Papimany, and in the sixth chapter of the Pantagruelian prognostication, where the king of the papillons, or butterflies, undoubtedly means the pope.

After all, as that pretended prophecy is written in the style of those of Nostradamus, it appears at first as dark and unintelligible as that astrologer's rhymed whimsies; though there is a meaning in our author's, and none in the dreaming star-gazer's. I would as little have troubled myself to find out things past in the first, as I would look for things to come in the latter, were not this needful to confirm what I have said of our author's design, and to shew the uniformity of this mystical work; which though much admired, had doubtless been much more beneficial, if most of it had been explained soon after it was written; I mean, after the author's death: for, as to have done that before, would undoubtedly have hastened it, and have exposed him and his writings to the flames; he did not desire to be understood by every one, and only wrote for the learned, as the cardinals du Bellay, and de Chastillon, the bishop of Maillezais, Andrew Tiraquel, his patrons, and such men as hated ignorance, that they might effectually, though underhand, forward the downfal of superstition, its offspring. Therefore, to blind the vulgar, he turns off the sense of the prophecy, and falls a praising Colinet, Marot, Saint Gelais, &c. the greatness of whose wit, and the elegance of whose style, he extols to the skies; not without some little touch of panegyrical satire all the while, as appears by

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M. MOTTEUX

HIS

EXPLANATORY REMARKS

ON THE

FIRST CHAPTER OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE ringing island can mean nothing but the clergy of the church of Rome, whose mysteries are all performed at the sound of large, middle-sized, little, and very little bells. They are rung at matins, mass, noon, vespers, sermons, and the salutation to the virgin every day, on the eves or vigils of holy-days, at processions and at stations; and, whenever the priest lifts up the wafer-god, a little bell is rung, that the people may fall down and adore that piece of dough, which, they must believe, made heaven and earth, though 'twere made that very morning by the baker, and some of the same stamp be shown in every parish. Besides, when the priest carries the viaticum, a diminutive bell always tingles before him. Thus bells are often rung wherever there is a monastery, church, chapel, or hermitage, to awaken the people's devotion, summon them together, dismiss them, and make them come again. Add to this, that as whatever is said of the ringing island in the following chapters, cannot well be adapted to any thing but the popish ecclesiastics, so those who pretended to explain these books, only by printing at the end of some French editions twenty or thirty names, which (without the least reason) they call a key, either never read them, or had a design to impose on the reader more than our author; else they would never have said, that the ringing island is England. I own there is much ringing there, and the English are

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are famous for making that a recreat
book was writ during king Edward the
at which time the reformation had pr
and though our author mentions the k
garter in the fifth chapter, while he
knight-hawks of the ringing island, it
low he meant England, since he onl
knights of Malta among the Roman
which was judiciously done, because
vow never to marry, read the brevia
livings like abbots. Even that passag
the ringing island is not England; si
makes one of his island's knight-hawl
fully on the Pantagruelian strangers, t
he might not find among their compa
gaudy kind of large huge dreadful bird
untoward, that they could never be b
lure, nor to perch on the glove, (whic
that other knights claimed a pre-eminen
of Malta.) Ædituus adds, I am told t
in your world, who wear goodly garte
knee, with an inscription about them
demns him who shall think ill of it, (qui
to be bewrayed and conskited. So it
were none such in the ringing island.
sixth chapter Ædituus says, that all th
which they have in this island come fro
of the other world, except some of the
gions; particularly from Touraine, our
tive country; and that the income of
that country could not afford him to eat
of beans and bacon, because his pred
been more than liberal to the birds o
island, that they might there munch it, t
it, gorge it, craw it, riot it, junket it,
off; stuffing their puddings with dainty

The hermit, whom the Pantagruelists
them they should not be admitted into

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island, unless they fasted four days, because it was then one of the four fasting, or ember-weeks. As that island is the popish clergy, none enter into it, that is, into orders, without fasting, and a great deal of formality; and it was judiciously that Rabelais made his travellers be admitted there at one of the times prescribed for the admittance of laics into the body of the clergy. Yet he shews, that those fasts (though commendable in their institution) were much abused; and many, like Panurge, are pretty apt to say, Since you are so stedfast, and have us fast, let us fast, as fast as we can, and then break fast. Thus only putting a constraint on themselves a while (or seeming to put it) to indulge them in gluttony after it.

ON CHAP. II.

When Pantagruel and his attendants have fasted after a strange sort of a fashion, they are kindly received by Albiam Camar, master Æditiuus, or Sacristan of the ringing island. Camar in Hebrew signifies an idolatrous priest; and St. Jerome has made it *aruspex* and *æditiuus* in Latin. We may observe, by that beginning, what esteem our author had for the ringing island, with its sacrifices and mysteries.

Æditiuus acquaints our strangers with the metamorphosis of the siticines and sicinnists into birds. The siticines and sicinnists were those that used to sing mournfully on the dead, and at funerals, among the ancients. *Siticines appellantur qui apud sitos canere soliti essent, hoc est, vita functos et sepultos.* A. Gellius, lib. 2, cap. 20. Consequently, the clergy of the church of Rome, who chiefly subsist by obits, trentals, and masses, for the repose of the souls of the dead, may well be called by those names.

We

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We are told that the siticin
those birds are those ecclesia
selves by contemplation and
will believe them) soaring ab
earth, on which we poor
Ædituus would make Panta
when he tells him that those
like men, eat and drank, sle
were nothing less than men
nor laics.

Their spacious, costly, mag
ble in their architecture, are
appears the plainer by reason
author says were above them.

The variety of the feathers
birds denotes the different o
the popish clergy, which
each other: the benedictins
black, the franciscans grey,
and white, the bishops purp
some knights and commandeu
and there are nuns drest like
sing the same orders.

It is observable that they
prey, clerghawks, monkhawk
hawks, bishawks, cardinhaw
and clergkites, nunkites, abbe

The wry-necked bigottell
thither during the last three h
orders of franciscan and d
author, who had been a corde
and misused by the fraternity
well acquainted with their m
rimentally; which makes h
Hercules to root them out.

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ON CHAP. III.

THE popehawk, who, like the phœnix, is a species alone, is undoubtedly the pope. We have there a true account of what happened some 1760 moons, that is about 140 years before our author wrote; only to blind this, or perhaps by some mistake in the printing, it is made 2760 moons: I mean the schism of Avignon, which lasted forty years. Three popes were seen then at the same time, Bennet the ninth, Gregory the twelfth, and Alexander the fifth. This schism ended at the council of Constance, which began in 1414, and ended in 1419.

ON CHAP. IV.

ÆDITUUS owns that all the birds of the ringing island are passengers. There is a sort of hawks distinguished by that name. He adds, that none of them were bred in that place, but all came from the other world; that is, out of the laity, who are styled worthy men with respect to the clergy, who assume that of divine. One of the countries out of which they come is called Want-o-bread, and the other, Too-many of 'm. The first shews, that many will take to any thing rather than starve; the other, that the avarice of unnatural parents makes them compel their children often the most defective in body or mind, to be monks, friars, priests, &c.

Those birds who returned to the world are the monks and clergymen, who, like Luther, Calvin, and others, left their monastical or ecclesiastical habits; or, like Rabelais, left their monasteries. The feathers found among the nettles, means his frock and cowl,

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cowl, which he cast off, and in general those of other monks who apostatize (so their desertion is called by the church of Rome). What the company chanced to light upon there, as they looked up and down, for the discovery of which some people will hardly thank them, may imply this work, which exposes all the mysteries of monachism.

ON CHAP. V.

The dumb knighthawks of the ringing island, are the knights of Malta; the mark which they bear under their left wing, is the cross of their order, which these knights wear on their heart, of different colours, according to the provinces to which they belong. They are said to be dumb, because they do not say mass, nor officiate as priests and monks; and are only obliged to read every day, or repeat, some parts of their breviary. They have no females, says Ædituus, because there are none of their order; yet they make themselves amends with others out of every order: so that what is said of the pock-royals that embroider their heads, and undermine the handle of their faces, is true of many of them who are not always concerned in holy wars. They are all gentlemen, not shut up within monasteries; and, though they sing not, feed, that is, spend and devour as much as the best two that do. Some of the livings or commanderies bring them in great sums yearly: and as they make a vow never to marry, it is not strange they should meet with such wounds, when they engage some other infidels than the Turks.

I have already spoken *en passant* of the knights of the garter, of whom our author made mention in the same manner. The knights who wear before their

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their plumes *le trophée d'un calominateur*, that is, the devil in a string before their paunches, are the knights of the order of St. Michael, pictured with the devil at his feet. It was the most honourable order in France in our author's time: for that of the Holy Ghost was instituted since, by Henry III. Those who wear a ram's skin, are the knights of the order of the golden fleece.

ON CHAP. VI.

The author describes how the birds of the ringing island are crammed, and how, though not one of them sets his hand to the plough, or tills the land, whose fat he devours, they wallow in plenty, and do nothing but chirp it, whistle it, and warble it merrily night and day. All this chapter is a cutting satire, in which Rabelais ingeniously exposes the foolish bigotry of the great vulgar and the small, who have undone, and still ruin themselves daily, to maintain those lazy, hypocritical birds of prey, in idle ease, and luxurious pleasure; though the ravenous tribe have nothing to give in return, but insignificant siticin prayers, and a doubtful hereafter for a certain now.

ON CHAP. VII. properly XVI.

This chapter is not in its due place;* neither can I find any in the whole book where it could be well brought in. This makes me believe that it was designed

* In this edition it is made the XVIth, and M. du Chat has connected it with what precedes; as will be seen in the proper place. From this chapter to XVII. we have been obliged to alter the ordinal numbers of these remarks.

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signed for some of those which probably Rabelais intended to publish after this; wherein, as he tells us in the third book, we were to have an account of Panurge's marriage, and of his being made a cuckold on his wedding night, after his coming from the oracle of the bottle. I can perceive some difference in the style, and the sense is lame in some places; so that as this book was not printed till after our author's death, (nor would it have been safe for him to have published it) I am of opinion it was found among his papers, and, imperfect as it was, foisted in any how.

However, the island of the Apedefts is a satire on some courts of judicature, whose members squeeze out the blood and substance not only of the wrangling part of the world, but of those peaceable persons whom some litigious adversaries compel to fall into their clutches. The little wine-press, called pithies in the language of the country, that lay backwards in a blind corner, signifies the *beuvettes*, drinking places, which are generally in the very buildings where are the courts of judicature in France, whither the lawyers go to refresh themselves at the expence of the clients. That word comes from the Greek πίθι, drink. The ancients had also a festival sacred to Bacchus, which was called πιθοιγία, which comes from πίθος, a wine hogshead. It used to be celebrated at the time of the year when tuns and hogsheads used to be new hooped and fitted up, and, while it lasted, all comers and goers drank wine gratis, just as they do in France on St. Martin's eve. The Athenians kept that festival in the month which they call Anthesteron, which is our month of November, as Gaza proves it, lib. de mensibus Atheniensium. By which it appears, that the custom used on St. Martin's day in France, on which the parliaments as well as others make merry, succeeded to the pithœgia of the ancients.

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All this chapter may be easily understood, by those who are acquainted with the customs of France; and, as it may be applicable also to other countries, it cannot seem very dark to others.

ON CHAP. VII.

This chapter ought immediately to follow the sixth: * and is also easily to be construed. It is observable, that about midnight, which is the time that many monks are to rise to go to prayers, Ædituus wakes his guests, that they might drink; telling them, they should have eaten three breakfasts already, and that if they would consume the mouth ammunition of that country, they must rise betimes: Eat them, says he, they multiply; spare them, they diminish. The lean birds, who are singing to them while they are to drink, are the novices and sorry monklings, who chant at church matins or vespers, while the great ones snore or tope.

Panurge, who likes all this well enough, is yet for something else, and would mix the sports of love with those of Bacchus; and considering, that those ecclesiastics enjoy the latter at their ease, yet they dare not taste of the first without danger, he brings in the fable of the ass, who slighted the delicious food of the high-mettled prancers, because they were not allowed to be familiar with the mares. Our author ingeniously makes Panurge, who was for copulating in a lawful way, relate this to the priest; by which he would insinuate, that it were much better for them to have a liberty to marry.

ON

* As we have now made it to do; though we did not think proper to change the order of M. Motteux's remarks, that his opinion of the chapter of the apedefts might be preserved.

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ON CHAP. VIII.

With much ado our travellers get a sight of the popehawk (it is pope Julius III) who sat drooping with his feathers staring about him, attended by a brace of little cardinhawks and six lusty, fusty bishawks. Panurge seeing him, cries, A curse light on the hatcher of the ill bird! o' my word this is a filthy whoophooper. A whoophooper, or a hooper, upupa, ἔποψ, is a bird whose cop or tuft of feathers on its head is not altogether unlike the papal tiara, adorned with a triple crown: the whole delight of that filthy fowl is to nestle in man's ordure; which admirably denotes the inclinations of many of the holy fathers, and particularly of Julius III. as I will immediately shew.

The madgehowlet, which was perceived under the popehawk's cage, implies either a pope of the female kind, as pope Joan (if there ever was any such) or rather a donzella, or concubine: unless some critic will offer to say, that this madgehowlet, which Æditanus swears is no she-thing, but a male and a noble bird, certainly was the cardinal Innocent, with whom pope Julius III. had been passionately in love while he was legate at Bologna, and to whom, as a reward for his kind services, he had bestowed a cardinal's cap, when he was advanced to the papal chair. Since that, this noble cardinal was so very intimate with that pope, that Pasquin could not forbear to say, he believed nothing of all this, and, that Innocent was not handsome enough to be Jupiter's Ganymede.

The brace of little cardinhawks seem to mean either some such young sparks, or rather some of that pope's bastards, or at least his predecessor's. Paul III. made two of his bastard daughter's sons cardinals

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cardinals; and Rabelais, in his fifteenth letter to the bishop of Maillezais, calls them the little cardinals *de santa fiore*. That pope himself, who had kept a Roman lady, della Casa Rufina, and had a bastard son by another, had a sister once kept by pope Alexander VI. who had her drawn like the Virgin Mary. She was married afterwards to a gentleman, who having notice that the pope lay with her in his absence, on his return stabbed her: so to make her brother amends, Alexander made him a cardinal while he was yet very young, and afterwards he was chosen pope. Rabelais seems maliciously to pun upon one of those diminutive cardinals in his letters, calling him a cardinalicule.

The old green-headed bishawk, snoaring with his mate and three jolly bitter attendants under an arbour, so that he could not be waked by the buxom abeskite, that sung by them like any linnet, is John de la Casa, archbishop of Benevento, and legate of the holy see at Venice. He was famous for poetry, and wrote a poem in praise of sodomy, which he called *opera divina;* and said in it, that he knew no other love. His indifference for the fair is happily expressed by his snoring near the pretty abeskite, that so kindly invites him with her syren's voice; which yet proves too weak an allurement, and cannot wake him into a natural love.

ON CHAP. IX.

The island of tools treats of things which are not much less odious than the cages of the popehawk and bishawk. There is a catch in the prologue to the fourth book, which is in a manner a key to this chapter: It is that which follows.

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Since tools without their hafts are useless lumber,
And hatchets without helves are of that number;
That one may go in t'other and may match it,
I'll be the helve, and thou shalt be the hatchet.

The author says, that those staves or plants, which grew up to fit themselves to tools, seemed terrestrial animals, in no wise so different from brute beasts as not to have flesh and bone; but their heads were down and their feet upwards. At the end of the chapter he says: I spied behind I don't know what bush, I don't know what folks, doing I don't know what business, in I don't know what posture, scowering I don't know what tools, in I don't know what manner, and I don't know what place. This chapter requires a larger comment; but, its subject being none of the most modest, it is better to leave that to be done by those who love to dive to the bottom of those matters.

ON CHAP. X.

After the venereal games, in the island of tools, we have those of chance, in the sharping island. It is said to be lean, sandy, barren, and unpleasant; because, in the main, seldom any thing is to be got by games of hazard honestly. What is got at one time is generally lost at another, and goes as easily as it comes: for most gamesters, often prodigal of what they have got, seldom consider, that should their profits at the year's end balance their losses, they still will be found to have lost their time, and squandered away part of what should have made the scales even between profit and loss; and so, though they have won much, they are poorer many times than they would have been had they not played at all.

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all. It is obvious that the two little white square rocks, with eight equal points, in the shape of a cube, are the dice; the six different stories are their six different sides and numbers, that ascend from 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, to 6. Of which twenty-one points Rabelais makes so many devils, because they tempt and bewitch men so much; though, as he observes, the land is barren and unpleasant: for, after all, gaming is a tedious repetition of the same thing, and a continual gazing upon the dice or cards, without any pleasing discourse: not to speak of the fear and agony of gamesters; their toil when they pass whole nights at play, and break their rest and not their fast; their despair and curses when they have lost; the mean actions by which they debase themselves, to borrow or pawn; and the quarrels, and their sad consequences, among the greatest friends, on the account of play. So that Pantagruel's pilot was in the right, when he told him that more wrecks had happened about those square rocks, than about all the others in the universe.

After the games of hazard, comes another, that is as deceitful at least; I mean the trick of relics. The author places them in the island of sharping, because the church of Rome sharps the superstitious laity out of great sums of money by the doubtful remains of as doubtful saints, much more than by the real relics of the true. Accordingly our travellers, with a world of pother and ado, formalities and antic tricks, were blest at last with a sight of a phial of sangreal; that is, as I have observed on the forty-third chapter of the fourth book, what they impudently pretend to be our Saviour's blood; but, after all, it was only the scurvy face of a roasted coney. Mr Emiliane, in his book of the frauds of the Romish priests, tells us, that such a kind of relic is in Italy to this day. That pretended blood is shewn with great ceremonies, and store of flambeaux,

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torches, and sanctified tapers, &c. Our author says, that they saw nothing worth speaking of in that island, but a good face set upon an ill game; which suits well with the carriage of those who shew such sham relics: accordingly, he says, they also saw the shells of the two eggs, formerly laid and hatched by Leda; which indeed are most worthy being placed among such relics.

The hats and caps of the manufactory of the place, *(chapeaux de cassade)* may be mentioned to banter some prelates, who had a mind to be cardinals, and perhaps were fooled out of the money which they gave to the pope's favourites to that intent. *Avoir des cassades* is a burlesque expression; such, as when we say, to be gulled, or swallow a gudgeon. Yet, as Rabelais says that some of the company bought a piece of Leda's egg-shells for a morsel of bread; and then immediately adds, that they bought those hats and caps, which, he feared, would turn to no very good account; he may either mean that they were cheated there, or bought some sham *Agnus Dei's*, and such holy trumpery. Whatever it be, we find that in the next chapter they went through the wicket; and, for offering to sell them again, were clapped into lob's pound, by order of Gripe-men-all, arch-duke of the furred-law-cats.

ON CHAP. XI.

PANTAGRUEL prudently past by Condemnation with his fleet; but some of his companions, more unfortunate or less wise, were stopped at the wicket, and obliged to take their trial. That wicket is the inquisition in general; and, in particular, the court established in 1548, at Paris, against the Lutherans: for we find that the furred-law-cats (which mean the judges,

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judges, *presidents à mortier*, i. e. *en parlement*) have mortar-like caps and furred gowns. A common mumper gives an admirable account of the place. He speaks of it as a hellish court, where, without the least regard to right or wrong, they imprison, behead, hang, and burn those who fall into their clutches; where vice passes for virtue, wickedness for piety, treason for loyalty, and robbery for justice: yet whatever is acted by them, is approved by all men, except the heretics; and he charges on its members all the woes that infest the world. One would almost think that Rabelais meant some of the nobility in the Netherlands by this noble *gueux*, noble beggar; for so he styles him, after he had called him *gueux de l'hostiere*, *ostiarius mendicus*, a common mumper: which he probably did to hide his thought, or turn that of the reader from the subject, at the same time that he speaks to him about it; a method which he has followed almost throughout this work. It is known that the protestant nobility, and others in the Netherlands, got the name of *gueux*, i. e. beggars, it is said for opposing themselves to the setting up the inquisition: and though some trace the original of that nickname no higher than the time of Margaret of Parma's government, others pretend it was given them long before, by the Spaniards, on that account. If this be not meant of those noble assertors of their liberties in the Netherlands, as being written some years before that name of *gueux* was universally spread, it must yet be owned, that it refers to the persecuting courts of judicature in those times, chiefly to the inquisition, or at least to the tournelle: that is, that part of the courts of parliament in France that tries criminals: for in France men have not the privilege of being tried by their juries, or their peers, which Englishmen enjoy. Gripe-men-all is the head of the inquisition, or perhaps the president of that court, which used the

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protestants so severely in France in 1548. The picture over the chief seat is that of injustice.

ON CHAP. XII. &c.

PANURGE being brought to the bar, Gripe-men-all propounds to him a riddle, and tells him, that the earth shall immediately open its jaws, and swallow him to quick damnation, if he don't solve it. This is exactly the practice of the inquisition: the party that is accused is obliged to guess his crime, and the name of his accusers; and if he guesses amiss, he is certainly undone: but if he has the wit or good fortune to discover them, he generally comes off better; and a round fine, with St. Bennet's cap, save him from being burned.

Panurge vainly insists on his innocence: for Gripe-men-all replies, That if he hath nothing better to offer, he will let him know, that it had been better for him to have fallen into Lucifer's clutches; that their laws are like cobwebs, in which little flies are caught and destroyed, but which are too weak to stop great ones. This may have been spoke on the account of Pantagruel, who would not pass through the wicket, that is to say, who would not submit to the inquisition.

Gripe-men-all says, When did you hear that for these three hundred years last past, any body ever got out of this wheel without leaving something of his behind him? This is true enough, if spoken of the inquisition: and about three hundred years before Rabelais wrote, a court of inquisition was set up at Thoulouse, against the Albigenses, by Lewis the ninth, called the saint.

ON

ON CHAP. XVII.

The forward nation is easily known to be those boon companions, who, as the author says, love heartily to wind up their bottom, bang the pitcher, and lick the ditch; men who have been fair swallowers of gravy soup, notable accountants in matter of hours, whose whole lives are one continual dinner, and who at last die of too much fat, of diseases got by eating or drinking to excess. This also reflects upon those who prodigally spend their estates, and at last crack their credits, and are forced to abscond, and thus may, in a manner, be said to be dead. This chapter, which now ends with the pleasant story of the abbot of Castillers, who never used to be familiar with his maids but when he was drest in pontificalibus, is imperfect; or there is a mistake in the account of its contents, which promise a relation of the danger which Panurge was in, though not one word of it is mentioned in the whole book.

ON CHAP. XVIII.

To attain to the knowledge of truth, 'tis necessary to take a survey of every thing: so our travellers, steering their course to its oracle, sail towards the Queendom of Whims; by which, in general, may be understood all sorts of strange whimsical notions, and alchymy in particular.

Accordingly, as they come near that country, that is, imitate the fantastic wavering people that fill their heads with all the strange imaginations which we call whimsies, some sudden gusts or scuds of wind arise, and the wind shifting from point to point is at no

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certainty. They tack about, the gusts increase, and by fits blow at once from several quarters. This very well represents an unfixed mind, that unmethodically applies itself to many things at once; then leaves them to think on others, which soon resign the working brain to a crowd of succeeding raw and undigested notions.

The master of the ship orders the sheets to be let fly, for fear of oversetting the ship, and is for running adrift, or temporizing, as the author calls it; those gusts not being dangerous. This may mean, that 'tis not always proper to oppose altogether the inclinations of some men, even while it leads them to studies and attempts that seem insignificant; since time soon weans them of their darling follies; and thus they know the better how to distinguish between the useful and the unprofitable.

After all, this may refer to some of those doubtful points, about which the learned were as idly busy in that age, as now-a-days many are about them and others; placing religion more in notions than in actions, and neglecting the practice to talk of the theory. Such questions are those of free-will, predestination, justification, &c. by which the people reap as little benefit as the teachers gain glory, when they display their learned ignorance about them. Pantagruel's ship that is stranded, or run aground, endeavouring to weather-coil and break through the whirl-wind, after it has been tost by it, is an image of those, who thinking to ease their fluctuating minds, at last venture on some new notion, which at first seems plausible to some; but they are soon gravelled, and do not know how to get off. The empty drums, which were on board the ship that came from Queen Whims, which towed the Pantagruelists off ground, put me in mind of the help which school-divinity affords in such doubts; an empty noise, mere wind, and that's all; just as harmonious as the sound made by

by the gravel, and the seamen's cheers. Even that fantastic relief proves real to some, who are whimsically drawn by it, and by that means are in a fair way to proceed, and, being led by the current, like our travellers, arrive at the Queendom of Whims.

ON CHAP. XIX.

THAT place, which is also called Entelechy, and its ruler Queen-whims, or Quintessence, is alchymy, the pretended philosophical stone; as also quacks, and those beggarly projectors, who, if you will believe them, can make you rich, and promise mountains of gold, whereas they sometimes want brass to buy bread: and, more generally, this refers to all addle-headed students and contrivers. All know how infatuated many of the chemists are with the lapis, aurum potabile, and a thousand medicines, at whose very sight, they'll tell you, diseases disappear. The leprosy, the plague, poisons, though never so corrosive, the venereal disease, the gout, palsies; in short, all obstinate and dangerous evils are cured by them in an unaccountable manner, if you will believe them. Now Rabelais, who, as Thuanus says, was a most learned and experienced physician, gives us freely to understand that all those pretenders are so many cheats, who sometimes deceive themselves, but generally others. For this reason, the first port of that island, whereat he makes his fleet touch, is Mateotechny, Ματαιοτεχνία; that is, the study of foolish unprofitable arts: yet he makes those who profess them give their country the name of Entelechy, from Ἐντελεχεία, *actus & perfectio;* as it is rendered in Aristotle's second book de anima. Tully, Tuscul. lib. 1, would have it to signify a perpetual motion. Now, as several learned men in former ages have al-

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most as largely descanted upon the word, as some in this have lost time about the thing, Rabelais reflects upon them for it in this chapter; and at the same time those grammarians, who dispute so hotly about words and neglect things, may de aimed at, as deserving to be placed among those who apply themselves to unprofitable studies.

ON CHAP. XX.

Rabelais ridicules here those empirics whose chief talent is impudence and lies, while they pretend to the cure of incurable diseases; and also those who seek an universal remedy, Rosicrucians, disciples of Trismegistus, Raimond Lullius, Arnold of Villeneuve, and such as are said to have understood the great work, or *arcanum philosophicum*, and (if you will believe them) the only true sons of wisdom. This makes him say, that queen Whims cured all manner of diseases with a song, full as effectually as some kings rid men of the evil, that takes its name from their dignity: by which he meant, that all those pretended cures are just as solid as a song, and are nothing but vain talk.

The queen's affected pedantic speech mimics the way of talk of some of our demi virtuosos, who cannot think any one speaks well, unless he express himself with far-fetched metaphors, long tropes, uncommon words, *per ambages*, tedious circumlocutions, and such fulsome stuff. Accordingly we find that Panurge could not tell how to answer her in the same cant; neither did Pantagruel return a word. However, they dined never the worse after it, while the queen fed on nothing but categories, abstractions, second intentions, metempsychoses, transcendant prolepsies, expressions, deceptions, dreams, &c. in Greek and Hebrew.

ON

ON CHAP. XXI.

Our travellers see the queen, and some of her subjects, who sift, searse, bolt, range, and pass away time, and revive ancient sports. This reflects on those who wholly apply themselves to the study of the customs of the ancients, while many times they are ignorant in those of the moderns; a sort of book-worms, some of which, conversing with none but the dead, are hardly qualified for the company of the living. Our author, who seldom forgets the monks, says, that one of the queen's officers cured the consumptive by turning them into monks, by which means they grew fat and plump. What he says of the nine gentlemen who were rid of their poverty, having a rope put about their necks, at the end of which hung a box with ten thousand crowns in't, may refer to some in those times who either had, or fancied they were to have, the collar of the order of St. Michael, or some other, bestowed on them with a pension.

ON CHAP. XXII.

This chapter ridicules those who attempt impossibilities: accordingly, our author says they made black-a-moors white, rubbing their bellies with the bottom of a pannier; plow'd a sandy shore with three couples of foxes in one yoke, and did not lose their seed: which undertakings have given occasion to several proverbs among the ancients, to denote labour in vain, as *Æthiopem dealbare; arenas arare; laterem lavare; pumice aridius; ex asino lanam;* and others, which our author has purposely mentioned.

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Some mathematicians, dialecticians, naturalists, and metaphysicians, are ingeniously satirized in this chapter.

ON CHAP. XXIII.

Queen-Whims' or Quintessence's supper, is not more substantial than her dinner: for she eats nothing but ambrosia; drinks nothing but nectar; and the lords and ladies that were there, fared on such dishes as Apicius dreamed of. All this is dream and poetical food, and consequently of easy digestion. An olla or hodge-podge follows, which may represent a mixture of confused notions jumbled together. The cards, dice, chequers and bowls full of gold (for those who would play) the mules in stately trappings, velvet litters and coaches, are the vain hopes of those who are subject to whims, and dream of finding the philosopher's stone.

The queen tastes and chews nothing: her prægustators and masticators (her tasters and chewers) do that for her; and she never visits a closestool but by proxy. This signifies, that those who employ those cheats, who pretend to make gold, swallow every thing that comes from them, without examining the sense of it, or chewing the cud upon the matter: all goes down glibly with them, so greedy they are of possessing such a mighty secret. But the alchymists, whom they trust, bestir their grinders lustily in the mean time, and do not feed altogether on smoke, as do their patrons, who are here said never to go to stool but by proxy, because they are only fed with words and promises: all vanishes in smoke. The word *spodizater* signifies one who fairly gets soot from brass, by trying and melting it down.

ON

ON CHAP. XXIV. AND XXV.

The ball in the manner of a tournament, which was performed before the queen, is a most lively and ingenious description of the game of chess. The floor of the hall, which is covered with a large piece of velveted white and yellow chequered tapestry, means the chequer board. The thirty two young persons, one half drest in cloth of gold, and the other in cloth of silver, are the thirty two chess men; kings, queens, bishops, knights, rooks, and pawns. They play three games; the two first are won by the silvered king, and the last by his adversary.

Our author, who cannot be too much admired for his art in raising satirical reflections of great moment, most naturally, out of trifles where they are least expected, in the midst of this admirable allegory, seems to have reflected upon his king Francis's rashness, which made him to be taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia: for, speaking of the golden queen, who in this latruncularian war (if I may use the expression) skirmished too boldly, and was taken, he says, the rest were soon routed after the taking of their queen; who, without doubt, from that time resolved to be more wary, and not to venture so far amidst her enemies, unless with more forces to defend her.

He also brought in very pleasantly cardinal Cusa's boyish observation, in his simile on a top or gig; and so he has done almost all over this work.

He is not less artful in bringing off his Pantagruelists, that they may no longer be hindered by whims from arriving at the oracle of truth: for he says, that while they minded this pleasing entertainment, and were charmed with the melody that played to the dancers, Queen Whims vanished; and they strait went on board their ships, the wind being fair: for had they

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they not set sail immediately, they could hardly have got off in three quarters of a moon in the wain. That is to say, by the means of music, ingenious games, dancing, and other innocent recreations, many ease their minds of perplexing thoughts, and leave those crabbed, whimsical, unprofitable studies, which wholly possessed them before; for those idle busy fancies vanish, like the evil spirit of Saul, at the harmonious sound of instruments: but should not the mind, after this, be immediately applied to some solid enquiries that may engross all its faculties, it would be in danger of being taken up again with unnecessary and uncertain businesses.

'Tis observable that Rabelais has made these chapters very clear, and almost sufficient to teach a man to play at chess; that his satirical allegories throughout the work, which are darker, might be thought of no greater moment than this ball and tournament.

ON CHAP. XXVI.

The island of Odes, where the ways go up and down, is the subject of this chapter. The author seems partly inclined to droll, by the means of an hypallagical expression, used by the English as well as by the French; while, speaking of a way or road, we ask, whither it goes? instead of asking, to what place men go by that way? He takes thence an opportunity to banter Aristotle's saying, that all self-moving things are animals.

By the by, he gives a touch to the schoolmen, when he says, that he saw one taken up with a warrant, for having, in spite of Pallas, (invita Minerva) taken the school-way, which is the longest. What he says of Bourges highway, which went with the deliberation

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deliberation of an abbot, must be understood of that university, famous for the study of the civil law.

He calls it the island of Odes from ὁδὸς, which signifies a way or rode; a conveniency to forward us in a journey, as a waggon, boat, &c. a way or rule of living; a method; and finally, an ambush on a road by robbers. Now in some of these senses the ways may properly enough be said to go up and down; and allowing to the word way, the latitude of the Greek word ὁδὸς, the enigma will easily be solved. There may also have been some persons named Chemin, or du Chemin, in the castle and village of Odos in Bigorre, where queen Margaret of Navarre died; and the author may perhaps allude to their surname, as common in France as way is in England.

ON CHAP. XXVII.

The island of the Sandals is the next place which our travellers visit. Rabelais calls it *l'isle des Esclots*. Esclot is a patten, sandal, or a wooden shoe in some parts of France, particularly towards Thoulouse: so because it is the dwelling of friars, and many of them wear sandals or clogs, I call it the island of Sandals. Yet as the word *esclop* was formerly used in France for *esclave*, a slave, I am persuaded that our author gave that name of *esclot* to this island, chiefly to disguise his intent, which was to tell us that its inhabitants are *esclops*, slaves: for such all monks become to the will of their superiors, by the vow of obedience which they are obliged to make at their admission into their respective sodalities. All this chapter is a most cutting satire on monachism in general, and seems to reflect particularly on the jesuits: but the author has affected to be

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be mystical all along, in what may be applied to them.

The jesuits may well be called slaves, considering their rules; some of which are these, exhibited in *exercitia spiritualia Ign. Loyolæ*, printed at Antwerp. 'They must abandon all judgment of their own, be 'always ready to obey the church of Rome, and believe that black is white, and white is black, if she 'says it: they ought to regard the command of their 'superior, as that of God himself, and submit to his 'government, as though they were mere machines, 'or an old man's staff, to be moved at his pleasure.'

'Twas upon this account that pope Paul III. confirmed the establishment of their society, which was not to exceed sixty, in 1540, about ten years before Rabelais wrote this book. The time of their institution agrees very well with what Rabelais says, that Benius III. shewed a spick and span-new monastery to our travellers, contrived by him for the semiquaver friars. What is added may refer to all monks and friars in general.

By the statutes, bulls, and patents of queen Whims, they were all drest like so many house-burners: this reflects first on the pope and his bulls, as being whimsical, for setting up new monasteries against the hair, while many pull them down; and then implies that they burn the houses where they come; wasting the substance of families, and blowing up the fire of division every where.

Their quilted paunches shew that they love to stuff their hides to the purpose.

Their double codpieces, one before and t'other behind, shew, that many a monk, and particularly a jesuit, is *ad utrumque paratus; à parte post & à parte ante;* and may well say, *hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.* This abominable practice of theirs made the author say, that some dreadful mysteries were duly represented by this duplicity of codpieces;

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and as he speaks in the plural, they may also imply, that a monk does as much work as two others at the venereal exercise.

Their shoes are round; that they may move forward, backward, or sideways, as their interest guides them.

Their chins are close shaved; to shew there is no holding or fleecing a monk; or, to speak more plainly, nothing to be got by them.

Their feet are iron shod; because there is no driving them out when once they get footing: for they stick close, and firmly keep their hold.

They shave the hind parts of their poles, from the crown to the omoplata, or the muscles of the shoulder blade; that none may take hold of them behind.

They wear sharp razors at their waste. This may mean a good stomach, or that they cut to the quick whatever lies in their way.

They grind them twice a day, and set them thrice a night; by the means of their matins, vigils, the office of the day, &c.

They have a round ball on their feet. This ball is the world, which they would gladly bring under their subjection: neither is it strange it should be said to be on their feet, in opposition to fortune that has a ball under her's. For, 'tis said by Friar John, at the end of the chapter; Ay, ay, this is the world, and t'other is the country: may I never piss, if this be not an antichthonian land; and our very antipodes. So that, according to the vulgar acceptation, supposing the earth to be here under our feet, it must be on or above our antipodes.

The flaps of their cowls hide their noses; so they laugh without fear both at fortune and the fortunate: that is, within their monasteries, they laugh in their sleeves at those whose good fortune enables them, and whose foolishness inclines them, to help to maintain them in their idleness.

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The hind-parts of their heads are always uncovered as are our faces, and coarsely daubed over with eyes and a mouth: which denotes the grimaces and antic tricks with which they amuse the silly people, in a manner only shewing their backside to them, while, as we have said, they really laugh to one another at the gulled mob's simplicity.

When their hind face went forward, you would have sworn this had been their natural gait: that is, by their vow of poverty they grow rich, rule by their vow of obedience, are the lewder for their vow of chastity, and get forward when they seem to lose ground.

If they offered to waddle along with their bellies forwards, you would have thought they were then playing at blind-man's-buff: because they are not used to walk fairly, or act like other people, and are to seek when they must leave their crooked ways, and go the right way to work.

They are booted and spurred, as it were, to take a journey to heaven; but instead of hastening thither on horseback, they sleep and snore as soon as 'tis owl-light.

They are obliged to yawn, and that is their breakfast. This implies their laziness, and perhaps the singing or bawling at matins.

They wash their hands and mouths. This may be the taking of holy water.

Then they sit down on a long bench, and pick their teeth, till the provost gives the signal; which heard, they stretch out their jaws as wide as they can, and gape and yawn for about half an hour, more or less, according to the day. This may mean their sitting down, while the office of the day is read, and then their singing and quavering.

After this, they went in procession, going out at another door than that through which they came into the church: whence Pantagruel concludes, that they are

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are not such fools as his attendants take them to be, having more holes than one to creep out at.

Cogitato mus pusillus quam sit sapiens bestia,
Ætatem qui uni cubili nunquam committit suam;
Quia si unum ostium obsideatur, aliud perfugium quærit. PLAUTUS. Must. act. 4.

At the procession, the idol of fortune is carried in state, and the image of virtue follows it, carried by a semiquaver, who all the while besprinkles the idol with holy water: which shews that fortune goes before virtue among the monks, and that they are lavish of their incense to none but the fortunate.

After the procession, they went into the fratry-room, and there kneeled under the tables; because 'tis the heaven where reside the only gods they adore, placed in the dishes as on so many thrones. This way of explaining this dark passage, appears the more justifiable, considering what Pantagruel says, in the 34th chapter, to the illustrious lantern that guided him and his company through an arbour covered over with leaves and branches of vines, and loaded with clusters. 'Jupiter's priestess,' said he, 'would 'not, like us, have walked under this arbour. 'There was a mystical reason,' (answered the most conspicuous lantern) 'that would have hindered 'her: for had she gone under it, the wine, or the 'grapes of which it is made, that's the same thing, 'had been over her head, and then she would have 'seemed over-topt and mastered by wine; which 's'gnifies,' &c.

They had each of them a lantern below the breast and stomach, on which they leaned. The lantern should be an empty belly: for after their breakfast, which consisted only of yawning, chanting, and quavering, they had not so filled themselves as not to want to stuff the gut.

The huge Sandal, who, while they were in that posture,

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posture, used to come in with a pitchfork in his hand, and treated them after a fashion, is the friar, who always comes in with a book, in which he reads while they are at table.

They begin their meal with cheese, and end it with mustard and lettuce. This shews, like most of this chapter, that these semiquavers affect a way of living quite contrary to other mens: and as cheese is esteemed heavy food, and hard to be digested, when much of it is eaten, principally by itself, and before we are filled with other things, whose digestion it might help; so by cheese may be meant the benedicite, or grace before meat, which is as heavy, tedious, and irksome to the gluttonous hungry fraternity, as a long-winded presbyterian grace to a half-famished libertine, when dinner is upon the table.

The mustard and lettuce, with which they end the meal, is the agimus, or grace after meat, almost as unpleasant to the semiquavers, who think it unseasonable, because they are in haste to go about the recreations mentioned in the next chapter. Our author, according to his custom of hiding his touches of the satire in equivocal expressions, may mean, that this ceremony after dinner, *moult tarde*, *multùm tardat*, is tedious, and *les tue*, is death to them; thus punning upon *moutarde* and *laitue*.

After dinner, they pass some time in praising those gods who blest them with so sweet a life, and are taken up the rest of the day with acts of charity; as rubbers at cuffs, sniting and flyflapping, worming and pumping, tickling, jirking, and firking one another; and such other pious deeds, as are contained in the twenty-eighth chapter.

Then at night they boot and spur each other, (by which something very odious seems meant) and clap their barnicles on the handles of their faces; which may imply that they are obliged to look about them, for fear of being discovered.

At

At midnight they are called up by one of their brother Sandals, and do as in the day-time.

When they are on the sea and rivers, they are enjoined neither to touch nor eat any manner of fish; and to abstain from all manner of flesh when they are at land. That is, monks use to seem kind to those who are near them, and who support them, and only bite the absent: yet even this is not always true; but 'tis more certain, that as they are dainty, they long for things that are not easily got; as for example, fresh meat at sea, and fresh fish at land, chiefly in such inland places as are very remote from seas or rivers.

ON CHAP. XXVIII.

PANURGE asks a semiquaver friar many questions concerning the private customs of the monastic tribe, particularly their chastity and sobriety: to which the good friar, in more than laconic terms, gives serious and most pertinent answers: and though nothing but monosyllables can be got from him, he speaks so fully, clearly, and to the purpose, that all the twenty eighth chapter needs no commentary. By this affected brevity, Rabelais ridicules that of some of the hypocritical monks, when they come among the laity; which makes Friar John say, the dog yelps at another guess rate when he is among his bitches; there he is pollysyllable enough, my life for yours.

ON CHAP. XXIX.

THIS chapter is full of reflections upon the keeping of lent, occasioned by the answers of the semiquaver,

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quaver, who concludes in monosyllables, that Epistemon ought to be burnt for a rank heretic, because he inveighs against it, and the hypocrisy and tricks of his brother cheats, during that harvest of theirs.

ON CHAP. XXX. AND XXXI.

The island of Satin means more than one thing. First, it signifies such tapestry work as we call arras; in which are represented several histories, fables, and as fabulous animals and vegetables, such as are many of those of which the author speaks in these two chapters. He displays a great knowledge of antiquity in the account he gives us of those matters, and an uncommon wit and judgment in his remarks.

This island means chiefly the works of several ancient and modern authors mentioned here, who having often spoke by hearsay, are not to be believed in many things, though their style be as smooth and soft as satin. We may also understand by that land of Satin, the romances of that age, filled with monsters and monstrous tales; and chiefly that of Amadis de Gaul, which was then very much read; the best writers, as I have already said, having chosen to translate that book, to display in it all the beauties, copiousness, and graces, which the French tongue could boast of in the reign of Henry II.

What he says of Hearsay, who kept a school of vouching, is easily understood: but every one here does not know that many natives of Perche, Maine, and some adjacent parts in France, are in ill repute, as to the point of veracity, in the other provisions of that kingdom, where they esteem those countries the nurseries of affidavit men, and pettifoggers: which makes our author say, that they lived so well by their trade of evidencing, that they treated strangers, and

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made a great figure in that age; in which thing they are perhaps out-done by some in this. They advised our travellers to be as sparing of truth as possible, if ever they had a mind to get court-perferment; but our author, who was of another part of France, could not learn to follow their directions.

ON CHAP. XXXII. AND XXXIII.

LANTERNLAND is the land of learning, frequented by bachelors of arts, masters of arts, doctors, and professors in various studies, bishops, &c. Thus in the preceding chapter, Aristotle is seen in a blind corner holding a lantern, watching, prying, cudgelling his brain, and setting every thing down, with a pack of philosophasters about him, like so many bums by a head bailiff, because he is lantern of the peripatetics. Here we have Bartolus, the lantern of the civilians; Epicurus, one of the lanterns of the stoics.

The lantern of Rochel on a high tower, which stood his fleet in good stead, casting a great light, seems to be Geoffroy d'Estissac, bishop and lord of Maillezais, one of Rabelais's best patrons, and even for that never to be forgotten. He would not call him the lantern of Maillezais, for this had been too plain and improper, because Maillezais is an inland town: but as Rochel was then the chief town in that diocese, insomuch that the episcopal see has been transferred to that sea-port-town in 1648, he calls him the lantern of Rochel, which he places on a high tower, because that prelate was eminent for his quality, as well as for his virtue and learning. We may easily see by Rabelais's letters to him, that he was neither a papist nor a bigot; and had those which they wrote to each other in cyphers been ever published,

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lished, I do not doubt but he would have appeared as much a friend to the reformation, as some of the house of Rochefoucault, who were the heirs of his family. Thus the lanterns of the church are the bishops, doctors of divinity, deans, preachers, and all those who can explain the sacred writ: at least 'tis certain, they apply those words of the gospel to themselves, 'You are the light of the world.'

He tells us, that the lanterns held their provincial chapter: so this may be thought by some to refer to the council of Trent. Yet I had rather understand it of some meeting of the clergy in France, or more particularly of the university of Paris; some of whose best members may be the lanterns which lighted our travellers, after they had made their application to the queen for one to conduct them to the oracle of the bottle, or rather to the knowledge of truth. Our author concludes this book with the explanation of that passage, making the priestess commend the Pantagruelists for having imitated the philosophers in being guided by a good lantern; adding, that two things are necessary to arrive safely and pleasantly at the knowledge of God and true wisdom: first, God's gracious guidance; then, man's assistance.

The Lychnobians, who inhabit a little hamlet near the port of Lanternland, are booksellers. They live by lanterns, that is, by the learned, as the gully-gutted friars live by nuns; that is, they grow as fat by buying and selling their works, as the hungry friars do by managing the concerns of nuns, of which they are so greedy. They are studious people; that is, they often study how to get a good copy for little or nothing, contrive a taking title, &c. and are as honest men as ever sh— in a trumpet. I believe this needs no comment.

ON

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ON CHAP. XXXIV.

Being lighted and directed by the lantern, [the learned] our travellers at last arrive at the island where was the oracle of the bottle, [truth.] Their guide desires them not to be daunted whatever they see, because fear disorders the mind, and renders us incapable of discovering truth. They pass through a large vineyard, in which are all sorts of vines, which yield leaves, flowers, and fruits, all the year round. There they eat three grapes, put vine-leaves in their shoes, and take vine-branches in their hands.

The variety of vines in this large vineyard, implies the vast field through which the learned range in the search after truth: some matters, like the leaves, are unprofitable; some, like the flowers, pleasant; and others, like the fruit, useful. But they must use even the last moderately (which is implied by the three grapes;) and at the first entrance into the regions of truth, be soberly wise. The insignificant leaves must be trod under foot: for this reason they put some in their shoes; and also to shew they have mastered the rudiments of learning: unless some will say, that the leaves at their feet signify their desire of stepping forward to come to the oracle of truth. Vine-branches (which may well be supposed to have flowers as well as leaves) are held by them in their left-hand, in token of their hopes to reap the fruit of their study.

ON CHAP. XXXV.

They go down under ground through a plaistered vault, on which is coarsely painted a dance of wo-

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men and satyrs, waiting on old Silenus, who was grinning on horseback on his ass. This shews, that we must not dwell on the surface or outside of things, but dive to their very centre or bottom to come at truth. This also may refer to this work. The plaistered vault, on which is coarsely daubed a dance of women and satyrs, is its literal sense, smutty, drunken, lewd and satirical expressions; and our author is the Silenus, who grins and laughs at every one. He has ingeniously brought in a discourse about the antiquity of Chinon, his native town; by which he seems at the same time to ridicule the fables that are reported in many towns about their founders, whom some make as ancient as the patriarch of highest pedigree in Wales.

ON CHAP. XXXVI.

Our pilgrims, going down the tetradic stairs, find a resting-place after the first step, another resting-place after the third, another after the sixth, and a fourth resting-place after the tenth step. This implies, that the progress made at first, in the way to truth, is but small; but by degrees a greater is made, the more we get forward: so that on the second day we go twice as far as we did the first; three times as far on the third; and four times as far on the fourth; till at last we come to our journey's end.

ON CHAP. XXXVII, &c.

The description of the temple, its gates, pavement, walls, lamps, and fountains, is a master-piece of architecture; by which the author shewed, that

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he knew as well all the beauties of that art, as he did those of every other that deserves the application of a man of sense. If any have a mind to look for mysteries in all this, perhaps they may find many whose discovery will reward their search. As for me, as I have not had leisure to say more in less room, I will only say something of it that may give a general idea of the author's design, and so conclude.

Bacbuc, which is the name of the bottle, and also that of the priestess, who ministers at the oracle, is Hebrew, and, as we have said, signifies a bottle.

Our mysterious author may perhaps be thought to have had a mind to hint, that the Hebrew original, or text of the bible, is the first spring of truth, that flows out of it into the versions, as wine poured out of a bottle into a glass or cup. Then, as on the portal of the temple, there was written in characters of the finest gold, ΈΝ ΌΙΝΩ ΆΛΗΘΕΙΑ, some may think it implies, that the wine of truth is also to be found in the Greek text of the new testament, which gives the name of wine to truth: buy wine and honey without money. The two folding gates may be fancied to denote the old testament and the new, which must be opened to come to the oracle of truth. Every one will not like this manner of explaining these passages; but all, I hope, will approve the following way of understanding the rest.

The perspicuous lantern, which lighted and guided our votaries, opens those gates; but desires them not to take it amiss, that she does not go into the temple with them, leaving them wholly to the conduct of the priestess Bacbuc: for the lantern was not allowed to go in for certain causes, rather to be concealed than revealed to mortals. However, she advised them to be resolute and secure.

This mystical reason is, that as truth is hated in

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this world, most of the learned, who know it, are afraid of conversing with it openly, lest this make many men their enemies, spoil their preferment, ruin them, and perhaps cost them their lives. For this reason they come to the very portal of truth's temple, and even open the gates to others; yet do not enter within its sanctuary.

The greatest men, both of the clergy and laity in France, acted thus in the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II.

But another cause of that venerable lantern's staying without the temple, was the piercing glory which flowed out of the inextinguishable lamp, which filled the subterranean temple with a light infinitely quicker and clearer than that of the sun. So that this extreme brightness would have utterly dimmed and eclipsed that of the lantern.

The author could never have concluded better than by saying, that when our sages shall wholly apply their minds to a diligent and studious search after truth, beseeching the hidden God to make himself known to them, that almighty Being will do it, and impart to them also the knowledge of his creatures.

OF THE PANTAGRUELIAN PROGNOSTICATION, AND OTHER SHORT PIECES.

Our author, who was a learned astronomer, has chiefly ridiculed astrologers in his prognostication. He published an almanack, printed at Lyons in 1553; and perhaps this was printed with it. However, we cannot be sure of this: for it is not to be procured, no more than some of his letters, besides his sciomachy, and festivals at Rome, in cardinal du Bellay's palace at the duke of Orleans's birth. I am told,

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told, that something of the nature of these predictions has been printed here in poor Robin's almanack.* I do not wonder at it: for as there is wit and satire in this piece, even one of the most learned men in Germany has not been ashamed to borrow a great deal of it; I mean Joachim Fortius Rindelbergius, who begins a small piece of this nature, with the very beginning of the second chapter of this.

Thus he has it in Latin: *Proximo anno cæci parum aut nihil videbunt, surdi malè audient, muti non loquentur. Ver erit calidum ac humidum, æstas calida & sicca, autumnus frigidus & siccus, hyems frigida & sicca. Æstate erunt quandoque pluviæ, interdum fulmina & tonitrua. Bellum erit inter aucupes & aves, inter piscatores & pisces, inter canes & lepores, inter feles & mures, inter lupos & oves, inter monachos & ova. Multi interibunt pisces, boves, oves, porci, capræ, pulli, & capones; inter simias, canes & equos, mors non tantoperè sæviet. Senectus eodem anno erit immedicabilis propter annos qui præcesserunt. Non pauci inopiâ laborabunt, &c.* p. 556.

There runs a vein of protestantism through most of this work, which is undoubtedly Rabelais's, though 'tis said to be calculated by Alcofribus Nasier: for that name is only an anagram of the author's, Francois Rabelais.

The epistle, said to be written by the Limosin, partly in an affected Frenchified Latin, is to ridicule that way of writing, as appears by the epigram after it.

The cream of encyclopedic questions is a trifle, which, like many other more insignificant of other

* The present editor hath seen several English imitations of this prognostication, that are much older than the rise of poor Robin's almanack. The Owle's almanack, Jack-dawe's prognostications, and some others in the reign of king James I. were of this kind.

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great men, has been kept from oblivion meerly for the sake of its author, and added to his works, with the epistles, after his death, as appears by the title page of some old editions of the fifth book.

The epistle to the old hag, seems to be a sharp invective against the church of Rome.

The epistle to the wise matron, seems to be an encomium on the reformed church.

THE

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THE

AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE

TO THE

FIFTH BOOK.

INDEFATIGABLE topers, and you thrice precious martyrs of the smock, give me leave to put a serious question to your worships, while you are idly stroking your codpieces, and I myself not much better employed: Pray, why is it that people say that men are not such sots now-a-days as they were in the days of yore? Sot is an old word, that signifies a dunce, dullard, jolthead, gull, wittal, or noddy, one without guts in his brains, whose cockloft is unfurnished, and, in short, a fool. Now would I know, whether you would have us understand by this same saying, as indeed you logically may, that formerly men were fools, and in this generation are grown wise? How many and what dispositions made them fools? How many and what dispositions were wanting to make 'em wise? Why were they fools? How should they be wise? Pray, how came you to know that men were formerly fools? How did you find that they are now wise? Who the devil made 'em fools? Who a God's name made 'em wise? Who d'ye think are most, those that loved mankind foolish, or those that love it wise? How long has it been wise? How long otherwise? Whence proceeded the foregoing folly? Whence the following wisdom? Why did the old folly end now, and no later? Why did the modern wisdom begin now, and no sooner? What were we the worse for the former

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folly? What the better for the succeeding wisdom? How should the ancient folly be come to nothing? How should this same new wisdom be started up and established?

Now answer me, an't please you: I dare not adjure you in stronger terms, reverend sirs, lest I make your pious fatherly worships in the least uneasy. Come, pluck up a good heart; speak the truth and shame the devil, that enemy to paradise, that enemy to truth: be cheery, my lads; and if you are for me, take me off three or five bumpers of the best, while I make an halt at the first part of the sermon; then answer my question. If you are not for me, avaunt! avoid Satan! For I swear by my * great grandmother's placket, that if you don't help me to solve that puzzling problem, I will, nay, I already do repent having proposed it: for still I must remain nettled and gravelled, and the devil a bit I know how to get off. Well, what say you? I faith, I begin to smell you out. You are not yet disposed to give me an answer; nor I neither, by these whiskers. Yet to give some light into the business, I'll e'en tell you what had been anciently foretold in the matter, by a venerable doc, who being moved by the spirit in a prophetic vein, wrote a book ycleped, the prelatical bagpipe. What do you think the old fornicator saith? Hearken, you old noddies, hearken now or never.

The jubilee's year, when all, like fools were shorn,
Is about thirty [trente] supernumerary.
O want of veneration! fools they seem'd,
But, persevering, with long breves, at last
No more they shall be gaping greedy fools:

For

* *Great grandmother's placket.*] The original is, *mon grand hurluburlu.* And lower, in ch. 15, Friar John says, saint Hurluburlu. The *ehrlich warlich* of the Germans, i. e. upon my honour, in good truth, may have been Rabelais's occasion to forge this burlesque oath out of the corruption of those German words, as he before had framed St. Picaud from the German *bi Gott*

For they shall shell the shrub's delicious fruit,
Whose flow'r in the spring so much had fear'd.

L'an jubilé que tout le monde raire
Fadas, se feit, est supernumeraire
Au dessus trente: O peu de reverence!
Fat il sembloit; mais, en perseverance
De long brevets, fat plus ne gloux sera;
Car le doux fruict de l' herbe esgoussera,
Dont tant craignoit la fleur en prime vere.

Now you have it, what do you make on't? The seer is ancient, the style laconic, the sentences dark, like those of Scotus, * though they treat of matters dark enough in themselves. The best commentators on that good father take the jubilee after the thirtieth, to be the years that are included in this present age till 1550, [there being but one jubilee every fifty years.] Men shall no longer be thought fools next green pease season.

The fools, whose number, as Solomon certifies, is infinite, shall go to pot like a parcel of mad bedlamites as they are; and all manner of folly shall have an end, that being also numberless, according to Avicenna, *maniæ infinitæ sunt species.* Folly having been driven back and hidden towards the centre, during the rigour of the winter, 'tis now to be seen on the surface, and buds out like the trees. This is as plain as a nose in a man's face: you know it by experience; you see it. And it was formerly found out by that great good man Hippocrates, Aphorism. *Veræ etenim maniæ*, &c. This world therefore wisifying itself, † shall no longer dread the flower and

* The original does not say sentences of Scotus, but *les sentences scotines*, i. e. obscure sentences, from σκοτεινος, *tenebrosus.* So in Cotgrave's dictionary, edition 1673, *scotin* is Englished by obscure, without naming Scotus; but M. Motteux might perhaps think the author meant those of Scotus, by *scotines.*

† *Shall no longer dread*, &c.] Ludovicus Nonius, l. 1, c. 9, of his

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blossoms of beans every coming spring, that is, as you may piously believe, bumper in hand, and tears in eyes, in the woful time of lent, which used to keep them company.

Whole cartloads of books, that seemed florid, flourishing and flowery, gay and gaudy as so many butterflies; but in the main were tiresome, dull, soporiferous, irksome, mischievous, crabbed, knotty, puzzling, and dark as those of whining Heraclitus, as unintelligible as the numbers of Pythagoras, that king of the bean, according to l. 2. sat. 6, Horace: those books, I say, have seen their best days, and shall soon come to nothing, being delivered to the executing worms, and merciless petty-chandlers: such was their destiny, and to this they were predestinated.

In their stead beans in cod are started up; that is, these merry and fructifying Pantagruelian books, so much sought now-a-days, in expectation of the following jubilee's period: to the study of which writings all people have given their minds, and accordingly have gained the name of wise.

Now, I think, I have fairly solved and resolved your problem: then reform, and be the better for it. Hem once or twice, like hearts of oak; stand to your pan-puddings, and take me off your bumpers,

nine

De re cibaria. Refert Simeon Sethi, (in his book De facultate ciba-riorum) *illos qui diutius in locis versantur, ubi copiosæ fabæ proveniunt, mentis perturbationem & ingenii hebetudinem percipere, quoniam mali vapores & fere pestilentes ex his reddantur, qui quaquaversum aerem inficiunt, qui continenter illatis cerebri temperaturam subvertit. Unde non omnino explodenda videtur vulgata dictio, auram ex fabarum floribus expirantem, mente commotis perniciosam esse, quanquam etiam commode dicemus, non ideo mentem perturbari, quod fabæ flores nocui sint, sed quod verno tempore, quando scilicet fabæ florent, juxta Hippocratem III. aph. 20, furores & morbi melancholici potissimum regnent.*

From whence the proverb.

Quand les feves sont en fleur, les fous sont en vigueur.

Beans in flower, madness (or folly) in power.

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nine go-downs, and huzza! since we are like to have a good vintage, and misers hang themselves. Oh! they'll cost me an estate in hempen collars if fair weather hold. For I hereby promise to furnish them with twice as much as will do their business, on free-cost, as often as they will take the pains to dance at a rope's end, providently to save charges, to the no small disappointment of the finisher of the law.

Now my friends, that you may put in for a share of this new wisdom, and shake off the antiquated folly this very moment, scratch me out of your scrolls, and quite discard the symbol of the old philosopher with the golden thigh, by which he has forbidden you to eat beans: for you may take it for a truth, granted among all professors in the science of good eating, that he enjoined you not to taste of them only with the same kind intent with the * fresh water physician Amer, late lord of Camelotiere, kinsman to the lawyer of that name, who forbad his patients the wing of the partridge, the rump of the chicken, and the neck of the pigeon, saying, *Ala mala, rumpum dubium, collum bonum,* †-*pelle remotâ.* For the dunsical dog-leech was so selfish as to reserve them for his own dainty chops, and allowed his poor patients little more than the bare bones to pick, lest they should over-load their squeamish stomachs.

To the heathen philosopher succeeded a pack of capusions, monks, who forbid us the use of beans, that is, Pantagruelian books. They seem to follow the example of Philoxenus and Gnatho, one of whom was

* *Fresh-water physician.*] Young and unexperienced; as we say, a fresh-water sailor; or else, as du Chat observes, a physician whose prescriptions do neither good nor harm, like fresh water.

† *Pelle remotâ.*] John de la Bruiere Champier, l. 15, c. 8, of his treatise De re cibaria: *vulgus jactat collum avium, sed præsertim gallinacei generis, bonum, cute detracta. Alii claritati oculorum officere credidérunt.* It is therefore true, that many people think the necks of poultry uneatable till the skin's taken off. But they don't consider, that if your nice eaters are sometimes averse to that skin, 'tis because it was not well pickt by the cook.

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a Sicilian, of fulsome memory, the ancient master-builders of their monastic cram-gut voluptuousness; who, when some dainty bit was served up at a feast, filthily used to spit on it, that none but their nasty selves might have the stomach to eat of it, though their liquorish chops watered never so much after it.

So those hideous, snotty, pthisicky, eves-dropping, musty, moving forms of mortification, * both in public and private, curse those dainty books, and like toads spit their venom upon them.

Now though we have in our mother-tongue several excellent works in verse and prose, and, heaven be praised, but little left of the trash and trumpery stuff of those dunsical mumblers of Ave Maries, and the barbarous foregoing Gothic age; I have made bold to chuse to chirrup and warble my plain ditty, or, as they say, to whistle like a goose among the swans, rather than be thought deaf among so many pretty poets and eloquent orators. And thus I am prouder of acting the clown, or any other under part, among the many ingenious actors in this noble play, than of herding among those mutes, who, like so many shadows and cyphers, only serve to fill up the house, and make up a number; gaping and yawning at the flies, and pricking up their lugs, like so many Arcadian asses, at the striking up of the music; thus silently giving to understand, that their fopships are tickled in the right place.

Having taken this resolution, I thought it would not be amiss to move my Diogenical tub, that you might not accuse me of living without example. I see a swarm

* *Both in public and private, curse,* &c.] Curse and detest 'em, not in their hearts, nor when they're alone in their cells, but only in the pulpit, and in certain particular company: and hypocrisy, which was very common even in St. Jerom's time, who having felt the effects of it himself, exclaims against it in the preface of his book on the chronicles: *sæpe rodentes ore canino in publico detrahunt quod legunt in angulis.* See the last chapter of Somnium viridarii.

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swarm of our modern poets and orators, your * Colinets, Marots, Herouets, Saint Gelias, Selels, Masuels, and many more; who having commenced masters in Apollo's academy on mount Parnassus, and drunk brimmers at the caballian fountain, among the nine merry muses, have raised our vulgar tongue, and made it a noble and everlasting structure. Their works are all Parian marble, alabaster, porphyry, and royal cement: they treat of nothing but heroic deeds, mighty things, grave and difficult matters; and this in a crimson, alamode, rhetorical style. Their writings are all divine nectar, rich, racy, sparkling, delicate and luscious wine. Nor does our sex wholly engross this honour; ladies have had their share of the glory: † one of them, of the royal blood of France, whom it were a profanation but to name here, surprises the age at once by her transcendent and inventive genius in her writings, and the admirable graces of her style. Imitate those great examples, if you can; for my part, I cannot. Every one, you know, cannot go to Corinth. When Solomon built the temple, all could not give gold by handfuls; each offered ‡ a shekel of gold.

Since

* See du Chat's account of these authors at large in loc. I shall only acquaint the reader, that M. Motteux by mistake calls the third of this list Drouet, instead of Herouet. Anthony Herouet, says du Chat, was a Parisian, an excellent poet, and was raised to the episcopal see of Digne in Provence. Paquier, l. 7, c. 7, of his recherches, extols this poet; and Joachim du Bellay had long before said of this deserving author,

Seu canis heroas, seu condis ἐρωτικα, verum
Nomen eroeti, fata dedere tibi.

† *One of them of the royal blood of France.*] Margaret of Valois, queen of Navarre, sister so Francis the first: born at the castle of Engouleme 10 April 1492, and died in that of Audos in Bearn the 21 Dec. 1549. See the elogium of this princess in Brantome, and in l. 3 of the additions to Castlenau's memoirs. Of all her writings, whether in prose or verse, nothing did more honour to her pen than her Heptameron, which, after several editions in the old French, was some years ago published in the modern.

‡ *A shekel of gold.*] In chap. xxx of Exodus, every person, poor or rich, is taxed at half a shekel.

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Since then 'tis not in my power to improve our architecture as much as they, I am e'en resolved to do like * Renault of Montauban: I'll wait on the masons, set on the pot for the masons, cook for the stone-cutters; and since it was not my good luck to be cut out for one of them, I will live and die the admirer of their divine writings.

As for you, little envious prigs, snarling bastards, puny Zoiluses, you'll soon have railed your last: † go hang yourselves, and chuse you out some well-spread oak, under whose shade you may swing in state, to the admiration of the gaping mob; you shall never want rope enough. While I here solemnly protest before my Helicon, in the presence of my nine mistresses the muses, that if I live yet the age of a dog, eked out with that of ‡ three crows, sound wind and limbs, like the old Hebrew captain Moses, § Xenophilus the musician, and ‖ Demonax the philosopher, by arguments no ways impertinent, and reasons not to be disputed, I will prove, in the teeth of a parcel of brokers and retailers of ancient rhapsodies, and such mouldy trash, that our vulgar tongue is not so mean, silly, inept, poor, barren, and contemptible, as they pretend. Nor ought I to be afraid of I know not what botchers of old thread-bare stuff, a hundred and a hundred times clouted up, and pieced together; wretched bunglers, that can do nothing

* *Renault de Montauban.*] In the last chapter of the romance of Aimon's four sons, we find Renaud, as the first act of penance for his past life, carrying hods of mortar for the building St. Peter's church at Cologne.

† *Go hang yourselves.*] As did Ziolus, that implacable enemy to Homer's reputation. *I'endentem volo Zoilum videre*, says Martial.

‡ *Three crows.*] According to Hesiod, as reported by Pliny, l. 7, c. 48, the crow or raven lives nine times the age of a man. So Rabelais took no short term.

§ *Xenophilus.*] Pliny, l. 7, c. 70, says, after Aristoxenus, that the musician Xenophilus lived 105 years. See Lucian in his discourse on long-livers.

‖ *Demonax.*] He lived near 100 years, without ailing any thing in body or mind. See Lucian's discourse entitled Demonax.

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nothing but new-vamp old rusty saws; beggarly scavengers, that rake even the muddiest canals of antiquity for scraps and bits of Latin, as insignificant as they are often uncertain. Beseeching our grandees of Witland, that, as when formerly Apollo had distributed all the treasures of his poetical exchequer to his favourites, little hulch-backed * Æsop got for himself the office of apologue-monger: in the same manner, since I do not aspire higher, they would not deny me that of puny † rhyparographer, or riff-raff follower of Pyreicus.

I dare swear they will grant me this: for they are all so kind, so good-natured, and so generous, that they'll never boggle at so small a request. Therefore both dry and hungry souls, pot and trenchermen, fully enjoying those books, perusing, quoting them in their merry conventicles, and observing the great mysteries of which they treat, shall gain a singular profit and fame: as in the like case was done by Alexander the Great, with the books of prime philosophy composed by Aristotle.

O rare! belly on belly! what swillers, what twisters will there be!

Then be sure all you that take care not to die of the pip, be sure, I say, you take my advice, and stock yourselves with good store of such books, as soon as you meet with them at the booksellers; and do not only shell those beans, but even swallow them down like an opiate cordial, and let them be in you; I say, let them be within you: then you shall find, my beloved,

* *Æsop got*, &c.] This is taken out of Philostratus, l. 5, c. 5, of Apollonius's life.

† *Puny Rhyparographer*, &c.] Ryparographer, Gr. ῥυπαρος, *sordidus*. Pyreicus the painter is so sirnamed by Pliny, because he confined himself only to drawing ridiculous and grotesque pictures; in which he however excelled in his time, as Rabelais did in his; who by his romance, for all it seems at first sight so impertinent to many people, hath acquired him the title of a refined wit, a good poet, and one of the best French writers that has ever appeared.

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loved, what good they do to all clever shellers of beans.

Here is a good handsome basketful of them, which I here lay before your worships: they were gathered in the very individual garden whence the former came. So I beseech you, reverend sirs, with as much respect as ever was paid by dedicating author, to accept of the gift, in hopes of somewhat better against next visit the swallows give us.

THE

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THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF

RABELAIS,

TREATING OF

THE HEROIC DEEDS AND SAYINGS

OF THE

GOOD PANTAGRUEL.

CHAP. I.

HOW PANTAGRUEL ARRIVED AT THE RINGING ISLAND, AND OF THE NOISE THAT WE HEARD.

Pursuing our voyage, we sailed three days, without discovering any thing, on the fourth we made land. Our pilot told us that it was * the Ringing Island, and indeed we heard a kind of a confused and often repeated noise, that seemed to us, at a great distance, not unlike the sound of great, middle-sized, and little bells, rung all at once, as 'tis customary at Paris, Tours, Gergeau, Nantes, and elsewhere, on high holidays; and the nearer we came to the land, the louder we heard that jangling. Some

* *The Ringing Island.*] He that made the key to Rabelais asserts, England to be meant by the Ringing Island; but he's mistaken, since, besides several other reasons, that Island had already withdrawn itself from the Pope's authority, under Edward VI. when this book was written.

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Some of us doubted that it was the Dodonian kettle, or the portico called Heptaphone, in Olympia, or the eternal humming of the colossus raised on Memnon's tomb, in Thebes of Egypt, or the horrid din that used formerly to be heard about a tomb at Lipara, one of the * Æolian Islands. But this did not square with chorography.

I don't know, said Pantagruel, but that some swarms of bees hereabouts may be taking a ramble in the air, and so the neighbourhood make this dingle dangle with pans, kettles, and basons, the corybantine cymbals of Cybele, grandmother of the gods, to call them back. Let's hearken. When we were nearer, among the everlasting ringing of these indefatigable bells, we heard the singing, as we thought, of some men. For this reason, before we offered to land on the Ringing Island, Pantagruel was of opinion that we should go in the pinnace to a small rock, near which we discovered an hermitage, and a little garden. There we found a diminutive old hermit, whose name was Braguibus, born at † Glenay. He gave us a full account of all the jangling, and regaled us after a strange sort of fashion: four live-long days did he make us fast, assuring us that we should not be admitted into the Ringing Island otherwise, because it was then one of the four fasting, or ember weeks. As I love my belly, quoth Panurge, I by no means understand this riddle: methinks, this should rather be one of the four windy weeks; for while we fast we are only puffed up with wind. Pray now, good father hermit, have not you here some other pastime besides fasting? Methinks 'tis somewhat of the leanest: we might well enough be without so many palace holidays, and those fasting times of yours. In my Donatus, quoth friar John, I could find yet but three times or tenses, the preterit,

* *Eolian.*] See Pliny for all these particulars.
† *Glenay.*] In Poitou.

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preterit, the present, and the future, and therefore I make a donative of the fourth (i. e. the fast of the quatre-tems) to be kept by my footman. That time or tense, said Epistemon, is aorist, derived from the preter-imperfect tense of the Greeks, admitted in variable and uncertain times. * Patience per force is a remedy for a mad-dog. Saith the hermit, 'tis as I told you, fatal to go against this: whoever does it is a rank heretic, and wants nothing but fire and faggot, that's certain. To deal plainly with you, my dear *pater*, cried Panurge, being at sea, I much more fear being wet than being warm, and being drowned than being burnt.

Well, however, let us fast in God's name; yet I have fasted so long, that it has quite undermined my flesh, and I fear that at last the bastions of this bodily fort of mine will fall to ruin. Besides, I am much more afraid of vexing you in this same trade of fasting; for the devil a bit I understand any thing in it, † and it becomes me very scurvily, as several people have told me, and I am apt to believe them. For my part I don't much mind fasting: for alas! 'tis as easy as pissing a bed, and a trade of which any body may set up: there needs no tools. I am much more inclined not to fast for the future: for to do so, there's some stock required, and some tools are set to work. No matter, since you are so stedfast, and have us fast, let us fast as fast as we can, and then breakfast in the name of famine. Now we are come to these esurial idle days. I vow I had quite put them out of my head long ago. If we must fast, said Pantagruel, I see no other remedy but to get rid of it as soon as we can, as we would out of a bad way. I'll in that space of time somewhat look over

* *Patience, &c.*] The proverb in the original is, patience, say the letters. Alluding to the herb patience *(lapathum)* which those afflicted with the leprosy seek after with great eagerness, to relieve them.

† *And it becomes me very scurvily.*] *Ridiculus æque nullus est, quam quando esurit.* Plaut. in Stichos, act 2. scene 1.

over my papers, and examine whether the marine study be as good as ours at land. For Plato, to describe a silly, raw, ignorant fellow, compares him to these that are bred on shipboard, as we would do one bred up in a barrel, who never saw any thing but through the bung-hole.

To tell you the short and long of the matter, our fasting was most hideous and terrible: for, the first day we fasted at * fisticuffs, the second at cudgels, the third at sharps, and the fourth at blood and wounds: such was the order of the † fairies.

CHAP. II.

HOW THE RINGING-ISLAND HAD BEEN INHABITED BY THE SITICINES, WHO WERE BECOME BIRDS.

HAVING fasted as aforesaid, the hermit gave us a letter from one whom he called ‡ Albian Camar, master Ædituus of the Ringing-island: but Panurge greeting him, called him, master Antitius. He was a little queer old fellow, bald-pated, with a snout whereat you might easily have lighted a card match, and a phiz as red as a cardinal's cap. He made us all very welcome, upon the hermit's recommendation, hearing that we had fasted, as I have told you.

When

* *Fisticuffs, &c.*] The meaning of all this is, that one or two days fasting mayn't do a man much harm, but three or four days may prejudice his health, nay, be as much as his life's worth.

† *Fairies.*] Who had ordained the fatal (as said before) fast of the ember-weeks.

‡ *Albian Camar.*] This must have been some jacobin, or at least some ecclesiastic with a black cassock under a white surplice. Albian, from *albus*, white; and the priests of Baal were called in Hebrew *emarim*, only because of their wearing black gowns. See the second of Kings, ch. xxiii. verse 5. See Stuckius de gentilium sacris.

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When we had well stuffed our puddings, he gave us an account of what was remarkable in the island; affirming, that it had been at first inhabited by the Siticines: but that, according to the course of nature, as all things, you know, are subject to change, they were become birds.

There I had a full account of all that Atteius, Capito, Pollux, Marcellus, A. Gellius, Athenæus, Suidas, Ammonius and others had writ of the Siticines; and then we thought we might as easily believe the transmutations of Nectymene, Progne, Itys, Alcyone, Antigone, Tereus, and other birds. Nor did we think it more reasonable to doubt of the transmogrification of the Macrobian children into swans, or that of the men of * Pallene in Thrace into birds, as soon as they had bathed themselves in the Tritonic lake. After this the devil a word could we get out of him but of birds and cages.

The cages were spacious, costly, magnificent, and of an admirable architecture. The birds were large, fine, and neat accordingly; looking as like the men in my country, as one pea does like another: for they eat and drank like men, muted like men, digested like men, but stunk like devils; slept, billed and trod their females like men, but somewhat oftener: in short, had you seen and examined 'em from top to toe, you would have laid your head to a turnip that they had been mere men. However, they were nothing less, as master Ædituus told us; assuring us, at the same time, that they were neither secular nor laic: and 'truth is, the diversity of their feathers and plumes did not a little puzzle us.

Some of them were all over as white as swans, others as black as crows, many as grey as owls, others black and white like magpies, some all red like

* *Pallene in Thrace, &c.*] Pliny, l. 4, ch. 10, places Pallene in Macedonia.

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like red-birds, and others purple and white like some pigeons. He called the males clerghawks, monkhawks, priesthawks, abbothawks, bishhawks, cardinhawks, and one popehawk, who is a species by himself. He called the females, clergkites, nunkites, priestkites, abbesskites, bishkites, cardinkites, and popekites.

However said he, as hornets and drones will get among the bees, and there do nothing but buzz, eat, and spoil every thing; so, for these last three hundred years, a vast swarm of bigottelloes flocked I don't know how among these goodly birds every fifth full moon, and have bemuted, bewrayed, and conskited the whole island. They are so hard favoured and monstrous, that none can abide 'em. For their wry necks make a figure like a crooked billet; their * paws are hairy, like those of rough-footed pigeons; their claws and pounces, belly and breech, like those of the † stymphalid harpies. Nor is it possible to root them out: for if you get rid of one, straight four and twenty new ones fly thither.

There had been need of another monster-hunter, such as was Hercules: for friar John had like to have run distracted about it, so much he was nettled and puzzled in the matter. As for the good Pantagruel, he was e'en served as was ‡ messer Priapus, contemplating the sacrifices of Ceres, for want of skin.

CHAP.

† *Paws are hairy.*] Dangerous hypocrites: with Jacob's voice, but the hands of Esau.

‡ *Stymphalid.*] See Diodorus Siculus.

‡ *Messer Priapus.*] The gods having been invited by their good mother to a feast, repaired to it one and all, even the nymphs and satyrs, not excepting Silenus himself. Their godships, after spending part of the night in drinking pretty liberally, some fell asleep, others went to dancing and other little sports. Priapus running after the nymphs, spied Vesta asleep. Whether or no he knew her, or took her for somebody else, he resolved not to miss the opportunity. As ill-luck would have it, the moment he was going to work, Silenus's ass fell a braying, and awaked Vesta, who getting up in a sad fright, and

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CHAP. III.

HOW THERE IS BUT ONE POPEHAWK IN THE RINGING-ISLAND.

WE then asked master Ædituus why there was but one popehawk among such numbers of venerable birds, multiplied in all their species? He answered, that such was the first institution and fatal destiny of the stars: that the clerghawks begot the priesthawks and monkhawks, without carnal copulation, as some * bees are born of a young bull: the priesthawks begat the bishawks, the bishawks the stately cardinhawks, and the stately cardinhawks, if they live long enough, at last come to be popehawk.

Of this last kind, there never is more than one at a time; as in a bee-hive there is but one king, and in the world but one sun.

When the popehawk dies, another rises in his stead out of the whole brood of cardinhawks; that is, as you must understand it all along, † without carnal copulation. So that there is in that species an

and the celestial gentry running in upon the noise she made, poor Priapus was discovered; nor could he with the skirt of his robe, had it been four times as large, conceal the condition he was in. It's an idle frivolous story. Ovid, in the sixth of his fasti, tells it agreeably, as he does every thing else, and Lactantius after him, l. 1, of his divine institutions, n. 21. I have added a little to the thing, the better to explain our author's text, who has darkened the fact exceedingly, by saying Ceres instead of Cybele, and skin instead of covering or lappet. I'm not to be informed that Cybele and Ceres have passed for one and the same deity; but people should not thus jumble and confound names in a piece of history occasionally reported. As the effect, which the sight of so many lovely females produced on Pantagruel, could not but be very extraordinary, perhaps Rabelais did it on purpose to wrap it up the better.

* *Bees.*] See 4th book of Virgil's Georgics.

† *Without carnal, &c.*] *Gens æterna, in qua nemo nascitur*, said Pliny formerly, l. 5, c. 17, of certain hermits called essenes, dwelling in the desarts of Palestine.

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an individual unity, with a perpetuity of succession, neither more or less than in the Arabian phœnix.

'Tis true, that about * two thousand seven hundred and sixty moons ago, two popehawks were seen upon the face of the earth: but then you never saw in your lives such a woful rout and hurly-burly as was all over this island. For all these same birds did so peck, clapperclaw, and maul one another all that time, that there was the devil and all to do, and the island was in a fair way of being left without inhabitants. Some stood up for this popehawk, some for t'other. Some, struck with a dumbness, were as mute as so many fishes; the devil a note was to be got out of them: part of the merry bells here were as silent as if they had lost their tongues, I mean their clappers.

During these troublesome times, they called to their assistance the emperors, kings, dukes, earls, barons, and commonwealths of the world that live on t'other side the water; nor was this schism and sedition at an end, till one of them died, and the plurality was reduced to a † unity.

We then asked, what moved those birds to be thus continually chanting and singing? He answered, that it was the bells that hang on the top of their cages. Then he said to us, Will you have me make these monkhawks, whom you see ‡ bardocucullated with a bag, such as you use to strain Hippocras wine through,

* *Two thousand,* &c.] At twelve moons a year, (Rabelais, as he insinuates in the preface of this book, composing it about the year 1550,) the 2760 moons he speaks of, i. e. 230 years, point out the year 1380, the time of the great schism, which was caused on one hand by Urban VI. sitting at Rome, and on the other hand, the pretended Clement VII. sitting at Avignon.

† *Unity.*] At the council of Constance, where cardinal Otho, of the family of Colonna, was made pope by the name of Martin V.

‡ *Bardocucullated.*] The benedictines, or rather bernardines, whose cowl looks like the bardocucullus (or hood) of the ancient inhabitants of Saintonge, Langres, and some other Gauls. See Fauchet Ant. Gaul. l. 1, ch. 5.

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through, sing like any wood-larks? Pray do, said we. He then gave half a dozen pulls to a little rope, which caused a diminutive bell to give so many ting-tangs; and presently a parcel of monkhawks ran to him, as if the devil had drove 'em, and fell a singing like mad.

Pray, master, cried Panurge, if I also rang this bell, could I make those other birds yonder, with redherring coloured feathers, sing? Ay, marry would you, returned Æditnus. With this Panurge hanged himself (by the hands, I mean) at the bell-rope's end, and no sooner made it speak, but those smoaked birds hied them thither, and began to lift up their voices, and make a sort of untowardly hoarse noise, which I grudge to call singing. Æditnus indeed told us, that they fed on nothing but fish, like the herns and cormorants of the world, and that they were a * fifth kind of cucullati newly stamped.

He added, that he had been told by Robert Valbringue, † who lately passed that way in his return from Africa, that a sixth kind was to fly hither out of hand, which he called capushawks, more grum, vinegar-faced, brainsick, froward, and loathsome, than any kind whatsoever in the whole island. Africa, said Pantagruel, still uses to produce some new and monstrous thing.

* *Fifth kind.*] The minims, instituted by Francis de Paula, about the middle of the 15th century, long after the establishment of the four orders of mendicants.

† A gentleman of Picardy. In 1540, he made a voyage to Canada, &c.

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CHAP. IV.

HOW THE BIRDS OF THE RINGING-ISLAND WERE ALL PASSENGERS.

Since you have told us, said Pantagruel, how the popehawk is begot by the cardinhawks, the cardinhawks by the bishhawks, and the bishhawks by the priesthawks, and the priesthawks by the clerghawks, I would gladly know whence you have these same clerghawks. They are all passengers, or travelling birds, returned Ædituus, and come hither from * t'other world; part out of a vast country, called Want-o-bread, the rest out of another toward the west, which they style, Too-many-of-'em. From these two countries flock hither, every year, whole legions of these clerghawks, leaving their fathers, mothers, friends and relations.

This happens when there are too many children, whether male or female, in some good family of the latter country; insomuch that the house would come to nothing, if the paternal estate were shared among them all; (as reason requires, nature directs, and God commands.) For this cause parents used to rid themselves of that inconveniency, by packing off the younger fry, and forcing them to seek their fortune in this isle Bossart, (or humpy island.) I suppose he means l'isle Bouchart, near Chinon, cried Panurge. No, replied t'other, I mean Bossart (crooked) for there is not one in ten among them, but is either crooked, crippled, blinking, limping, ill-favoured, deformed, or an unprofitable load to the earth.

'Twas quite otherwise among the heathens, said Pantagruel, when they used to receive a maiden among

* Monks are said to be civilly dead, to this world.

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among the number of vestals: for Leo Antistius affirms, that it was absolutely forbidden to admit a virgin into that order, if she had any vice in her soul, or defect in her body, though it were but the smallest spot on any part of it. I can hardly believe, continued Ædituus, that their dams on t'other side the water go nine months with them; for they cannot endure them nine years, nay, scarce seven, sometimes in the house: but by putting only a shirt over the other clothes of the young urchins, and lopping off I don't well know how many hairs from their crowns, mumbling certain apostrophised and expiatory words, they visibly, openly, and plainly, by a Pythagorical metempsychosis, without the least hurt, transmogrify them into such birds as you now see; much after the fashion of the Egyptian heathens, who used to constitute their isiacs, by shaving them, and making them put on certain linostoles, or surplices. However, I don't know, my good friends, but that these she-things, whether clergkites, monkites, and abbesskites, instead of singing pleasant motets and * charisteres, such as used to be sung to Oromasis by Zoroaster's institution, may be bellowing out such catarates and scythropys, (cursed, lamentable, and wretched imprecations) as were usually offered to the Arimanian dæmon; being thus in continual † devotion for their

* *Charisteres.*] Χαριστήριοι ὕμνοι, *hymni quibus gratiæ aguntur. Arimanian*, a little lower, is inexcusably wrong as an adjective. It is in Plutarch a substantive, viz. Ἀρειμανίου, meaning the dæmon Arimanius. To translate it *Arimanian*, is as if one translated Δημήτριος, *Demetrian*. As for *catarates* and *scythropes*, the author doubtless meant to oppose *scythropes* to pleasant, and *catarates* to *charisteres*. He's in the right as to σκυθρωπός, which means sad, melancholy. As for *catarates* and *charisteres*, the former are *motets* to curse our ill-wishers, the latter to bless our benefactors: only, by the way, καταρατος signifies cursed, not cursing.

† Mr. Motteux is vastly mistaken here to say, in continual devotion for their friends. Rabelais means just the contrary: *font continuelle devotions de leurs parens & amis*, i. e. they (the cloistered people)

kind friends and relations, that transformed them into birds, whether when they were maids, or thornbacks, in their prime, or at their last prayers.

But the greatest number of our birds came out of Want-o-bread, which, though a barren country, where the days are of a most tedious lingering length, overstocks this whole island with the lower class of birds. For hither fly the * assaphis that inhabit that land, either when they are in danger of passing their time scurvily for want of belly-timber, being unable, or, what's more likely, unwilling, to take heart of grace, and follow some honest lawful calling, or too proud hearted and lazy to go to service in some sober family. The same is done by your frantic inamoradoes, who, when crossed in their wild desires, grow stark-staring mad, and chuse this life suggested to them by their † despair [too cowardly to make them swing, like their brother Iphis of doleful memory.] There is another sort, that is, your gaol birds, who having done some rogues trick, or other heinous villany, and being sought up and down to be trussed up, and made to ride the two or three-legged mare that groans for them, warily scour off, and come here to save their bacon: because all these sorts of birds are here provided for, and grow in an instant as fat as hogs, though they came as lean as rakes: for having the benefit of the clergy, they

people) are continually devoting or cursing their friends, who put them there. What says Merlin Coccaie? *Est monachæ, quando moritur, maladire parentes.*

* It should be spelt *asapheis*; it means obscure, little known. Such are the Utopians, Amaurotes, &c. Rabelais pronounced, like the modern Greeks, the ei as an i simple.

† The words between the crotchets [ ] are not in du Chat. He only quotes, at the word despair, these verses of Jovian Pontanus taking leave of his mistress Fannia:

Ah valeant veneres, valeant mala gaudia amoris!
Casta placent, lux s desidiose vale!
Jam mihi Francisci tunicam chordamque parate,
Jam teneant nudos linea vincla pedes.

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they are as safe as thieves in a mill within this sanctuary.

But, asked Pantagruel, do these birds never return to the world where they were hatched? Some do, answered Æditnus; formerly some few, but very late and very unwillingly: however, since some certain eclipses, by the virtue of the celestial constellations, a great crowd of them fled back to the world. Nor do we fret or vex ourselves a jot about it: for those that stay, wisely sing, the fewer the better cheer; and all those that fly away first, cast off their feathers here among these * nettles and briars.

Accordingly we found some thrown by there; and as we looked up and down, we chanced to light on what some people will hardly thank us for having discovered; and thereby hangs a tale.

CHAP. V.

OF THE DUMB KNIGHTHAWKS OF THE RINGING-ISLAND.

THESE words were scarce out of his mouth, when some five and twenty or thirty birds flew towards us: they were of a hue and feather like which we had not yet seen any thing in the whole island. Their plumes were as changeable as the skin of the camelion, and the flower of *tripolion*, or † *teucrion*. They had all under the left wing a mark, like two diameters dividing a circle into equal parts, or, if you had rather have it so, like a perdendicular line

* How many monks at that time did not cast away their habit.

† Read *teucrion*, according to Dioscorides, l. 3, c. 95. Pliny, l. 21, ch. 7, speaking of the polium, which some, says he, call *teuthrion*, among other wonderful things which he relates of this herb, affirms the flower of it to be white in the morning, red at noon, and bluish in the evening.

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falling on a right line. The marks which each of them bore, were much of the same shape, but of different colours; for some were white, others * green, some red, others purple, and some blue. Who are those, asked Panurge, and how do you call them? They are mongrels, quoth Ædituus.

We call them knighthawks, and they have a great number of rich † commanderies, (fat livings) in your world. Good your worship, said I, make them give us a song, an't please you, that we may know how they sing. They scorn your words, cried Ædituus, they are none of your singing birds; but, to make amends, they feed as much as the best two of them all. Pray, where are their hens? where are their females? said I. They have none, answered Ædituus. How comes it to pass then, asked Panurge, that they are thus bescabbed, bescurfed, all embroidered over the phiz with carbuncles, pushes, and pock-royals, some of which undermine the handles of their faces. This same fashionable and illustrious disease, quoth Ædituus, is common among that kind of birds, because they are pretty apt to be tost on the salt deep.

He then acquainted us with the occasion of their coming. This next to us, said he, looks so wistfully upon you, to see whether he may not find among your company a stately gaudy kind of huge dreadful birds of prey, which yet are so untoward, that they never could be brought to the lure, nor to perch on ‡ the glove. They tell us that there are such in your world, and that some of them have goodly garters below the knee, with an inscription about them, which condemns him *(qui mal y pense)* who shall think ill of it, to be bewrayed and conskitted. Others are said to wear § the devil in a string before their

* The knights of St. Lazare, who wore a green cross.
† Rabelais banteringly calls 'em *gourmanderies*.
‡ *The glove.*] Of the great faulconer the pope.
§ *The devil*, &c.] Order of St. Michael.

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their paunches; and others a * ram's skin. All that's true enough, good master Ædituus, quoth Panurge; but we have not the honour to be acquainted with their knightships.

Come on, cried Ædituus in a merry mood, we have had chat enough o' conscience! let's e'en go drink.——And eat, quoth Panurge. Eat, replied Ædituus, and drink bravely, old boy; twist like plough jobbers, and swill like tinkers; pull away and save tide: for nothing is so dear and precious as time, therefore we'll be sure to put it to a good use.

He would fain have carried us first to bathe in the bagnios of the cardinhawks, which are goodly delicious places, and have us licked over with precious ointments by the alyptes, alias rubbers, as soon as we should come out of the bath. But Pantagruel told him, that he could drink but too much without that. He then led us into a spacious delicate refectuary, or fratrie-room, and told us: Braguibus, the hermit, made you fast four days together; now, contrariwise, I'll make you eat and drink of the best † four days through-stitch, before you budge from this place. But hark-ye-me, cried Panurge, may'nt we take a nap in the mean time? Ay, ay, answered Ædituus, that's as you shall think good; for he that sleeps, drinks. Good Lord! how we lived! what good bub! what dainty cheer! O what an honest cod was this same Ædituus!

* *Ram's skin.*] Order of the golden fleece.

† *Four days.*] The author seems here to have an eye to what's practised even now in the trinity hospital at Rome. Such pilgrims as come thither from any place in Italy, are lodged and fed for three days: but the ultramontains are entertained a day more.

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CHAP. VI.

HOW THE BIRDS ARE CRAMMED IN THE RINGING-ISLAND.

PANTAGRUEL looked I don't know howish, and seemed not very well pleased with the four days junketing which Ædituus enjoined us. Ædituus, who soon found it out, said to him, You know, sir, that seven days before winter, and * seven days after, there is no storm at sea: for then the elements are still, out of respect for the halcions, or king-fishers, birds sacred to Thetis, which then lay their eggs, and hatch their young near the shore. Now here the sea makes itself amends for this long calm; and whenever any foreigners come hither, it grows boisterous and stormy for four days together. We can give no other reason for it, but that it is a piece of its civility, that those who come among us may stay whether they will or no, and be copiously feasted all the while with the incomes of the ringing. Therefore pray don't think your time lost; for, willing, nilling, you'll be forced to stay; unless you are resolved to encounter Juno, Neptune, Doris, Æolus, and his fluster-blusters; and, in short, all the pack of ill-natured left-handed godlings and vejoves. Do but resolve to be cheery, and fall to briskly.

After we had pretty well staid our stomachs with some tight snatches, friar John said to Ædituus; For ought I see, you have none but a parcel of birds and cages in this island of yours, and the devil-a-bit of one of them all that sets his hand to the plough, or tills the land, whose fat he devours: their whole business is to be frolic, to chirp it, to whistle it, to warble

* *Seven days after.*] See Pliny, l. 10, ch. 12, and Plutarch, in the treatise where he examines who is wisest.

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warble it; tossing it, and roaring it merrily night and day: pray then, if I may be so bold, whence comes this plenty and overflowing of all dainty bits and good things, which we see among you? From all the other world, returned Æditnus, if you except some part of the northern regions, who of late years have stirred up the * jakes. Mum! they may chance e'er long to rue the day they did so; their cows shall have porridge, and their dogs oats; there will be work made among them, that there will: come, a fig for't, let's drink ——But pray what countrymen are you? Tourain is our country, answered Panurge. Cod so, cried Æditnus, you were not then hatched of an ill bird, I'll say that for you, since the blessed Tourain is your mother: for from thence there comes hither every year such a vast store of good things, that we were told by some folks of the place, that happened to touch at this island, that your duke of Tourain's income will not afford him to eat his belly full of beans and bacon, (a good dish spoiled between Moses and Pythagoras) because his predecessors have been more than liberal to these most holy birds of ours, that we might here munch it, twist it, cram it, gorge it, craw it, riot it, junket it, and tickle it off; stuffing our puddings with dainty pheasants, partridges, pullets with eggs, fat capons of Loudunois, and all sorts of venison and wild fowl. Come, box it about, tope on my friends: pray do you see yon jelly birds that are perched together, how fat, how plump, and in good case they look, with the income that Tourain yields us! And in faith they sing rarely for their good founders, that's the truth on't. You never saw any Arcadian birds mumble more fairly than they do over a dish, when they see these two gilt * batoons, or when I ring for them those great bells that you

* *Jakes.*] *Movere camerinam.* See Cambridge dictionary.
† *Batoons.*] *Feste a bastons,* a solemn festival.

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see above their cages. Drink on, sirs, whip it away: verily, friends, 'tis very fine drinking to-day, and so 'tis every day o' the week; then drink on, toss it about, here's to you with all my soul; you are most heartily welcome: never spare it, I pray you; fear not we should ever want good bub, and belly-timber; for, look here, though the sky were of brass, and the earth of iron, we should not want wherewithal to stuff the gut, though they were to continue so seven or eight years longer than the famine in Egypt. Let us then, with brotherly love and charity, refresh ourselves here with the creature.

Woons man, cried Panurge, what a rare time you have on't in this world! Pshaw, returned Æditaus, this is nothing to what we shall have in t'other: the Elysian fields will be the least that can fall to our lot. Come, in the mean time let's drink here; come, here's to thee, old fuddlecap.

Your first siticines, said I, were superlatively wise, in devising thus a means for you to compass whatever all men naturally covet so much; and so few, or (to speak more properly) none can enjoy together: I mean, a paradise in this life, and another in the next. Sure you were born wrapt in your mother's smickets! O happy creatures! O more than men! Would I had the luck to fave like you!

CHAP. VII.

HOW PANURGE RELATED TO MASTER ÆDITUUS THE FABLE OF THE HORSE AND THE ASS.

When we had crammed and crammed again, Æditaus took us into a chamber that was well furnished, hung with tapestry, and finely gilt. Thither he caused

caused to be brought store of mirabolans, cashou, green ginger preserved, with plenty of hypocras, and delicious wine. With those antidotes, that were like a sweeter Lethe, he invited us to forget the hardships of our voyage; and at the same time he sent plenty of provisions on board our ship that rid in the harbour. After this, we e'en jogged to bed for that night; but the devil a bit poor pilgarlic could sleep one wink: the everlasting jingle jangle of the bells kept me awake whether I would or no.

About midnight Ædituus came to wake us, that we might drink. He himself shewed us the way, saying; You men of t'other world say that ignorance is the mother of all evil, and so far you are right: yet for all that, you don't take the least care to get rid of it, but still plod on, and live in it, with it, and by it; for which cause a plaguy deal of mischief lights on you every day, and you are right enough served: you are perpetually ailing somewhat, making a moan, and never right. 'Tis what I was ruminating upon just now. And, indeed, ignorance keeps you here fastened in bed, just as that bully-rock Mars was detained by Vuncan's art: for all the while you don't mind that you ought to spare some of your rest, and be as lavish as you can of the goods of this famous island. Come, come, you should have eaten three breakfasts already; and take this from me for a certain truth, That if you would consume the mouth-ammunition of this island, you must rise betimes; eat them, they multiply; spare them, they diminish.

For example: mow a field in due season, and the grass will grow thicker and better; don't mow it, and in a short time 'twill be floored with moss. Let's drink, and drink again, my friends: come, let's all

carouse it. * The leanest of our birds are now singing to us all; we'll drink to them, if you please. Let's take off † one, two, three, nine bumpers. *Non zelus, sed charitas.*

When day, peeping in the east, made the sky turn from black to red, ‡ like a boiling lobster; he waked us again to take a dish of § monastical brewess. From that time we made but one meal, that only lasted the whole day: so that I cannot well tell how I may call it, whether dinner, supper, nunchion, or after-supper; only to get a stomach, we took a turn or two in the island, to see and hear the blessed singing birds.

At night Panurge said to Æditnus, Give me leave, sweet sir, to tell you a merry story of something that happened some three and twenty moons ago, in the country of Chastelleraud.

‖ One day in April, a certain gentleman's groom, Roger by name, was walking his master's horses in some fallow ground: there 'twas his good fortune to find a pretty shepherdess, feeding her bleating sheep and harmless lambkins, on the brow of a neighbouring mountain, in the shade of an adjacent grove: near her, some frisking kids tripped it o'er a green carpet of nature's own spreading; and, to complete the

* *The leanest,* &c.] The mendicant friars, who sing their matins at midnight.

† *One, two,* &c.] Referring to the number of the graces and muses. *Aut ter bibendum aut novies:* a proverb of the ancients, who, in point of drinking, were nothing to compare with this Æditnus, who here unites all the lessons of the different sorts of claustral matins.

‡ *Like a lobster.*] This is not in the original. 'Tis, I believe, wholly of English growth. See Hud.

§ *Monastical brewess.*] *Soupe de prime.* So called from its being eaten at the hour of prime, which is the first of the canonical hours: Rabelais boasts much of these soups, and almost always calls 'em fat *soupes de prime,* because it is the first boiling, and very top of the porridge pot. The others, called by him greyhound soups, l. 3, c. 4, are less strong and succulent, by having more water poured in.

‖ *One day in April.*] April is an amorous month. And the country of Chatelleraud abounds with these Arcadian nightingales (asses.)

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the landskip, there stood an ass. Roger, who was a wag, had a dish of chat with her, and after some if's and's, and but's, hem's, and heigh's on her side, got her in the mind to get up behind him, to go and see his stable, and there take a bit by the bye in a civil way. While they were holding a parley, the horse, directing his discourse to the ass, (for all brute beasts spoke that year in divers places,) whispered these words in his ear: Poor ass, how I pity thee! thou slavest like any hack, I read it on thy crupper: thou dost well, however, since God has created thee to serve mankind; thou art a very honest ass: but not to be better rubbed down, curricombed, traped, and fed, than thou art, seems to me indeed to be too hard a lot. Alas! thou art all * rough-coated, in ill plight; jaded, foundered, crest-fallen, and drooping, like a mooting duck, and feedest here on nothing but coarse grass, or briars and thistles: therefore do but pace it along with me, and thou shalt see how we noble steeds, made by nature for war, are treated. Come, thou'lt lose nothing by coming; I'll get thee a taste of my fare. I' troth, sir, I can but love you and thank you, returned the ass; I'll wait on you, good Mr. steed. Methinks, gaffer ass, you might as well have said, sir grandpaw steed. O! cry mercy, good sir grandpaw, returned the ass; we country clowns are somewhat gross, and apt to knock words out of joint. However, an't please you, I'll come after your worship at some distance, lest for taking this run, my side should chance to be firked and curried with a vengeance, as 'tis but too often, the more's my sorrow.

The shepherdess being got behind Roger, the ass followed, fully resolved to bait like a prince with Roger's steed: but when they got to the stable, the groom,

* *Rough-coated.*] It is *lanterné* in Rabelais, and means, thy whole body is transparent as a lantern, and the skin of thy sides depilated, i. e. as free from hair as the smoothest parchment.

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groom, who spied the grave animal, ordered one of his underlings to welcome him with a pitchfork, and curricomb him with a cudgel. The ass, who heard this, recommended himself mentally to the god * Neptune, and was packing off, thinking, and syllogising within himself thus: Had not I been an ass, I had not come here among great lords, when I must needs be sensible that I was only made for the use of the small vulgar. Æsop had given me a fair warning of this in one of his fables. Well, I must e'en scamper, † or take what follows. With this he fell a trotting, and wincing, and yerking, and calcitrating, alias kicking, and farting, and funking, and curvetting, and bounding, and springing, and galloping full drive, as if the devil had been come for him in *propriâ personâ*.

The shepherdess, who saw her ass scour off, told Roger that 'twas her cattle, and desired he might be kindly used, or else she would not stir her foot over the threshold. Friend Roger no sooner knew this, but he ordered him to be fetched in, and that my master's horses should rather chop straw for a week together, than my mistress's beast should want his belly-full of corn.

The most difficult point was to get him back; for in vain the youngsters complimented and coaxed him to come. I dare not, said the ass, I am bashful. And the more they strove by fair means to bring him with them, the more the stubborn thing was untoward, and flew out at heels; insomuch that they might have been there to this hour, had not his mistress advised them to toss oats in a sieve, or in a blanket,

* *Neptune.*] The ass saw the pitchfork held up to him. In this danger he addresses his prayer to Neptune, whose trident is a kind of fork.

† *Or take,* &c.] It is in the original, I must e'en scamper as quick as a bundle of 'sparagus is in boiling: a proverbial expression often used by the emperor Augustus. See it both in Latin and Greek among the adagia in most school books.

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blanket, and call him; which was done, and made him wheel about, and say, Oats by mackins! oats shall go to pot. * *Adveniat;* oats will do, there's evidence in the case: but none of the rubbing down, none of the firking. Thus melodiously singing (for, as you know, that Arcadian bird's note is very harmonious) he came to the young gentleman of the horse, alias black garb, who brought him into the stable.

When he was there, they placed him next to the great horse, his friend, rubbed him down, curricombed him, laid clean straw under him up to the chin, and there he lay at rack and manger; the first stuffed with sweet hay, the latter with oats; which when the horses *valet-de-chambre* sifted, he clapped down his lugs, to tell them by signs that he could eat it but too well without sifting, and that he did not deserve so great an honour.

When they had well fed, quoth the horse to the ass; Well, poor ass, how is it with thee now? How dost thou like this fare? Thou wert so nice at first, a body had much ado to get thee hither. By the fig, answered the ass, which one of our ancestors eating, Philemon died laughing, this is all sheer ambrosia, good sir grandpaw: but what would you have an ass say? Methinks all this is yet but half cheer. Don't your worships here now and then use to take a leap? What leaping dost thou mean? asked the horse, the devil leap thee; dost thou take me for an ass? I' troth, sir grandpaw, quoth the ass, I am somewhat a blockhead, you know, and can't for the heart's blood of me learn so fast the court way of speaking of you gentlemen horses: I mean, don't you stallionize it sometimes here among your mettled fillies? Tush, whispered the horse, speak lower: for by Bucephalus, if the grooms but hear thee,

* *Adveniat.*] The pun is upon the word *avoine*, oats, and *adveniat*, let 'em come.

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thee, they'll maul and be-lamb thee thrice and threefold; so that thou'lt have but little stomach to a leaping bout. Cod so, man, we dare not so much as grow stiff at the tip of the lowermost snout, though 'twere but to leak or so, for fear of being jirked and paid out of our lechery. As for any thing else, we are as happy as our master, and perhaps more. By this packsaddle, my old acquaintance, quoth the ass, I have done with you; a fart for thy litter and hay, and a fart for thy oats: give me the thistles of our fields, since there we leap when we list: eat less, and leap more, I say; 'tis meat, drink and cloth to us. Ah! friend grandpaw, it would do thy heart good to see us at a fair, when we hold our provincial chapter! Oh! how we leap it, while our mistresses are selling their goslins and other poultry! With this they parted. Dixi: I have done.

Panurge then held his peace. Pantagruel would have had him to have gone on to the end of the chapter: but Æditnus said, A word to the wise is enough; I can pick out the meaning of that fable, and know who is that ass, and who the horse; but you are a bashful youth, I perceive. Well, know that there's nothing for you here; scatter no words. Yet, returned Panurge, I saw but e'en now a pretty kind of a cooing abbeykite as white as a dove, and her I had rather ride than lead. May I never stir if she is not a dainty bit, and very well worth a sin or two. Heaven forgive me! I meant no more harm in it than you; may the harm I meant in it befal me presently.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VIII.

HOW WITH MUCH ADO WE GOT A SIGHT OF THE POPEHAWK.

OUR junketing and banqueting held on at the same rate the third day, as the two former. Pantagruel then earnestly desired to see the popehawk: but Ædituus told him, it was not such an easy matter to get a sight of him. How, asked Pantagruel, has he * Plato's helmet on his crown, Gyge's ring on his pounces, or a cameleon on his breast, to make him invisible when he pleases? No, sir, returned Ædituus; but he is naturally of pretty difficult access: however, I will see and take care that you may see him, if possible. With this he left us piddling: then within a quarter of an hour came back, and told us the popehawk is now to be seen: so he led us, without the least noise, directly to the cage wherein he sat, drooping with his feathers staring about him, attended by a brace of little cardinhawks, and six lusty fusty bishhawks.

Panurge stared at him like a dead pig, examining exactly his figure, size and motions. Then with a loud voice he said, A curse light on the hatcher of the ill bird; o' my word this is a filthy whoophooper. Hush, speak softly, said Ædituus; by G— he has a pair of ears, as formerly Michael de Metiscome remarked. What then, returned Panurge, so hath a whoopcat. Whilst, said Ædituus, if he but hear you speak such another blasphemous word, you had as good be damn'd: do you see that † bason yonder in his cage? Out of it shall sally thunderbolts and lightnings,

* *Plato's helmet.*] Plato, l. x. of his republic, uses indeed this proverb. But it should be Pluto's helmet. See Erasmus's adages, at the words *orci galea*.

† *Bason.*] A bell which is rung when any one is excommunicated.

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lightnings, storms, bulls, and the devil and all, that will sink you down to Peg Trantum's, an hundred fathom under ground. It were better to drink and be merry, quoth friar John.

Panurge was still feeding his eyes with the sight of the popehawk, and his attendants, when somewhere under his cage he perceived a madgehowlet. With this he cried out, By the devil's maker, master, there is roguery in the case; they put tricks upon travelers here more than any where else, and would make us believe that a t—d is a sugar-loaf. What damned cozening, gulling, and cony-catching have we here! Do you see this madgehowlet? By Minerva, we are all beshit. Odsoons, said Ædituus, speak softly, I tell you: it is no madgehowlet, no shething, on my honest word; but a male, and a noble bird.

May we not hear the popehawk sing, asked Pantagruel? I dare not promise that, returned Ædituus; for he only sings and eats at his own * hours. So don't I, quoth Panurge; poor pilgarlic is fain to make every body's time his own: come then, let us go drink if you will. Now this is something like a tansy, said Ædituus; you begin to talk somewhat like: still † speak in that fashion, and I will secure you from being thought a heretic. Come on, I am of your mind.

As we went back to have the other fuddling-bout, we spied an old ‡ green-headed bishhawk, who sat moping with his mate and three jolly bittorn attendants, all snoring under an arbour. Near the old cuff stood a buxom abesskite, that sung like any linnet;

* *Hours.*] On the most solemn days in the year.

† *Still speak, &c.*] That is, speak of drinking and guttling as much as you will, and practise both to the full in a country where there is the inquisition; but speak not a word of religion, or the pope's authority.

‡ *Green-headed bishhawk.*] Their arms are surmounted with a green hat, as a token of their being in hopes to be one day made cardinals.

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net; and we were so mightily tickled with her singing, that I vow and swear we could have wished all our members but one turned into ears, to have had more of the melody. Quoth Panurge, this pretty cherubin of cherubins is here breaking her head with chanting to this huge, fat, ugly face, who lies grunting all the while like a hog as he is. I will make him change his note presently, in the devil's name. With this he rang a bell that hung over the bishhawk's head; but though he rang and rang again, the devil a bit bishhawk would hear; the louder the sound, the louder his snoring. There was no making him sing. By G— quoth Panurge, you old buzzard, if you won't sing by fair means, you shall by foul. Having said this, he took up one of St. Stephen's loaves, alias a stone, and was going to hit him with it about the middle. But Ædituus cried to him, Hold, hold, honest friend! strike, wound, poison, kill and murder all the kings and princes in the world, by treachery or how thou wilt, and as soon as thou wouldest, unnestle the angels from their cockloft; popehawk will pardon thee all this: but never be so mad as to meddle with * these sacred birds, as much as thou lovest the profit, welfare, and life, not only of thyself, and thy friends and relations alive

* *These sacred birds.*] Claude de Seissel. fol. 111. of his translation of that part of Diodorus Siculus, which touches upon Alexander's successors, relates of the Pithecusæ, three towns so called in upper Libya, that the inhabitants of those three towns held parrots in the highest veneration, accounting them gods, and punishing with death any that were so inhuman and sacriligeous as to kill one of those creatures. But poor Seissel was miserably mistaken, doubtless by following the old Latin translator, who took Πίθηκοι for Ψίτλακοι; this last, indeed, signifying parrots or jays; but not the first, which means an ape or monkey. Thus Pithecusæ signifies ape-town, or monkey-town, not parrot-town, or jay-town. Now, Rabelais, it is more than probable, had read this passage of Diodorus Siculus, either in Seissel's translation, printed in 1530, or else in the old Latin translation, and perhaps, not caring to give himself the trouble to consult the Greek original, he might here allude to this pretended piece of history, the truth whereof appears quite otherwise in the Greek of Diodorus Siculus, l. 20, p. 763 of Wechel's edition.

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alive or dead, but also of those that may be born hereafter to the thousandth generation: for so long thou wouldest entail misery upon them. Do but look upon that bason. Catso, let us rather drink then, quoth Panurge. He that spoke last, spoke well, Mr Antitus, quoth friar John: while we are looking on these devilish birds, we do nothing but blaspheme; and while we are taking a cup, we do nothing but praise God. Come on then, let us go drink; how well that word sounds!

The third day (after we had drank, as you must understand) * Æditŭus dismissed us. We made him a present of a pretty little Perguois knife, which he took more kindly than Artaxerxes did the cup of cold water that was given him by a clown. He most courteously thanked us, and sent all sorts of provisions aboard our ships, wished us a prosperous voyage, and success in our undertakings, and made us promise and swear by † Jupiter of stone to come back by his territories. Finally he said to us, Friends, pray note, that there are many ‡ more stones in the world than men; take care you don't forget it.

CHAP. IX.

HOW WE ARRIVED AT THE ISLAND OF TOOLS.

Having well ballasted the holds of our human vessels, we weighed anchor, hoised up sail, stowed the

* *Æditŭus dismissed us.*] The custom is to treat and entertain pilgrims, in the hospitals of Italy, for three days, but no longer; they must then depart.

† *Jupiter of stone.*] The pope; inasmuch as by his thunder he makes himself be feared by the present Romans, as much as Jupiter Lapis was by the old ones.

‡ *More stones,* &c.] Men's stones: here we have a priest advancing, that it is to be less than men to endure for so long a time together the tyranny and vices of the monks and clergy.

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the boats, set the land, and stood for the offing with a fair loom gale, and for more haste unparrelled the mizen-yard, and launched it and the sail over the lee-quarter, and fitted gyves to keep it steady, and boomed it out: so in three days we made the island of tools, that is altogether uninhabited. We saw there a great number of trees which bore mattocks, pick-axes, crows, weeding-hooks, scythes, sickles, spades, trowels, hatchets, hedging-bills, saws, adzes, bills, axes, sheers, pincers, bolts, piercers, augers and wimbles.

Others bore dags, daggers, * poniards, bayonets, square bladed tucks, stillettoes, poinadoes, skenes, penknives, puncheons, bodkins, swords, rapiers, backswords, cutlasses, scymetars, hangers, falchions, glaives, raillons, whittles and whinyards.

Whoever would have any of these, needed but to shake the tree, and immediately they dropped down as thick as hops, like so many ripe plums; nay, what is more, they fell on a kind of grass called scabbard, and sheathed themselves in it cleverly. But when they came down, there was need of taking care lest they happened to touch the head, feet, or other parts of the body. For they fell with the point downwards, and in they stuck, or slit the continuum of some member, or lopped it off like a twig: either of which generally was enough to have killed a man, though he were a hundred years old, and worth as many thousand spankers, spur-royals, and rose-nobles.

Under some other trees, whose names I can't justly tell you, I saw some certain sorts of weeds that grew and sprouted like pikes, lances, javelins, javelots, darts, dartlets, halberts, boarspears, eelspears, partisans,

* *Poniards.*] *Sangdedez*, in the original: a short sword, which at Venice, where the nobles wear it, is called in the Venetian language (or rather dialect) *cinque dea*, by way of joke, as if it was but of the length of five fingers.

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partisans, tridentes, prongs, troutstaves, spears, halfpikes and hunting staffs. As they sprouted up and chanced to touch the tree, strait they met with their heads, points, and blades, each suitable to its kind, made ready for them by the trees over them, as soon as every individual weed was grown up, fit for its steel: even like the children's coats, that are made for them as soon as they can wear them, and you wean them of their swaddling clothes. Nor do you mutter, I pray you, at what Plato, Anaxagoras, and Democritus have said: od's fish! they were none of your lower-form gimcracks; were they?

Those trees seemed to us terrestrial animals, in no wise so different from brute beasts as not to have skin, fat, flesh, veins, arteries, ligiments, nerves, cartilages, kernels, bones, marrow, humours, matrices, brains, and articulations; for they certainly have some, since Theophrastus will have it so: but in this point they differed from other animals, that their heads, that is, the part of their trunks next to the root, are downwards; their hair, that is their roots, in the earth; and their feet, that is their branches, upside down: as if a man should stand on his head with out-stretched legs. And as you, battered sinners, on whom Venus has bestowed something to remember her, feel the approach of rains, winds, cold, and every change of weather, at your ischiatic legs, and your omoplates, by means of the perpetual almanack which she has fixed there: so these trees have notice given them, by certain sensations which they have at their roots, stocks, gums, paps, or marrow, of the growth of the staffs under them; and accordingly they prepare suitable points and blades for them beforehand. Yet as all things, except God, are sometimes subject to error, nature itself not free from it, when it produceth monstrous things; likewise I observed something amiss in these trees. For a halfpike, that grew up high enough to reach

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reach the branches of one of these instrumentiferous trees, happened no sooner to touch them, but instead of being joined to an iron head, it impaled a stub broom at the fundament. Well, no matter, it will serve to sweep the chimney. Thus a pertusan met with a pair of garden shears. Come, all is good for something, it will serve to nip off little twigs, and destroy caterpillars. The staff of a halbert got the blade of a scythe, which made it look like a hermaphrodite. Happy-be-lucky, it is all a case, it will serve for some mower. Oh it is a great blessing to put our trust in the Lord! As we went back to our ships, I spied behind I don't know what bush, I don't know what folks, doing I don't know what business, in I don't know what posture, scowering I don't know what tools, in I don't know what manner, and I don't know what place.

CHAP. X.

HOW PANTAGRUEL ARRIVED AT THE ISLAND OF SHARPING (OR GAMING.)

We left the island of tools to pursue our voyage, and the next day stood in for the island of sharping, the true image of Fontainbleau: for the land is so very lean, that the bones, that is, the rocks, shoot through its skin. Besides, it is * sandy, barren, unhealthy, and unpleasant. Our pilot shewed us there two little square rocks, which had eight equal points in the shape of a cube. They were so white, that I might have mistaken them for alabaster or snow, had he not assured us they were made of bone.

He told us that twenty-one chance devils, very much feared in our country, dwelt there in six different

* A description of the inconveniences and vexations that attend gaming.

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ent stories, and that the biggest twins or braces of them were called sixes, and the smallest amb's-ace; the rest cinques, quaters, treys, and duces. When they were conjured up, otherwise coupled, they were called either sice cinque, sice quater, sice trey, sice duce, and sice ace; or cinque quater, cinque trey, and so forth. I made there a shrewd observation: would you know what it is, gamesters? It is, that there are very few of you in the world, but what call upon and invoke the devils. For the dice are no sooner thrown on the board, and the greedy gazing sparks have hardly said, Two sixes, Frank; but, Six devils damn it! cry as many of them. If amb's-ace, then, A brace of devils broil me, will they say. Quarter duce, Tom, The duce take it, cries another. And so on to the end of the chapter. Nay, they don't forget sometimes to call the black cloven-footed gentlemen by their christian-names and sirnames; and what is stranger yet, they use them as the greatest cronies, and make them so often the executors of their wills; not only giving themselves, but every body, and every thing, to the devil, that there is no doubt but he takes care to seize, soon or late, what is so zealously bequeathed him. Indeed, it is true, Lucifer does not always immediately appear by his lawful attornies: but, alas! it is not for want of good will: he is really to be excused for his delay; for what the devil would you have a devil do? He and his blackguards are then at some other places, according to the priority of the persons that call on them: therefore, pray let none be so venturesome as to think, that the devils are deaf and blind.

He then told us, that more wrecks had happened about those square-rocks, and a greater loss of body and goods, than about all the syrtes, Scyllas and Charibdes, sirens, Scrophades, and gulphs in the universe. I had not much ado to believe it, remembering that formerly, among the wise Egyptians, Neptune

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Neptune was described in hieroglyphics for the first cube, * Apollo by an ace, Diana by a duce, † Minerva by seven, and so forth.

He also told us that there was a phial of ‡ sang-greal, a most divine thing, and known to a few. Panurge did so sweeten up the syndics of the place, that they blessed us with the sight of it: but it was with three times more pother and ado, with more formalities and antic tricks, than they shew § the pandects of Justinian at Florence, or the holy Veronica at Rome. I never saw such a sight of flambeaux, torches, and ‖ hagio's, and sanctified tapers, in my whole life. After all, that which was shewn us was only the ill-faced countenance of a roasted coney.

All that we saw there worth speaking of, was a good face set upon an ill game, and the shells of the two eggs formerly laid up and hatched by Leda, out of which came Castor and Pollux, fair Helen's brothers. These same syndics sold us a piece of them for a song, I mean, for a morsel of bread. Before we went, we bought a parcel of ¶ hats and caps of the

* *Apollo by an ace.*] See Plutarch in his treatise of Isis and Osiris.

† *Minerva by seven.*] See Macrobius on Scipio's dream, l. 1, ch. 6.

‡ *Sang-greal.*] The same as sang-real, i. e. royal blood, is a pretended relic of Christ's blood preserved by Joseph of Arimathea, when he washed our Saviour's body before he embalmed it. The saint graal, another relic, is the precious dish in which the paschal lamb was served up which our Saviour eat with his disciples the eve of his death. Graal is properly a bowl or mazer of potter's clay. See Borel, at the word graal.

§ *The pandects.*] Menage, and before him Politian, observe they never shew this manuscript but by torch-light. *In ipsa curia Florentina,* says Politian, *à summo magistratu publicè adservatur, magnaque veneratione, quanquam raro id etianque ad funalia ostenditur, &c.* There is not such a pother made about it now, because of its being printed since 1553, in a most beautiful and grand manner.

‖ *Hagio's.*] A Greek word: it means holy. Here it means superstitious ceremonies. It comes from the hagio's *ho theos* of Good-Friday: words which are then pronounced at the lifting up the cross, with that air of admiration and astonishment as strikes a religious awe into the beholders.

¶ *Hats.*] He alludes to the promise of a cardinal's hat: a promise often paid very dear for, and never performed.

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the manufacture of * the place; which, I fear, will turn to no very good account: nor are those who shall take 'em off our hands, more likely to commend their wearing.

CHAP. XI.

HOW WE PASSED THROUGH THE WICKET, INHABITED BY GRIPE-MEN-ALL, ARCH-DUKE OF THE FURRED LAW-CATS.

From thence Condemnation was passed by us. It is another damned barren island, whereat none for the world cared to touch. Then we went through the wicket: but Pantagruel had no mind to bear us company; and it was well he did not, for we were nabbed there, and clapped into lob's pound by order of Gripe-men-all, arch-duke of the furred law-cats, because one of our company would ha' put upon a serjeant some hats of the sharping island.

The furred law-cats are most terrible and dreadful monsters, that devour little children, and † trample over marble stones. Pray tell me, noble topers, do they not deserve to have their snouts slit? The hair of their hides does not lie outwards; and every mother's son of them for his device wears a gaping pouch, but not all in the same manner: for some wear it tied to their neck scarf-wise, others upon the breech, some on the paunch, others on the side, and all for a cause, with reason and mystery. They have claws

* *The place.*] The sharping, tricking island.

† *Trample over, &c.*] The new editions of Rabelais have indeed *passent sur*, &c. but the true reading is *paissent*. They feed, they guttle, in a room paved with marble; such as is, and always was, that called *la grande chambre*, belonging to the courts of judicature at Paris: where the lawyers play as good a knife as any inns of court gentlemen here with us.

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claws so very strong, long, and sharp, that nothing can get from them what is once fast between their clutches. Sometimes they cover their heads with mortar-like caps, at other times with * mortified caparisons.

As we entered their den, said a common mumper, to whom we had given half a teston, Worshipful culprits, God send you a good deliverance. Examine well, said he, the countenance of these stout props and pillars of this catch-coin law and iniquity; and pray observe, that if you still live but six olympiads, and † the age of two dogs more, you will see these furred law-cats lords of all Europe, and in peaceful possession of all the estates and dominions belonging to it: unless, by divine providence, what is got over the devil's back, is spent under his belly; or the goods which they unjustly get, perish with their prodigal heirs. Take this from an honest beggar.

Among them reigns the sixth essence; by the means of which they gripe all, devour all, conskite all, burn all, draw all, hang all, quarter all, behead all, murder all, imprison all, waste all, and ruin all, without the least notice of right or wrong: for among them vice is called virtue; wickedness, piety; treason, loyalty; robbery, justice. Plunder is their motto, and when acted by them, is approved by all men, except the ‡ heretics: and all this they do because they dare; their authority is sovereign and irrefragable. For a sign of the truth of what I tell you, you will find, that there the mangers are above the racks. Remember hereafter, that a fool told you this; and if ever plague, famine, war, fire, earthquakes, inundations, or other judgments befal the

* *Mortified.*] He puns upon the word mortier; a sort of cap (with brims turned up) worn in France by the lord chancellor, and presidents of sovereign courts on high days.

† *The age of two dogs.*] Twenty years, more or less.

‡ *Heretics.*] At that time the parliament caused them to be burnt.

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world, do not attribute them to the aspects and conjunctions of the malevolent planets, to the abuses of the court of Romania, or the tyranny of secular kings and princes; to the impostures of the false zealots of the cowl, heretical bigots, false prophets and broachers of sects; to the villany of griping usurers, clippers, and coiners; nor to the ignorance, impudence, and imprudence of physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries; nor to the lewdness of adulteresses, and destroyers of by-blows; but charge them all wholly and solely to the inexpressible, incredible, and inestimable wickedness and ruin, which is continually hatched, brewed, and practised in the den or shop of those furred law-cats. Yet it is no more known in the world than the cabala of the Jews; the more is the pity; and therefore it is not detested, chastised, and punished, as it is fit it should be. But should all their villany be once displayed in its true colours, and exposed to the people; there never was, is, nor will be any spokesman so sweet-mouthed, whose fine colloguing tongue could save them; nor any law so rigorous and draconic, that could punish them as they deserve: nor yet any magistrate so powerful, as to hinder their being burnt alive in their coney-burrows without mercy. Even their own furred kittlings, friends, and relations would abominate them.

For this reason, as Hannibal was solemnly sworn by his father Amilcar to pursue the Romans with the utmost hatred, as long as ever he lived; so, my late father has enjoined me to remain here without, till God Almighty's thunder reduce them there within to ashes, like other presumptuous Titans, prophane wretches, and opposers of God; since mankind is so inured to their oppressions, that they either do not remember, foresee, or have a sense of the woes and miseries which they have caused; or if they have, either will not, dare not, or cannot root them out.

How,

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How, said Panurge, say you so? Catch me there and hang me! Damme, let us march off! This noble beggar has scared me worse than thunder in autumn. Upon this we were filing off; but alas! we found ourselves trapped: the door was double locked and barricadoed. Some messengers of ill news told us, it was full as easy to get in there as into hell, and no less hard to get out. Ay, there indeed lay the difficulty: for there is no getting loose without a pass, and discharge in due course from the bench. This for no other reason than * because folks go easier out of a church than out of a spunging-house, †and because they could not have our company when they would. The worst on't was when we got through the wicket: for we were carried, to get out our pass or discharge, before a more dreadful monster than ever was read of in the legends of knight errantry. They called him Gripe-men-all. I can't tell what to compare it to, better than to a chimæra, a

 sphynx,

* *Because folks go easier out of church than out of a spunging-house.*] It is in the original, because folks go easier out of a market than out of a fair; a French proverb, the ground whereof is, that your pedlars and petty chapmen are forced to pay really money in a fair, whereas in a market they may and often do go upon tick. In this place, by the word fair *(foire)* the author means the courts of judicature, forum, and what he intends by it is this: that, different from what is practised at the chatelet (or ordinary sessions-house) here the fees of parliament (i. e. supreme judges) are deposited before hand, lest the country people should make up matters before the decree is taken out.

† *And because they could not have our company*, &c.] The original has it because we were *pié poudreux*, or dusty-footed, i. e. foreign dealers: who in fairs have their particular jurisdiction, which holds no longer than the fair. Du Cange, in his Latin barbarous glossary, at the word *pedepulverosi: Habent pedepulverosi, (pié-poudreux) sive extranei* (strangers, for our English word strangers comes from *extraneus*) *curiam peculiarem in publicis nundinis, quam pedispulverizati vocant Cowellus & spelmannus; sic dictam, quòd in ea pedepulverosorum, seu extraneorum, mercatorum præsertim negotia & causa de plano & summariè dirimantur. Christophorus de S. Germano de consuet. Regni Ang. l. 5. In omnibus nundinis & feriis habetur quædam curia iisdem feriis incidens, quæ vocatur curia pedispulverizati, quæ solum tenebitur tempore feriarum illarum.* Such were Pantagruel and his people, in the furred cat's opinion; and they were resolved not to part with such pigeons without plucking.

It

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sphynx, a Cerberus; or to the image of *Osiris, as the Egyptians represented him, with three heads, one of a roaring lion, the other of a fawning cur, and the last of a howling prowling wolf, twisted about with a dragon biting his tail, surrounded with fiery rays. His hands were full of gore, his talons like those of the harpies, his snout like a hawk's bill, his fangs or tusks like those of an overgrown brindled wild boar; his eyes were flaming, like the jaws of hell, all covered with mortars interlaced with pestles, and nothing of his arms was to be seen, but his clutches. His hutch, and that of the warren-cats his collaterals, was a long, spick-and-span new rack, a-top of which (as the mumper told us) some large, stately † mangers were fixed in the reverse. Over the chief seat was the picture of an old woman, holding ‡ the case or scabbard of a sickle in her right hand, a pair of scales in her left, with spectacles on her nose: the cups or scales of the balance were a pair of velvet pouches; the one full of bullion, which overpoised the other, empty and long, hoisted higher than the middle of the beam. I am of opinion it

It will not be thought amiss by some, who may not have Miege's dictionary by them, if I add hereunto what he says under the word pie-powder-court, and the rather, because there is such a court at Bartholomew-fair in Smithfield, and other fairs too. *Cour qui se tient dans les foires, pour faire promte justice.* "This court is held in fairs, to yield justice to buyers and sellers, and for redress of all disorders committed in them. It is so called from the French *pié*, a foot, and *poudreux*, dusty. Either, because fairs are held most usually in summer, and the suitors commonly are country people with dusty feet; or from the expedition intended in the hearing of causes proper thereunto, before the dust goes off the plaintiffs' or defendants' feet. The same is held *de hora in horam.*"

* *Osiris.*] See Macrob. Saturn. l. 1, c. 20.

† *Mangers.*] Here we find the mangers above the rack, and indeed it could not possibly be otherwise; for the forms or benches on which the furred cats sat are the racks, and the mangers were the furred cats themselves, or rather resided in them: the word *mangerie*, from the French verb *manger* (to eat) signifying both a manger and extortion.

‡ *The case, &c.*] The picture of injustice.

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it was the true effigies of justice Gripe-men-all; far different from the institution of the ancient Thebans, who set up the statues of their * dicastes without hands, in marble, silver, or gold, according to their merit, even after their death.

When we made our personal appearance before him, a sort of I don't-know-what men, all cloathed with I don't-know-what bags and pouches, with long scrowls in their cluches, made us sit down upon a cricket: [such as criminals sit on when tried in France.] Quoth Panurge to them, Good my lords, I am very well as I am; I'd as lieve stand, an't please you. Besides, this same stool is somewhat of the lowest for a man that has † new breeches and a short doublet. Sit you down, said Gripe-men-all again, and look that you don't make the court bid you twice. Now, continued he, the earth shall immediately open its jaws, and swallow you up to quick damnation, if you don't answer as you should.

CHAP. XII.

HOW GRIPE-MEN-ALL PROPOUNDED A RIDDLE TO US.

When we were sate, Gripe-men-all, in the middle of his furred cats, called to us in a hoarse dreadful voice, Well, come on, give me presently—an answer. Well, come on, muttered Panurge between his teeth, give, give me presently—a comforting dram. Hearken to the court, continued Gripe-men-all.

* *Dicastes.*] Judges. See Plutarch in his Isis and Osiris.

† *New breeches, and a short doublet.*] New breeches are generally not very supple, which together with a short doublet, might make the judges laugh at the expence of a poor wretch sitting upon a stool so low as a cricket.

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AN ENIGMA.

A young tight thing, as fair as may be,
Without a dad conceiv'd a baby;
And brought him forth without the pother
In labour made by teeming mother.
Yet the curs'd brat fear'd not to gripe her,
But gnaw'd, for haste, her sides, like viper.
Then the black upstart boldly sallies,
And walks and flies o'er hills and vallies.
Many fantastic sons of wisdom,
Amaz'd, foresaw their own in his doom;
And thought, like an old Grecian noddy,
A human spirit mov'd his body.

ENIGME.

Une bien jeune et toute blondelette
Conceut un fils Ethiopien sans pere;
Puis l'enfanta sans douleur la tendrette,
Quoy qu'il sortit comme fait la vipere,
L'ayant rongé, en moult grand vitupere,
Tout l'un des flancs pour son impatience;
Depuis, passa monts & vaus en fiance,
Par l'air volant, en terre cheminante;
Tant qu'estonna l'amy de sapience,
Qui l'estimoit estre humain animante.

Give, give me out of hand—an answer to this riddle, quoth Gripe-men-all. Give, give me—leave to tell you, good, good, my lord, answered Panurge, that *if I had but a sphynx at home, as Verres, one of your precursors had, I might then solve your enigma presently: but verily, good my lord, I was not there

* *If I had but a sphinx at home.*] Alluding to the fable of the sphynx, inasmuch as that fable gave Tully an occasion to say a very good thing by way of repartee to the orator Hortensius, to whom Verres had made a present of a large and rich figure of that monster, to engage him to undertake his defence against Tully. See Plutarch's apophthegms.

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there; and, as I hope to be saved, am as innocent in the matter as the child unborn. Foh, give me—a better answer, cried Gripe-men-all; or, by gold, this shall not serve your turn: I'll not be paid in such coin: if you have nothing better to offer, I'll let your rascalship know, that it had been better for you to have fallen into Lucifer's own clutches, than into ours. Dost thou see 'em here, sirrah? hah? and dost thou prate here of thy being innocent, as if thou could'st be delivered from our racks and tortures for being so! Give me—Patience! thou widgeon. Our laws are like cobwebs: your silly little flies are stopped, caught, and destroyed therein; but your stronger ones break them, and force and carry them which way they please. Likewise, don't think we are so mad as to set up our nets to snap up your great robbers and tyrants: no, they are somewhat too hard for us, there's no meddling with them; for they would make no more of us than we make of the little ones: but you paltry, silly, innocent wretches, must make us amends; and, by gold, we will * innocentise your fopship with a wannion, you

* *Innocentise.*] Allusion to a custom which Cotgrave says the papists have in France on Childermas, or Innocents' Day, to jerk, or slap with the palm of the hand, the backsides of all such young persons as they can find in bed, or others, whose breach they may otherwise easily come at: nor is that whipping always the *ne plus ultra* of this merry custom, adds M. du Chat, (who does not confine it to the Papists alone, as Cotgrave does.) Marot, in his epigram on Innocents' Day:

Tres chere sœur, si je scavois où couche
Votre personne au jour des Innocents;
De bon matin je yrois a votre couche
Veoir ce gent corps, que j'ayme entre cinq cens.
Adonc ma main (veu l'ardeur que je sens)
Ne se pourroit bonnement contenter
Sans vous toucher, tenir, taster, tenter.
Et si quelqu'ung survenoit d'aventure,
Semblant feroys de vous innocentur:
Seroit ce pas honneste couverture?

Which

never were so innocentised in your days; * the devil shall sing mass among ye.

Friar John, hearing him run on at that mad rate, had no longer the power to remain silent, but cried to him, High-day! Pr'ythee, Mr. devil in a coif, wouldst thou have a man tell thee more than he knows? Has not the fellow told you he does not know a word of the business? His name's Twyford. A plague rot you, won't truth serve your turns? Why, how now, Mr. Prate-a-pace (cried Gripe-men-all, taking him short) marry come up, who made you so saucy as to open your lips before you were spoken to? Give me—Patience! By gold! this is the first time since I've reigned, that any one has had the impudence to speak before he was bidden. How came this mad fellow to break loose? (Villain, thou liest, said friar John, without stirring his lips) Sirrah, sirrah, continued Gripe-men-all, I doubt thou'lt have business enough on thy hands, when it comes to thy turn to answer. (Damme, thou liest, said friar John, silently.) Dost thou think, continued my lord, thou'rt in the wilderness of your foolish

Which may run thus in English:

Knew I but where my charmer meant to lay
Her pretty person, on th' approaching day
Of Innocents, O how exceeding early
Wou'd I go visit her I love so dearly!
Yes, gentle conqueror of my heart, I'd fly
With wings of love —— not at your feet to sigh,
But to touch, handle, feel thy velvet skin:
And should some spoil-sport chance to enter in
To interrupt our bliss, why let it be,
I wou'd make shew of innocenting thee:
Who cou'd disprove so plausible a plea?

* *The Devil shall sing mass, &c.*] This sentence is omitted in the former translation, as also multitudes of others, up and down, for want of being understood. M. du Chat says, that Grippeminaud (Gripe-men-all) by way of opposition to what is customary at mass, where nobody is forced to act the part of a respondeer, (i. e. make responses) here calls by the name of the devil's mass, the interrogatory which one that's accused is obliged to answer to, whether he is willing or no.

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ish university, wrangling and bawling among the idle, wandering searchers and hunters after truth? By gold, we have here other fish to fry; we go another gat's way to work, that we do. By gold, people here must give categorical answers to what they don't know. By gold, they must confess they have done those things which they have not, nor ought to have done. By gold, they must protest that they know what they never knew in their lives: and, after all, patience per force must be their only remedy, as well as a mad dog's. Here silly geese are plucked, yet cackle not. Sirrah, give me—an account, whether you had a letter of attorney, or whether you were feed, or no, that you offered to bawl in another man's cause? I see you had no authority to speak, and I may chance to have you wed to something you won't like. Oh, you devils, cried friar John, proto-devils, panto-devils, you would wed a monk, would you? Ho hu! ho hu! A heretic! a heretic! I'll give thee out for a rank heretic.

CHAP. XIII.

HOW PANURGE SOLVED GRIPE-MEN-ALL'S RIDDLE.

GRIPE-MEN-ALL, as if he had not heard what friar John said, directed his discourse to Panurge, saying to him, Well, what have you to say for yourself, Mr. Rogue-enough, hah? Give, give me out of hand—an answer. Say! quoth Panurge, why what would you have me say? I say, that we are damnably beshit, since you give no heed at all to the equity of the plea, and the devil sings among you: let this answer serve for all, I beseech you, and let us go about our business; I am no longer able to hold out, as gad shall judge me.

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Go to, go to, cried Gripe-men-all; when did you ever hear that, for these three hundred years last past, any body ever got out of this weal without leaving something of his behind him? No, no, get out of the trap if you can without losing leather, life, or at least some hair, and you'll have done more than ever was done yet. For why, this would bring the wisdom of the court into question, as if we had took you up for nothing, and dealt wrongfully by you. Well, by hook or by crook, we must have something out of you. Look ye, 'tis a folly to make a rout for a fart and ado; one word's as good as twenty; I have no more to say to thee, but that as thou likest thy former entertainment, thou'lt tell me more of the next; for 'twill go ten times worse with thee, unless, by gold, you give me—a solution to the riddle I propounded. Give, give—it, without any more ado.

By gold, quoth Panurge, 'tis a black mite or weevil, which is born of a white bean, and sallies out at the hole which he makes, gnawing it: the mite, being turned into a kind of fly, sometimes walks, and sometimes flies, over hills and dales. Now, Pythagoras the Greek sage, and his sect, beside many others, wondering at its birth in such a place, (which makes some argue for equivocal generation) thought that by a metempsychosis the body of that insect was the lodging of an human soul. Now, were you men here, after your welcome death, according to his opinion, your souls would most certainly enter into the body of mites or weevils; for as in your present state of life, you are good for nothing in the world, but to gnaw, bite, eat, and devour all things; so in the next you'll e'en gnaw and devour your mother's very sides, as the vipers do. Now, by gold, I think I have fairly solved and resolved your riddle.

May my bauble be turned into a nut-cracker, quoth friar John, if I could not almost find in my heart to wish

wish that what comes out at my bung-hole were beans, that these evil weevils might feed as they deserve.

Panurge then, without any more ado, threw a large leathern purse, stuffed with gold crowns, *(escus au soleil)* among them. The furred law-cats no sooner heard the jingling of the chink, but they all began to bestir their claws, like a parcel of fiddlers running a division: and then fell to't, squimble, squamble, catch that catch can. They all said aloud, These are the fees, these are the gloves; now this is somewhat like a tansy. Oh! 'twas a pretty trial, a sweet trial, a dainty trial. O' my word they did not starve the cause. These are none of your sniveling *forma pauperises:* no, they are noble clients, gentlemen every inch of them. By gold, 'tis gold, quoth Panurge, good old gold, I'll assure you.

Saith Gripe-men-all, The court, upon a full hearing, (of the gold, quoth Panurge) and weighty reasons given, finds the prisoners not guilty, and accordingly orders them to be discharged out of custody, paying their fees. Now, gentlemen, proceed, go forwards, said he to us: we have not so much of the devil in us as we have of his hue; though we are stout, we are merciful.

As we came out at the wicket we were conducted to the port by a detachment of certain highland griffins, *scribere cum dashoes,* who advised us, before we came to our ships, not to offer to leave the place till we had made the usual presents, first to the lady Gripe-men-all, then to all the furred law-pusses; otherwise we must return to the place from whence we came. Well, well, saith friar John, we'll fumble in our fobs, examine every one of us his concern, and e'en give the women their due; we'll ne'er boggle nor stick out on that account; as we tickled the men in the palm, we'll tickle the women in the right place. Pray, gentlemen, added they, don't forget to leave somewhat behind you for us poor devils to drink

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drink your healths. O lawd! never fear, answered friar John, I don't remember that I ever went any where yet, where the poor devils are not remembered and encouraged.

CHAP. XIV.

HOW THE FURRED LAW-CATS LIVE ON CORRUPTION.

Friar John had hardly said those words, ere he perceived seventy-eight gallies and frigates just arriving at the port. So he hied him thither to learn some news; and as he asked what goods they had o' board, he soon found that their whole cargo was venison, hares, capons, turkeys, pigs, swine, bacon, kids, calves, hens, ducks, teal, geese, and other poultry, and wild-fowl.

He also spied among these some pieces of velvet, satin, and damask. This made him ask the newcomers, Whither, and to whom, they were going to carry those dainty goods? They answered that they were for Gripe-men-all, and the furred law-cats.

Pray, asked he, what's the true name of all these things in your country language? Corruption, they replied. If they live on corruption, said the friar, they'll perish with their generation. May the devil be damned, I have it now: their fathers devoured the good gentlemen, who, according to their state of life, used to go much a hunting and hawking, to be the better inured to toil in time of war: for hunting is an image of a martial life; and Xenophon was much in the right on't, when he affirmed that hunting had yielded a great number of excellent warriors, as well as the Trojan horse. For my part, I am no scholar, I have it but by hearsay, yet I believe it. Now the souls of those brave fellows, according to Gripe-

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Gripe-men-all's riddle, after their decease, enter into wild boars, stags, roe-bucks, herons, and such other creatures, which they loved, and in quest of which they went while they were men; and these furred law-cats, having first destroyed and devoured their castles, lands, demesnes, possessions, rents and revenues, are still seeking to have their blood and soul in another life. What an honest fellow was that same mumper, who had forewarned us of all these things, and bid us take notice of the mangers above the racks!

But, said Panurge to the new-comers, how do you come by all this venison? Methinks the great king has issued out a proclamation, strictly inhibiting the destroying of stags, does, wild boars, roe-bucks, or other royal game, on pain of death. All this is true enough, answered one for the rest; but the great king is so good and gracious, you must know, and these furred law-cats so curst and cruel, so mad, and thirsting after Christian blood, that we have less cause to fear in trespassing against that mighty sovereign's commands, than reason to hope to live, if we do not continually stop the mouths of these furred law-cats with such bribes and corruption. Besides, added he, to-morrow Gripe-men-all marries a furred law-puss of his, to a high and mighty double-furred law-tibert. Formerly we used to call them chop-hay: but alas! they are not such clean creatures now as to eat any, or chew the cud. We call them chop-hares, chop-partridges, chop-woodcocks, chop-pheasants, chop-pullets, chop-venison, chop-conies, chop-pigs, for they scorn to feed on coarser meat. A t—d for their chops, cried friar John, next year we'll have 'em called chop-dung, chop-stront, chop-filth.

Would you take my advice, added he, to the company. What is it? answered we. Let's do two things, returned he. First, let's secure all this venison

son and wild fowl (I mean paying well for them:) for my part, I am but too much tired already with our salt meat, it heats my flank so horribly. In the next place, let's go back to the wicket, and destroy all these devilish furred law-cats. For my part, quoth Panurge, I know better things: catch me there, and hang me: no, I am somewhat more inclined to be fearful than bold; I love to sleep in a whole skin.

CHAP. XV.

HOW FRIAR JOHN TALKS OF ROOTING OUT THE FURRED LAW-CATS.

Vertue of the frock, quoth friar John, what kind of voyage are we making? A shitten one, o'my word: the devil of any thing we do, but fizzling, farting, funking, squattering, dozing, raving, and doing nothing. Odds belly, 'tis not in my nature to lie idle; I mortally hate it: unless I am doing some heroic deed every foot, I can't sleep one wink o' nights. Damn it, did you then take me along with you for your chaplain, to sing mass and shrive you? By Maunday-Thursday, the first of ye all that comes to me on such an account shall be fitted: for the only penance I'll enjoin shall be, that he immediately throw himself headlong over-board into the sea, like a base cow-hearted son of ten fathers. This in deduction of the pains of purgatory.

What made Hercules such a famous fellow, d'ye think? Nothing, but that while he travelled, he still made it his business to rid the world of tyrannies, errors, dangers, and drudgeries: he still put to death all robbers, all monsters, all venomous serpents, and hurtful creatures. Why then do we not follow his example,

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example, doing as he did in the countries through which we pass? He destroyed the stymphalides, the lernæan hydra, Cacus, Antheus, the centaurs, and what not: I am no clericus, those that are such tell me so.

In imitation of that noble by-blow, let us destroy and root out these wicked furred law-cats, that are a kind of ravenous devils: thus we shall remove all manner of tyranny out of the land. Mawmet's tutor swallow me body and soul, tripes and guts, if I would stay to ask your help or advice in the matter, were I but as strong as he was. Come, he that would be thought a gentleman, let him storm a town: well then, shall we go? I dare swear, we'll do their business for them with a wet finger: they'll bear it, never fear; since they could swallow down more foul language that came from us, than ten sows and their babies could swill hogwash. Damn 'em, they don't value all the ill words, or dishonour in the world, at a rush, so they but get the coin into their purses, though they were to have it in a shitten clout. Come, we may chance to kill 'em all, as Hercules would have done, had they lived in his time. We only want to be set to work by another Eurystheus, and nothing else for the present; unless it be what I heartily wish them, that Jupiter may give them a short visit, only some two or three hours long, and walk among their lordships in the * same equipage that attended him when he came last to his Miss Semele, jolly Bacchus's mother.

'Tis a very great mercy, quoth Panurge, that you have got out of their clutches: for my part, I have no stomach to go there again; I'm hardly come to myself yet, so scared and appalled I was: my hair still stands up an end when I think on't; and most damnably troubled I was there, for three very weighty reasons.

* *Same equipage.*] Armed with thunder and lightning.

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reasons. First, because I was troubled. Secondly, because I was troubled. Thirdly, and lastly, because I was troubled. Harken to me a little on the right side, friar John, my left cod, since thou'lt not hear at the other: whenever the maggot bites thee, to take a journey down to hell, and visit the tribunal of Minos, Æacus, Rhadamantus, and Dis, do but tell me, and I'll be sure to bear thee company, and never leave thee, as long as my name's Panurge, but will wade over Acheron, Styx, and Cocytus, drink whole bumpers of Lethe's water, (though I mortally hate that element) and even pay thy passage to that bawling cross-grain'd ferryman Charon. But as for the damned wicket, if thou art so weary of thy life as to go thither again, thou may'st e'en look for somebody else to bear thee company; for I'll not move one step that way: e'en rest satisfied with this positive answer. By my good will, I'll not stir a foot to go thither as long as I live, any more than * Calpe will come over to Abyla. Was Ulysses so mad as to go back into the cylop's cave to fetch his sword? No, marry was he not. Now, I have left nothing behind me at the wicket through forgetfulness; why then should I think of going thither?

Well, quoth friar John, as good sit still as rise up and fall; what can't be cured, must be endured. But pr'ythee let's hear one another speak in turn. Come, wert thou not a wise doctor, to fling away a whole purse of gold on those mangy scoundrels? Ha? A squinzy choak thee, we were too rich, were we? Had it not been enough to have thrown the hell-hounds a few cropt pieces of white cash?

How could I help it, returned Panurge? Did you not see how Gripe-men-all held his gaping velvet-pouch, and every moment roared and bellowed, By gold;

* Calpe is a mountain in Spain, that faces another, called Abyla, in Mauritania, both said to have been severed by Hercules.

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gold, give me out of hand; by gold, give, give, give me presently? Now thought I to myself, we shall never come off scotfree: I'll even stop their mouths with gold, that the wicket may be opened, and we may get out; the sooner the better. And I judged that lousy silver would not do the business: for, d'ye see, velvet-pouches don't use to gape for little paultry clipt silver and small cash: no, they are made for gold, my friend John, that they are, my dainty cod. Ah! when thou hast been larded, basted, and roasted, as I was, thou'lt hardly talk at this rate, I doubt. But now what's to be done?—We are enjoined by them to go forwards.

The scabby slabberdegulions still waited for us at the port, expecting to be greased in the fist as well as their masters. Now, when they perceived that we were ready to put to sea, they came to friar John, and begged that we would not forget to gratify the apparitors before we went off, according to the assessment for the fees at our discharge. Hell and damnation, cried friar John, are you here still, ye blood-hounds, ye citing, scribbling imps of Satan? Rot you, am I not vexed enough already, but you must have the impudence to come and plague me, ye scurvy fly-catchers you? By cob's-body I'll gratify your ruffianships as you deserve; I'll apparatorize you presently, with a wannion, that I will. With this he lugged out his slashing cutlas, and in a mighty heat, came out of the ship, to cut the cozening varlets into steaks; but they scampered away, and got out of sight in a trice.

However, there was somewhat more to do: for some of our sailors, having got leave of Pantagruel to go ashore, while we were had before Gripe-men-all, had been at a tavern near the haven to make much of themselves, and roar it, as seamen will do when they come into some port. Now I don't know whether they

they had paid their reckoning to the full, or no; but, however it was, an old fat hostess, meeting friar John on the quay, was making a woful complaint, before a serjeant, son-in-law to one of the furred law-cats, and a brace of bums, his assistants.

The friar, who did not much care to be tired with their impertinent prating, said to them, Harkee me, ye lubberly gnat-snappers, do you presume to say, that our seamen are not honest men? I'll maintain they are, ye dotterells, and will prove it to your brazen faces, by justice; I mean, this trusty piece of cold iron by my side. With this he lugged it out, and flourished with it. The forlorn lobcocks soon shewed him their backs, betaking themselves to their heels: but the old fusty landlady kept her ground, swearing like any butter-whore, that the tarpawlins were very honest cods; but that they only forgot to pay for the bed on which they had lain after dinner, and she asked five-pence French money for the said bed. May I never sup, said the friar, if it be not dog-cheap: they are sorry guests, and unkind customers, that they are; they don't know when they have a pennyworth, and will not always meet with such bargains: come, I myself will pay you the money, but I would willingly see it first.

The hostess immediately took him home with her, and shewed him the bed, and having praised it for its good qualifications, said, that she thought, as times went, she was not out of the way, in asking five-pence for't. Friar John then gave her the five-pence; and she no sooner turned her back, but he presently began to rip up the ticking of the feather-bed and bolster, and throwed all the feathers out at the window. In the mean time the old hag came down, and roared out for help, crying out murder, to set all the neighbourhood in an uproar. Yet she also fell to gathering the feathers that flew up and down

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down in the air, being scattered by the wind. Friar John let her bawl on, and without any further ado, marched off with the blanket, quilt, and both the sheets, which he brought aboard undiscovered: for the air was darkened with the feathers, as it uses sometimes to be with snow. He gave them away to the sailors; then said to Pantagruel, that beds were much cheaper at that place than in Chinnonois, though we have there the famous geese of Pautilé; for the old beldam had asked him but five pence for a bed, which in Chinnonois had been worth above twelve francs. 'As soon as friar John and the rest 'of the company were embarked, Pantagruel set 'sail. But there arose a south-east wind, which 'blew so vehemently they lost their way, and in a 'manner going back to the country of the furred 'law-cats, they entered into a huge gulph, where the 'sea run so high and terrible, that the ship-boy on the 'top of the mast cried out, he again saw the habita-'tion of Gripe-men-all: upon which Panurge, 'frightened almost out of his wits, roared out, Dear 'master, in spite of the wind and waves, change your 'course, and turn the ship's head about: O my 'friend! let's come no more into that cursed coun-'try where I left my purse. So the wind carried 'them near an island, where, however, they did 'not dare at first to land, but entered about a mile 'off.'

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CHAP. XVI.*

HOW PANTAGRUEL CAME TO THE ISLAND OF THE † APEDEFTS, OR IGNORAMUS'S, WITH LONG CLAWS AND CROOKED PAWS, AND OF TERRIBLE ADVENTURES AND MONSTERS THERE.

As soon as we had cast anchor, and had moored the ship, the pinnace was put over the ship's side, and manned by the cockswain's crew. When the good Pantagruel had prayed publicly, and given thanks to the Lord that had delivered him from so great a danger, he stepped into the pinnace with his whole company, to go on shore, which was no ways difficult to do; for as the sea was calm, and the winds laid, they soon got to the cliffs. When they were set on shore, Epistemon, who was admiring the situation of the place, and the strange shape of the rocks, discovered some of the natives. The first he met, had on a short purple gown, a doublet cut in panes, like a Spanish leather jerkin; half sleeves of satin, and the upper part of them leather; a coif like a black pot tipped with tin. He was a good likely sort of a body, and his name, as we heard afterwards, was Double-fee. Epistemon asked him, How they called those strange craggy rocks and deep valleys? He told them it was a colony, brought out of Attorney-land, and called Process; and that if we forded the river

* It is in this place, immediately after the 15th chapter, that this of the Apedefts should come in, and not after chap. vi. as it used to be put by mistake, in all the editions in French (as well as in the former English translation of Rabelais.) See this demonstrated in the notes of M. du Chat, who hath likewise added to the preceding chapter about twenty lines of his own, which you see above with inverted commas, to join it with this by a rational connection, and so pave the way for this chapter of the Apedefts.

† *Apedefts.*] Ἀπαίδευτοι, unlettered. The gentlemen of one branch of the exchequer, (*chambre des comptes*) are called Apedefts, by the author, because, as he says lower, there was no occasion to be graduated (any great scholars) to exercise those offices.

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river somewhat further beyond the rocks, we should come into the island of the Apedefts. By the sacred memory of the decretals, said friar John, tell us, I pray you, what you honest men here live on? Could not a man take a chirping bottle with you, to taste your wine? I can see nothing among you but parchment, inkhorns, and pens. We live on nothing else, returned Double-fee; and all who live in this place must come through my hands. How, quoth Panurge, are you a shaver then? Do you fleece them? Ay, ay, their purse, answered Double-fee, nothing else. By the foot of Pharaoh, cried Panurge, the de'el a sous you will get of me. However, sweet sir, be so kind as to shew an honest man the way to those Apedefts, or ignorant people; for I come from the land of the learned, where I did not learn over much.

Still talking on, they got to the island of the Apedefts, for they were soon got over the ford. Pantagruel was not a little taken up with admiring the structure and habitation of the people of the place. For they live in a swinging wine-press, fifty steps up to it. You must know there are some of all sorts, little, great, private, middle-sized, and so forth. You go through a large peristyle, alias a long entry set about with pillars, in which you see, in a kind of landscape, the ruins of almost the whole world; besides so many * gibbets for great robbers, so many gallows and racks, that it is enough to fright you out of your seven senses. Double-fee perceiving that Pantagruel was taken up with contemplating those things, Let us go further, sir, said he to him, all this is nothing yet. Nothing, quotha, cried friar John;

* *Gibbets for great rogues or robbers.*] *Potences de grands larrons.* The author distinguishes between gallows and gibbets: these last he calls *potences;* to hang the *potentes*, the great robbers upon. It is a good pun enough upon the word *potence*, the common word for a gallows, derived, I suppose, from *poteau*, a post, though Rabelais ludicrously derives it a *potentibus*.

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John; by the soul of my over-heated codpiece, friend Panurge and I here shake and quiver for mere hunger. I had rather be drinking, than staring on these ruins. Pray come along, sir, said Double-fee. He then led us into a little wine-press, that lay backwards in a blind corner, and was called pithies in the language of the country. You need not ask whether master John and Panurge made much of their sweet selves there; it is enough that I tell you there was no want of * Bolonia sausages, turkey-pouts, capons, bustards, malmsey-wine, and all other sorts of good belly-timber, very well drest.

A pimping son of ten fathers, who, for want of a better, did the office of a butler, seeing that friar John had cast a sheep's eye at a choice bottle that stood near a cupboard by itself, at some distance from the rest of the bottellic magazine, like a jack-in-an-office, said to Pantagruel, Sir, I perceive that one of your men here is making love to this bottle: he ogles it, and would fain caress it: but I beg that none offer to meddle with it; for it is reserved for their worships. How, cried Panurge, there are some grandees here then, I see: It is vintage time with you, I perceive.

Then Double-fee led up to a private staircase, and shewed us into a room, whence, without being seen, out at a loop-hole, we could see their worships in the great wine-press, where none could be admitted without their leave. Their worships, as he called them, were about a score of fusty crack-ropes and gallow-clappers, or rather more, † all posted before a bar, and staring at each other, like so many dead pigs: their paws or hands were as long as a crane's leg, and their claws or nails four and twenty inches long

* *Bolonia Sausages.*] Milan sausages in the original.

† *All posted before a bar.*] It should be round a great green-covered table (not a bar): *bureau*, not *barreau*: Rabelais, in his merry way, spells *bureau*, *bourreau*, which signifies the common hangman, alluding to what he called them just before, crack-ropes, &c.

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long at least; for you must know, they are enjoined never to pare off the least chip of them, so that they grow as crooked as a Welch hook or *a hedging-bill.

We saw a swinging bunch of grapes, that are gathered and squeezed in that country, brought in by them. As soon as it was laid down, they clapped it into the press, and there was not a bit of it out of which each of them did not squeeze some oil of gold. Insomuch that the poor grape was tried with a witness, and brought off so drained and picked, and so dry, that there was not the least moisture, juice, or substance left in it; for they had pressed out its very quintessence.

Double-fee told us, they had not often such huge bunches; but, let the worst come to the worst, they were sure never to be without others in their press. But hark you me, master of mine, asked Panurge, have they not some of different growth? Ay marry have they, quoth Double-fee. Do you see here this little bunch, to which they are going to give t'other wrench? It is of tythe-growth, you must know; they crushed, wrung, squeezed and strained out the very heart's blood of it but t'other day: but it did not bleed freely; the oil came hard, and smelt of the † priest's chest; so that they found there was not much good to be got out of it. Why then, said Pantagruel, do they put it again into the press? Only, answered Double-fee, for fear there should still lurk some juice among the husks and hullings, in the mother of the grape. The devil be damned, cried friar John, do you call these same folks illiterate lobcocks, and dunsical doddipoles? May I be broiled

* *A hedging-bill.*] In the original, *riverenu*, a boat-fork; not a hedging-bill. It is called *riverenu*, from its being used by the watermen on the river (Loire.) It is a pole, Cotgrave says, with a fork of iron at the end, wherewith watermen set forward their boats when they don't row.

† *Priest's chest.*] Musty, because a priest keeps things as long as ever he can, and gives away as little as possible.

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broiled like a red herring, if I don't think they are wise enough to skin a flint, and draw oil out of a brick wall. So they are, said Double-fee; for they sometimes put castles, parks, and forests into the press, and out of them all extract *aurum potabile*. You mean *portabile*, I suppose, cried Epistemon, such as may be borne. I mean as I said, replied Double-fee, *potabile*, such as may be drunk; for it makes them drink many a good bottle more than otherwise they should.

But I cannot better satisfy you as to the growth of the vine-tree syrup that is here squeezed out of grapes, than in desiring you to look yonder in that back-yard, where you will see above a thousand different growths that lie waiting to be squeezed every moment. Here are some of the public, and some of the private growth; some of the fortifications, loans, gifts, and gratuities, escheats, forfeitures, fines and recoveries, penal statutes, crown-lands and demesne, privy-purse, post-offices, offerings, lordships of manors, and a world of other growths, for which we want names. Pray, quoth Epistemon, tell me of what growth is that great one, with all those little grapelings about it. Oh, oh! returned Double-fee, that plump one is of the treasury, the very best growth in the whole country. Whenever any one of that growth is squeezed, there is not one of their worships but gets juice enough out of it to soak his nose six months together. When their worships were up, Pantagruel desired Double-fee to take us into that great wine-press, which he readily did. As soon as we were in, Epistemon, who understood all sorts of tongues, began to shew us many devices on the press, which was large and fine, and made of the * wood of the cross (at least Double-fee told us so). On each part of it were names of every thing in the language

* *Wood of the cross.*] The effects of such as had been hanged. *Crux* signifying a gallows as well as a cross.

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language of the country. The spindle of the press was called receipt; the trough, costs and damages; the hole for the vice-pin, state; the side-boards, money paid into the office; the great beam, respite of homage; the branches, *radietur;* the side-beams, **recuperetur;* † the fats, ignoramus; the two-handled baskets, the rolls; the treading-place, acquittance; the dossers, validation; the panniers, authentic decrees; the pailes, *potentials;* the funnel, *quietus est.*

‡ By the queen of the chitterlings, quoth Panurge, all the hieroglyphics of Egypt are mine a— to this jargon. Why! here is a parcel of words full as analogous as chalk and cheese, or a cat and a cart-wheel! But why, pr'ythee, dear Double-fee, do they call these worshipful dons of yours ignorant fellows? Only, said Double-fee, because they neither are, nor ought to be clerks, and all must be ignorant as to what they transact here: nor is there to be any other reason given but, The court hath said it; The court will have it so; The court has decreed it. Cop's Body, quoth Pantagruel, they might full as well have called them necessity; for necessity has no law.

From thence, as he was leading us to see a thousand little puny presses, we spied another paltry bar, about which sat four or five ignorant waspish churls, of so testy fuming a temper, like an ass with squibs and crackers tied to its tail, and so ready to take pepper in the nose for yea and nay, that a dog would not have lived with them. They were hard

* *Recuperetur.*] In the chamber of accounts this is a term for annulling any gift the king should make of an excessive sum, without just cause, or having been first examined into by the chamber. See Bodin. Repub. & Juv. des Ursins. hist. Cha. VI. on the year, 1389.

† *The fats, or rather vats, ignoramus.*] So M. Motteux wittily translates it; for he professes he knew not what the original *plus-valeur* meant. Nor indeed can I find out by any books, what it should mean.

‡ *By the queen of chitterlings.*] The idol Niphseleth, by whose name the author calls the queen of chitterlings, was herself an hieroglyphic.

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at it with the lees and dregs of the grapes, which they griped over and over again, might and main, with their clenched fists. They were called contractors, in the language of the country. These are the ugliest, misshapen, grim-looked scrubs, said friar John, that ever were beheld with or without spectacles. Then we passed by an infinite number of little pimping wine-presses, all full of vintage-mongers, who were picking, examining, and raking the grapes with some instruments, called bills of charge.

Finally, we came into a hall down stairs, where we saw an overgrown cursed mangy cur, with a pair of heads, a wolf's belly, and claws like the devil of hell. The son of a bitch was fed with costs; for he lived on a multiplicity of fine * amonds, and amerciaments, by order of their worships, to each of whom the monster was worth more than the best farm in the land. In their tongue of ignorance they called him Twofold. His dam lay by him, and her hair and shape was like her whelps; only she had four heads, two male, and two female, and her name was Fourfold. She was certainly the most cursed and dangerous creature of the place, except her grandam, which we saw, and had been kept locked up in a dungeon, time out of mind, and her name was Refusing of fees.

Friar John, who had always twenty yards of gut ready empty, to swallow a gallimaufry of lawyers, began to be somewhat out of humour, and desired Pantagruel to remember he had not dined, and bring Double-fee along with him. So away we went, and as we marched out at the back-gate, whom should we meet but an old piece of mortality in chains. He was half ignorant, and half learned, like † an hermaphrodite

* *Amonds*, &c.] A quibble upon the word *amende*, (a mulct or fine in French) and almonds to eat.

† *An hermaphrodite of Satan.*] In matter of law-suits a very devil; in other things a very dunce in name and nature.

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phrodite of Satan. The fellow was all * caparisoned with spectacles, as a tortoise is with shells, and lived on nothing but a sort of food, which, in their gibberish, was called appeals. Pantagruel asked Double-fee, of what breed was that prothonotary, and what name they gave him? Double-fee told us, that, time out of mind, he had been kept there in chains, † to the great grief of their worships, who starved him, and his name was Review. By the pope's sanctified two-pounders, cried friar John, I don't much wonder at the meagre cheer which this old chuff finds among their worships. Do but look a little on the weather-beaten scratch-toby, friend Panurge: by the sacred tip of my cowl, I'll lay five pounds to a hazle nut, the foul thief has the very looks of Gripe-men-all. These same fellows here, ignorant as they be, are as sharp and knowing as other folks. But were it my case, I would send him packing with a squib in his breech, like a rogue as he is. By my ‡ oriental barnicles, quoth Panurge, honest friar, thou art in the right: for if we but examine that treacherous Review's ill-favoured phiz, we find that the filthy snudge is yet more mischievous and ignorant, than these ignorant wretchers here; since they (honest dunces!) grapple and glean with as little harm and pother as they can, without any long fiddle-come-farts, or tantalizing in the case; nor do they dally and demur in your suit; but in two or three words, whip stitch, in a trice, they finish the vintage of the close, bating you all these

* *Caparisoned with spectacles.*] The functions of his office consisted entirely in revising the process.

† *To the great grief of their worships.*] It should be, to his great grief by their worships, who had taken from him great part of the fines, which he claimed as his dues, to subsist on.

‡ *Oriental barnicles.*] Oriental spectacles: *lunettes* in French for a pair of spectacles. The Turks, who are orientals to us, have the moon (*lune*) for the symbol of their empire. Rabelais quibbles on the words *lune* and *lunettes*, moon and spectacles; a pun not capable of being preserved in English, perhaps not worthy of it.

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damned tedious interlocutories, examinations and appointments, which fret to the heart's blood your furred law-cats.

CHAP. XVII.

HOW WE WENT FORWARDS, AND HOW PANURGE HAD LIKE TO HAVE BEEN KILLED.

We put to sea that very moment, steering our course forwards, and gave Pantagruel a full account of our adventures, which so deeply struck him with compassion, that he wrote some elegies on that subject, to divert himself during the voyage. When we were safe in the port, we took some refreshment, and took in fresh water and wood. The people of the place, who had the countenance of jolly fellows, and boon companions, were all of them forward folks, bloated and puffed up with fat; and we saw some who slashed and pinked their skins, to open a passage to the fat, that it might swell out at the slits and gashes which they made: neither more nor less than the shit-breech fellows in our country bepink and cut open their breeches, that the taffety on the inside may stand out and be puffed up. They said, that what they did was not out of pride or ostentation, but because otherwise their skins would not hold them without much pain. Having thus slashed their skin, they used to grow much bigger; like the young trees, on whose barks the gardeners make incisions, that they may grow the better.

Near the haven there was a tavern, which forwards seemed very fine and stately. We repaired thither, and found it filled with people of the forward nation, of all ages, sexes, and conditions; so that we thought some

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some notable feast or other was getting ready: but we were told that all that throng were invited to the bursting of mine host, which caused all his friends and relations to hasten thither.

We did not understand that jargon, and therefore thought in that country, by that bursting they meant some merry meeting or other, as we do in ours by betrothing, wedding, groaning, christening, churching (of women) shearing (of sheep) reaping (of corn, or harvest-home) and many other junketing bouts that end in ing. But we soon heard that there was no such matter in hand.

The master of the house, you must know, had been a good fellow in his time, loved heartily to wind up his bottom, to bang the pitcher, and lick his dish: he used to be a very fair swallower of gravy soup, * a notable accountant in matter of hours; and his whole life was one continual dinner, like mine host at Rouillac, [in Perigord.] But now having farted out much fat for ten years together, according to the custom of the country, he was drawing towards the bursting hour: for neither the inner thin caul wherewith the entrails are covered, nor his skin that had been jagged and mangled so many years, were able to hold and enclose his guts any longer, or hinder them from forcing their way out. Pray, quoth Panurge, is there no remedy, no help, for the poor man, good people? Why don't you swaddle him round with good tight girts, or secure his natural tub with a strong sorb-apple-tree hoop? Nay, why don't you iron-bind him, if

* *A notable accountant in matter of hours.*] So they call in Poitou any great talker, who, when he has no more tales to tell, will count the hours, when the clock strikes, and that aloud, though others hear the clock as well as he. But in this place it also means a smell-feast, a gormandizing hanger-on, a guttling spunger, who, that he may'nt slip the critical minute when people use to dine, counts the hours, nay, the quarters of every clock that strikes, and that with the utmost exactness.

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needs be? This would keep the man from flying out and bursting. The word was not yet out of his mouth, when we heard something give a loud report, as if a huge sturdy oak had been split in two. Then some of the neighbours told us, that the bursting was over, and that the clap, or crack, which we heard, was the last fart: and so there was an end of mine host.

This made me call to mind a saying of the venerable *abbot of Castilliers, the very same who never cared to hump his chamber-maids, †but when he was in pontificalibus. That pious person, being much dunned, teased and importuned by his relations to resign his abbey in his old age, said and professed, That he would not strip till he was ready to go to bed; and that the last fart which his reverend paternity was to utter, should be the fart of an abbot.

CHAP.

* *Abbot of Castilliers.*] See for this Vigneul-Marville his miscellanies, vol. 3, p. 247. Rotterdam edition.

† *But when he was in pontificalibus.*] Gravity might have some share in this proud prelate's scrupulousness; but that which doubtless contributed most to it was, that if in any of those lewd actions he should be caught in a short habit, the secular judge might proceed against him. Ant. Rubenstadius to M. Ort. Gratius, part 1, of the epistolæ obsc. viror. *Qualem te invenio, talem te judico . . . Et quando presbyter reperitur in aliquo indecenti opere, & non est vestitus decè sacerdos esse debet, sed habitu seculari, tunc judex secularis potest eum habere & tractare pro homine seculari, & afficere eum pœna corporali, non obstantibus privilegiis clericorum.*

N. B. Rabelais assigns none but chamber-maids to the abbot, because, as is observed by Verville, in ch. 10, of his *moyen de parvenir*, servant-maids is the appellative of such as serve plain honest laymen; but chambermaids live with priests or canons, to minister to all their wants.

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CHAP. XVIII.

HOW OUR SHIPS WERE STRANDED, AND WE WERE RELIEVED BY SOME PEOPLE THAT WERE SUBJECT TO QUEEN WHIMS (QUI TENOIENT DE LA QUINTE.)

We weighed and set sail with a merry westerly gale, when about seven leagues off (twenty-two miles) some gusts, or scuds of wind, suddenly arose, and the wind veering and shifting from point to point, was, as they say, like an old woman's breech, at no certainty; so we first got our starboard tacks aboard, and hauled off our lee-sheets. Then the gusts increased, and by fits blowed all at once from several quarters: yet we neither settled nor braded up close our sails, but only let fly the sheets, not to go against the master of the ship's direction; and thus having let go amain, lest we should spend our topsails, or the ship's quick-side should lie in the water, and she be overset, we lay by and run adrift, that is, in a landloper's phrase, we temporised it. For he assured us, that, as these gusts and whirlwinds would not do us much good, so they could not do us much harm, considering their easiness and pleasant strife, as also the clearness of the sky, and calmness of the current. So that we were to observe the philosopher's rule, bear and forbear: that is, trim, or go according to the time.

However, these whirlwinds and gusts lasted so long, that we persuaded the master to let us go and lie at trie with our main course; that is, to haul the tack aboard, the sheet close aft, the bowline set up, and the helm tied close aboard: so after a stormy gale of wind, we broke through the whirlwind. But 'twas like falling into Scylla to avoid

Charybdis, (out of the frying-pan into the fire.) For we had not sailed a league, e'er our ships were stranded upon some sands, such as are the flats of St. Maixant.

All our company seemed mightily disturbed, except friar John, who was not a jot daunted, and with sweet sugar-plum words comforted now one, and then another, giving them hopes of speedy assistance from above, and telling them that he had seen Caston at the main-yard-arm. Oh! that I were but now ashore, cried Panurge, that's all I wish for myself at present, and that you, who like the sea so well, had each man of you two hundred thousand crowns! * I would fairly let you set up shop on these sands, and would get a fat calf dressed, and 100 of faggots cooled for you against you come ashore. I freely consent never to mount a wife, so you but set me ashore, and mount me on a horse that I may go home: no matter for a servant, I'll be contented to serve myself; I am never better treated than when I'm without a man. Faith old Plautus was in the right on't when he said, the more servants the more crosses: for such they are, even supposing they could want what they all have but too much of, a tongue, that most busy, dangerous, and † pernicious member of servants: accordingly, 'twas for their sakes alone, that the racks and tortures for confession were invented; though some foreign

* *I would fairly*, &c.] Rabelais's words will by no means bear this construction: *je vous mettroit ung veau en meuë, & refraicheroit ung cent de fagots pour votre retour.* On which M. du Chat observes that though Panurge seems to say, I would prepare a fat calf for you, it was not by any means his intention so to do: for as people don't use to put up calves to fat in a hen-coop *(meuë,)* any more than they cool or throw water on faggots they would have burn easily; so, instead of engaging himself here to any thing, he only laughs at those who, together with himself, had too easily committed their persons to the dangers of the sea.

† *Pernicious member of servants.*] *Lingua mali pars pessima servi*, says Juvenal, sat. 9.

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reign civilians in our time have drawn alogical and unreasonable consequences from it.

That very moment we spied a sail, that made towards us. When it was close by us, we soon knew what was the lading of the ship, and who was aboard of her. She was full freighted with drums: I was acquainted with many of the passengers that came in her, who were most of 'em of good families: among the rest Harry Cottiral, the chymist, an old toast, who had got a swinging ass's touchtripe (penis) fastened to his waist, as the good women's beads are to their girdle. In his left hand he held an old overgrown greasy foul cap, such as your scald-pated fellows wear, and in the right, a huge cabbage stump.

As soon as he saw me he was overjoyed, and bawled out to me, What cheer ho? How dost like me now? Behold the true algamana (this he said, shewing me the ass's ticklegizzard.) This doctor's cap is my true elixo; and this (continued he, shaking the cabbage stump in his fist) is * *lunaria major*: I have it, old boy, I have it; we'll blow the coal when thou'rt come back. But pray, father, said I, whence come you? Whither go you? What's your lading? Have you smelt the salt deep? To these four questions he answered, From queen Whims; for Touraine; alchymy; † to the very bottom.

* *Lunaria major.*] Because the leaves of it are like those of the sea-cabbage, which bears a great reputation, and is in mighty vogue with the alchymists.

† *To the very bottom.*] This pleasant answer to four questions at a time, is like that of the famous Dante, as we meet with it in Domenichi's facetie, and other old Italian books: *Dante Alighieri, poeta famosissimo, tornando un giorno di fuora fù sopragiunto da tre gentilhuomini Fiorentini suo i conoscenti; i quali sapendo quanto ci fusse pronto nelle risposte, tutti à tre in prova gli fecero tre continuate domande in cotal guisa, dicendo gli il primo, Buon dì messer Dante? E il secondo, Donde venite messer Dante? e il terzo, e egli grosso il fiume messer Dante? Ai quali senza punto fermare il cavallo. E senza far pausa alcuna al dire, egli così rispose: Buon dì, e buon anno: Dalla fiera: Sino al culo.*

The

Whom have you got on board, said I? Said he, Astrologers, fortune-tellers, alchymists, rhymers, poets, painters, projectors, mathematicians, watch-makers, sing-songs, musicianers, and the devil and all of others that are subject to *queen Whims. They have very fair legible patents to shew for't, as any body may see. Panurge had no sooner heard this, but he was upon the high-rope, and began to rail at them like mad. What o' devil d'ye mean, cried he, to sit idly here, like a pack of loitering sneaksbies, and see us stranded, while you may help us, and tow us off into the current! A plague o' your whims; you can make all things whatsoever, they say, so much as good weather and little children; yet won't make haste to fasten some hawsers and cables, and get us off. I was just coming to set you afloat, quoth Harry Cottiral: by Trismegistus, I'll clear you in a trice. With this he caused 7532810 huge drums to be unheaded on one side, and set that open side so, that it faced the end of the streamers and pendants; and having fastened them to good tacklings, and our ship's head to the stern of theirs, with

The same in English, if I may not displease the reader in thinking him so unpolite as not to understand Italian in this age of operas.

"The famous poet, Dante Alighieri, returning home one day out of the country, was overtook by three gentlemen of Florence, his acquaintance; who knowing how ready he was in his answers, they all three resolved, by way of proof, to make three successive attacks upon him in the following manner. The first said to him, Good-day, master Dante: the second, Whence come you, master Dante? the third, are the waters deep, master Dante? To all which, without once stopping his horse, or making the least pause, he answered thus: Good-day, and good year: From the fair: To the very bottom."

Not unlike this is a story of Henry IV. of France, who being overtaken upon the road by a clergyman that was posting to court; the king, putting his head out of his coach, asked the man in his hasty way, Whence come ye? Whither go ye? What want ye? The clergyman, without any ceremony or hesitation, made answer: From Blois: To Paris: A benefice. With which the king was so well pleased, he instantly granted his request.

* *Queen Whims.*] *La quinte.* This means a fantastic humour; maggots, or a foolish giddiness of brain; and also a fifth, or the proportion of five in music, &c.

with cables fastened to the bits abaft the manger in the ship's loof, they towed us off ground at one pull; so easily and pleasantly, that you'd have wondered at it, had you been there. For the dub-o-dub rattling of the drums, with the soft noise of the gravel, which murmuring disputed us our way, and the merry cheers and huzzas of the sailors, made an harmony almost as good as that of the heavenly bodies when they roll and are whirled round their spheres, which rattling of the celestial wheels Plato said he heard some nights in his sleep.

We scorned to be behind-hand with 'em in civility, and gratefully gave them store of our sausages and chitterlings, with which we filled their drums; and we were just a hoisting two and sixty hogsheads of wine out of the hold, when two huge whirlpools (physeteres) with great fury made towards their ship; spouting more water than is in the river Vienne, (Vigenne) from Chinon to Saumur: to make short, all their drums, all their sails, their concerns, and themselves were soused, and their very hose were watered by the collar.

Panurge was so overjoyed, seeing this, and laughed so heartily, that he was forced to hold his sides, and it set him into a fit of the cholic for two hours and more. I had a mind, quoth he, to make the dogs drink, and those honest whirlpools, egad, have saved me that labour and that cost. There's sauce for them; ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ. Water's good, saith a poet; let 'em pindarise upon it: they never cared for fresh water, but to wash their hands or their glasses. This good salt water will stand 'em in good stead, for want of sal ammoniac and nitre in *Geber's kitchen.

We

* *Geber's kitchen.*] An ancient Arabian alchymist, whose works are extant. *Geberica, hoc est alcumistica coquina, quæ non minores decoquit opes quam papina*, says Agrippa, ch. 89, of his *De* vanitate scientiarum.

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We could not hold any further discourse with 'em; for the former whirlwind hindered our ship from feeling the helm. The pilot advised us henceforwards to let her run adrift, and follow the stream, not busying ourselves with any thing, but making much of our carcasses. For our only way to arrive safe at the queendom of Whims, was to trust to the whirlwind, and be led by the current.

CHAP. XIX.

HOW WE ARRIVED AT THE (QUEENDOM OF WHIMS, OR) KINGDOM OF QUINTESSENCE, CALLED ELTELECHY.

We did as he directed us for about twelve hours, and on the third day the sky seemed to us somewhat clearer, and we happily arrived at the * port of Mateotechny, not far distant from the palace of Quintessence.

We met full-but on the quay a great number of guards, and other military men that garrisoned the arsenal; and we were somewhat frighted at first, because they made us all lay down our arms, and, in a haughty manner, asked us whence we came?

Cousin, quoth Panurge to him that asked the question, we are of Touraine, and come from France, being ambitious of paying our respects to the lady Quintessence, and visit this famous realm of Entelechy.

What do you say, cried they? do you call it Entelechy

* *Port of Mateotechny.*] There is no pains more foolishly employed about any one thing than in the search of the philosopher's stone: but there are likewise other vain sciences, and the author means to say, that such as confine themselves thereto are arrived at the port of Mateotechny. Μάταιος, *vanus*: Τίχνη, *ars*.

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telechy or Endelechy? Truly, truly, sweet cousins, quoth Panurge, we are a silly sort of grout-headed lobcocks, an't please you; be so kind as to forgive us if we chance to knock words out of joint: as for any thing else, we are down-right honest fellows, and true hearts.

We hav'nt asked you this question without a cause, said they: for a great number of others, who have passed this way from your country of Touraine, seemed as meer joltheaded doddipoles as ever were scored over the coxcomb, yet spoke as correct as other folks. But there has been here from other countries a pack of I know not what over-weening self-conceited prigs, as moody as so many mules, and as stout as any Scotch lairds, and nothing would serve these, forsooth, but they must wilfully wrangle and stand out against us at their coming; and much they got by it after all. Troth, we e'en fitted them, and clawed 'em off with a vengeance, for all they looked so big and so grum.

Pray tell me, does your time lie so heavy upon you in your world, that you don't know how to bestow it better than in thus impudently talking, disputing, and writing of our sovereign lady? There was much need that your * Tully, the consul, should go and leave the care of his commonwealth to busy himself idly about her; and after him, your † Diogenes Laertius, the biographer, and your Theodorus Gazar, the philosopher, and your Argiropilus the emperor, and your Bessario the cardinal, and your ‡ Politian the pedant, and your § Budæus the judge, and your Lascaris the embassador, and the devil and all of those you call lovers of wisdom; whose number, it seems, was not thought great enough already, but lately your

* *Tully.*] In l. 1 of the Tusculan questions.
† *Diogenes Laertius.*] In his life of Aristotle.
‡ *Politian.*] In ch. 1 of his miscellanics.
§ *Budæus.*] In l. 1 of his de asse.

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your * Scaliger, † Bigot, ‡ Chambrier, Francis § Fleury, and I can't tell how many such other junior sneaking fly-blows must take upon them to increase it.

A squincy gripe the cods-headed changlings at the swallow, and eke at the cover-weesel; we shall make 'em—But the dence take 'em; (they flatter the devil here, and smoothify his name, quoth Panurge, between their teeth.) You don't come here, continued the captain, to uphold 'em in their folly, you have no commission from 'em to this effect; well then, we'll talk no more on't.

Aristotle, that first of men, and peerless pattern of all philosophy, was our sovereign lady's godfather; and wisely and properly gave her the name of Entelechy. Her true name then is Entelechy, and may

*'*Scaliger.*] This seems to suppose that Rabelais, who, some will have it, died in 1553, had seen some work of Scaliger, where that philosopher treats of the entelechy. Now, it is on the one side reckoned for certain, that Scaliger, never spoke of the entelechy, but in his exercitations against Cardan, where, after he had defined the understanding, and explained the operations of the soul according to their system, who admit of Aristotle's entelechy, *Hæc quidam*, says he, *risui sunt, atque contemptui novis Lucianis, atque Diagoris culinariis: sed non neglecta sunt à maximo philosopho Bigotio; qui quidem penè solus hoc summum jus hodie tuetur in recondita philosophia.* But if, as is well known, this book of Scaliger was not published before the year 1557, how could Rabelais have seen it, who died four years before? Perhaps Scaliger having many years before imparted to Bigot his private sentiments on the entelechy, he might have communicated it to Rabelais on the same footing, as hereafter in ch. 34 of this Vth book, we see the same Bigot had delivered his thoughts on the woman who in the Apocalypse is represented as having the moon under her feet. Another and greater difficulty, in my mind, is that this passage of the exercitations aims personally at Rabelais by the words *novis Lucianis, atque Diagoris culinaris*, on account of the raillery which Rabelais had used against Scaliger in this very place. See du Chat further upon this subject in his preface and notes on this chapter.

† William Bigot, of whom Scaliger speaks in the preceding article.

‡ *Chambrier.*] Joachim Camerarius, in ch. 10 of his obs. on the first book of the Tusculan questions.

§ *Fleury.*] In his apology against the calumniators of the Latin Tongue.

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may he be in tail beshit, and entail a shit-a-bed faculty, and nothing else on his family, who dares call her by any other name: for whoever he is, he does her wrong, and is a very impudent person. You are heartily welcome, gentlemen. With this they colled and clipt us about the neck, which was no small comfort to us, I'll assure you.

Panurge then whispered me: Fellow-traveller, quoth he, hast thou not been somewhat afraid this bout? A little, said I. To tell you the truth of it, quoth he, never were the Ephraimites in a greater fear and quandary, when the Gileadites killed and drowned them for saying * sibboleth instead of shibboleth; and among friends, let me tell you, that perhaps there is not a man in the whole country of Beauce, but might easily have stopt my bunghole with a cart-load of hay.

The captain afterwards took us to the queen's palace, leading us silently with great formality. Pantagruel would have said something to him; but the other, not being able to come up to his height, wished for a ladder, or a very long pair of stilts; then said, Patience, if it were our sovereign lady's will, we'd be as tall as you; well, we shall, when she pleases.

In the first galleries we saw great numbers of sick persons, differently placed according to their maladies. The leprous were apart; those that were poisoned on one side; those that had got the plague, alias the † pox, in the first rank, accordingly.

CHAP.

* Sibboleth.] See the book of Judges, ch. xii, ver. 6. See likewise Bodin's rep. l. 5. ch. 1.

† It is on their account principally that the chymical medicines are in vogue.

CHAP. XX.

HOW THE QUINTESSENCE CURED THE SICK WITH A SONG.

The captain shewed us the queen, attended with her ladies and gentlemen in the second gallery. She looked young, though she was at least * eighteen hundred years old; and was handsome, slender, and as fine as a queen, that is, as hands could make her. He then said to us, 'Tis not yet a fit time to speak to the queen; be you but mindful of her doings in the mean while.

You have kings in your world, that fantastically pretend to cure some certain diseases; as for example scrophula or wens, swelled throats, nick-named the king's evil, and quartan agues, only with a touch; now our queen cures all manner of diseases without so much as touching the sick, but barely with a song, according to the nature of the distemper. He then shewed us a set of organs, and said, that when it was touched by her, those miraculous cures were performed. The organ was indeed the strangest that ever eyes beheld: for the pipes were of cassia fistula in the cod; the top and cornice of guaiacum; the bellows of rhubarb; the pedas of turbith, and the clavier or keys of scammony.

While we were examining this wonderful new make of an organ, the leprous were brought in by her abstractors, spodizators, masticators, pregustics, tabachins, chachanins, neemanins, rabrebans, nercins, rozuins, nebidins, tearins, segamions, perarons, chasinins, sarins, soteins, aboth, enilins, archasdarpenins,

* *Eighteen hundred years.*] With respect to the time when Aristotle flourished, who was the first coiner of the word entelechy.

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penins, mebins, chabourins, and other officers, for whom I want names; so she played 'em I don't know what sort of a tune or song, and they were all immediately cured.

Then those who were poisoned were had in, and she had no sooner given them a song, but they began to find a use for their legs, and up they got. Then came on the deaf, the blind and the dumb, and they too were restored to their lost faculties and senses with the same remedy; which did so strangely amaze us (and not without reason, I think) that down we fell on our faces, remaining prostrate, like men ravished in ecstasy, and were not able to utter one word through the excess of our admiration, till she came, and having touched Pantagruel with a fine fragrant nosegay of red roses, which she held in her hand, thus made us recover our senses and get up. Then she made us the following speech in Byssin words, such as Parisatis desired should be spoken to her son Cyrus, or at least of crimson alamode.

* The probity that scintillizes in the superficies of your persons, informs my ratiocinating faculty, in a most stupendous manner, of the radiant virtues, latent within the precious caskets and ventricles of your minds. For, contemplating the mellifluous suavity of your thrice discreet reverences, 'tis impossible not to be persuaded with facility, that neither your affections nor your intellects are vitiated with any defect, or privation of liberal and exalted sciences: far from it, all must judge that in you are lodged a cornucopia, and encyclopedia, an unmeasurable profundity of knowledge in the most peregrine and sublime disciplines, so frequently the admiration, and so rarely the concomitants of the imperite

* *The probity*, &c.] M. du Chat makes the original run thus: The probity that scintillizes in the circumference of your words, informs my ratiocinating faculty of the virtue, latent in the centre of your minds.

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perite vulgar. This gently compels me, who in preceding times indefatigably kept my private affections absolutely subjugated, to condescend to make my application to you in the trivial phrase of the plebeian world; and assure you, that you are well, most well, most hearty well, more than most heartily welcome.

I have no hand at making of speeches, quoth Panurge to me privately: pr'ythee, man, make answer to her for us, if thou canst. This would not work with me however, neither did Pantagruel return a word: so that queen Whims, or queen Quintessence (which you please) perceiving that we stood as mute as fishes, said: Your taciturnity speaks you not only disciples of Pythagoras, from whom the venerable antiquity of my progenitors, in successive propagation was emaned and derives its original; but also discovers, that through the revolution of many retrograde moons, you have in Egypt pressed the extremities of your fingers, with the hard tenants of your mouths, and scalptized your heads * with frequent applications of your unguiculos. In the school of Pythagoras, taciturnity was the symbol of abstracted and superlative knowledge; and the silence of the Egyptians was agnited as an expressive manner of divine adoration: this caused the pontiffs of Hierapolis to sacrifice to the great deity in silence, impercussively, without any vociferous or obstreperous sound. My design is not to enter into a privation of gratitude towards you; but by a vivacious formality, though matter were to abstract itself from me, excentricate to you my cogitations.

Having spoken this, she only said to her officers, Tabachins,

* *With frequent applications of your unguiculos.*] It is in the original, with one finger; a sign of effeminacy and indolence, with which Pompey was formerly reproached, as Seneca, Plutarch, and others have observed.

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* Tabachins, + A panacea; and strait they desired us not to take it amiss, if the queen did not invite us to dine with her: for she never eat any thing at dinner but some categories, jecabots, emanins, dimions, abstractions, harborins, chelimins, second intentions, caradoths, antitheses, metempsychoses, transcendent prolepsies, and such other light food.

Then they took us into a little closet, lined through with alarums, where we were treated God knows how. 'Tis said that Jupiter writes whatever is transacted in the world, on the diphthera or skin of the ‡ Amalthæan goat that suckled him in Crete, which pelt served him instead of a shield against the Titans, whence he was mick-named § Ægiochos. Now, as I hate to drink water, brother topers, I protest, it would be impossible to make eighteen goat-skins hold the description of all the good meat they brought before us; though it were written in characters as small as those in which were penned Homer's iliads, which || Tully tells us he saw enclosed in a nut-shell.

For my part, had I one hundred mouths, as many tongues, a voice of iron, a heart of oak, and lungs of leather, together with the mellifluous abundance of

* *Tabachins.*] I know not what this word means. The Italians indeed call a pander for boys, or a cock-bawd in the crupper-mongering way, *tabbachino*. So this queen here may in a contemptuous way call her servants, like some persons of quality now-a-days,—Here, bougres, &c.

+ *A panacea.*] Cotgrave says, it is a call to meat (*à pan*) like *à manger*. It is likewise an herb called in English all-heal, for it cures all distempers (*credat quicunque vult.*) Pliny and Dioscorides speak of this wonderful vegetable, which Erasmus in his encomium moriæ says must grow, if any where, in the fortunate islands, which produce every thing at a wish.

‡ *Amalthæan goat.*] It should be the goat Amalthæa.

§ *Ægiochos.*] From αἴξ, *capra*, & ἔχω, *habeo*.

|| *Tully*, &c.] See Pliny, lib. vii, cap. 21. According to the new editions of Rabelais, after that of Lyons, 1573, Tully had actually read this wonderful copy of the iliad. If so, he had better eyes than I have. Rabelais only says *avoit veu*, not *leu*. 'Tis the printer that did the orator's eyes this honour.

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of Plato; yet I never could give you a full account of a third part of a second of the whole.

Pantagruel was telling me, that he believed the queen had given the symbolic word used among her subjects, to denote sovereign good cheer, when she said to her tabachins, A panacea; just as Lucullus used to say, In Apollo, when he designed to give his friends a singular treat; though sometimes they took him at unawares, as, among the rest, Cicero and Hortensius sometimes used to do.

CHAP. XXI.

HOW THE QUEEN PASSED HER TIME AFTER DINNER.

When we had dined, a chachanin led us into the queen's hall, and there we saw how, after dinner, with the ladies and princes of her court, she used to sift, searse, boult, range, and pass away time with a fine large white and blue silk sieve. We also perceived how they revived ancient sports, diverting themselves together at,

* 1. Cordax.
2. Emmelia.
3. Sicinnia.
4. Jambics.
5. Persica.
6. Phrygia.
7. Thracia
8. Calabrisme.
9. Molossia.
10. Cernophorum.
11. Monogas.
12. Terminalia.
13. Floralia.

* 1. A sort of country-dance. 2. A still tragic-dance. 3. Dancing and singing used at funerals. 4. Cutting sarcasms and lampoons. 5. The Persian dance. 6. Tunes, whose measure inspired men with a kind of divine fury. 7. The Thracian movement. 8. Smutty verses. 9. A measure to which the molossi of Epirus danced a certain morrice. 10. A dance with bowls or pots in their hands. 11. A song where one sings alone. 12. Sports at the holidays of the god of bounds. 13. Dancing naked at Flora's holidays. 14. The Trojan-dance in armour. Le du Chat differs a little in the order of these names.

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13. Floralia. 15. * Nicatism.
14. Pyrrhice.

And a thousand other dances.

Afterwards she gave orders that they should shew us the apartments and curiosities in her palace: accordingly we saw there such new, strange, and wonderful things, that I am still ravished in admiration every time I think on't. However, nothing surprised us more than what was done by the gentlemen of her houshold, abstractors, parazons, nebidins spodizators, and others, who freely, and without the least dissembling, told us, that the queen their mistress did all impossible things, and cured men of incurable diseases; and they, her officers, used to do the rest.

I saw there a young parazon cure many of the new consumption, I mean the pox, though they were never so peppered: had it been the rankest † Roan ague, [anglicè, the Covent-garden gout] 'twas all one with him; touching only their dentiform vertebra thrice with a piece of a wooden shoe, he made them as wholesome as so many sucking pigs.

Another did thoroughly cure folks of dropsies, tympanies, ascites, and hyposarcides, striking them on the belly nine times with a ‡ Tenedian satchel, without any solution of the continuum.

Another

* *Nicatism.*] Athenæus, lib. xiv, cap. 7, makes mention of all these dances of the ancients, even nicatism, which sir T. U. and all the new editions have omitted.

† *Roan ague.*] It should be Rouen, not Roan; they are two different towns in France, at a vast distance from each other. Why the pox is denominated from Rouen, is either because it first appeared there, or because such as have it in a violent degree are *enrouez*, made Hoarse by it.

‡ *Tenedian satchel.*] It should be Tenedian axe. It is the tenedia bipennis (a twy-bill or two-edged axe of Tenedos: see Cambridge dict.) It was, as M. du Chat observes, a symbol of extreme severity. This axe or Bipennis gave rise to the French word *besagüe*, from *bis-acuta*, because of its double edge. Many of the former editors of Rabelais, not understanding what *besagüe* meant, substituted the word beface, a satchel, instead of *besagüe*, which last word perfectly well shews

Another cured all manner of fevers and agues, on the spot, only with hanging a *fox-tail on the left side of the patient's girdle.

One removed the tooth-ach only with washing the root of the aching tooth with elder-vinegar, and letting it dry half an hour † in the sun.

Another, the gout, whether hot or cold, natural or accidental, by barely making the gouty person shut his mouth, and open his eyes.

I saw another ease nine good gentlemen of ‡ St. Francis's distemper, in a very short space of time, having clapped a rope about their necks, at the end of which hanged a box with ten thousand gold crowns in't.

One, with a wonderful engine, throwed the houses out at the windows, by which means they were purged of all pestilential air.

Another cured all the three kinds of hectics, the tabid, atrophes, and emaciated, without bathing, without tabian milk, dropax, alias depilatory, or other such medicaments; only turning the consumptive for three months into monks: and he assured me that if they did not grow fat and plump in a monastic way of living, they never would be fattened in this world, either by nature, or by art.

I saw another surrounded with a crowd of two sorts of women. Some were young, quaint, clever, neat, pretty, juicy, tight, brisk, buxom, proper, kind-hearted, and as right as my leg, to any man's thinking. The rest were old, weather-beaten, over-ridden,

shews the folly of dame Quintessence's officers, attempting to cure the dropsy, comparing their rashness to that of a man who should think it possible to strike several strokes with a twy-bill on any one's belly without making a wound.

* *Fox-tail.*] To drive away the flies which pestered the patient.

† *In the sun.*] No shorter nor better way to cure the tooth-ach than to pull out the tooth that causes it.

‡ A consumption in the pocket, or want of money; for those of St. Francis's order must carry none about them.

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ridden, toothless, blear-eyed, tough, wrinkled, shrivelled, tawny, mouldy, phthysicky, decrepid hags, beldams, and walking carcasses. We were told that his office was to cast anew those she-pieces of antiquity, and make them such as the pretty creatures whom he saw, who had been made young again that day, recovering at once the beauty, shape, size, and disposition, which they enjoyed at sixteen; except their heels, that were now much shorter than in their former youth.

This made them yet more apt to fall backwards, whenever any man happened to touch 'em, than they had been before. As for their counterparts, the old mother-scratch-tobies, they most devoutly waited for the blessed hour, when the batch that was in the oven was to be drawn, that they might have their turns, and in a mighty haste they were pulling and hauling the man like mad, telling him, that 'tis the most grievous and intolerable thing in nature for the tail to be o'fire, and the head to scare away those who should quench it.

The officer had his hands full, never wanting patients; neither did his place bring him in little, you may swear. Pantagruel asked him, whether he could also make old men young again? He said he could not. But the way to make them new men, was to get them to cohabit with a new-cast female: for thus they caught that fifth kind of crinckams, which some call pellade, in Greek ὀφίασις, that makes them cast off their old hair and skin, just as the serpents do; and thus their youth is renewed like the Arabian phœnix's. This is the true fountain of youth, for there the old and decrepid become young, active, and lusty.

Just so, as Euripides tells us, Iolaus was transmogrified; and thus Phaon, for whom kind-hearted Sappho run wild, grew young again for Venus's use: so Tithon by Aurora's means; so Æson by Medæa,

and Jason also, who, if you'll believe Pherecides and Simonides, was new-vamped and died by that witch; and so were the nurses of jolly Bacchus, and their husbands, as Eschylus relates.

CHAP. XXII.

HOW QUEEN WHIM'S OFFICERS WERE EMPLOYED; AND HOW THE SAID LADY RETAINED US AMONG HER ABSTRACTORS.

I THEN saw a great number of the queen's officers, who made black-a-moors white as fast as hops, just rubbing their bellies with the bottom of a pannier.

Others, with three couples of foxes in one yoke, plowed a sandy shore, and did not lose their seed.

Others washed burnt tiles, and made them lose their colour.

Others extracted water out of pumice-stones; braying them a good while in a mortar, and changed their substance.

Others sheered asses, and thus got long fleece wool.

Others gathered off of thorns grapes, and figs off of thistles.

Others stroked he-goats, by the dugs, and saved their milk in a sieve; and much they got by it.

Others washed asses heads, without losing their soap.

Others taught cows to dance, and did not lose their fiddling.

Others pitched nets to catch the wind, and took cock lobsters in them.

I saw a young spodizator, who very artificially got farts out of a dead ass, and sold them for five pence an ell.

Another

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Another did putrify beetles. O the dainty food!

Poor Panurge fairly cast up his accounts, and gave up his half-penny [i. e. vomitted] seeing an archasdarpenin, who laid a huge plenty of chamberlie to putrify in horse-dung, mish-mash'd with abundance of christian sir-reverence. Pugh, fie upon him, nasty dog! However, he told us, that with this sacred distillation he watered kings and princes, and made their sweet lives a fathom or two the longer.

* 'Others built churches to jump over the steeples. Others set carts before the horses,' and began to flay eels at the tail; neither did the eels cry before they were hurt, like those of Melun.

Others out of nothing made great things, and made great things return to nothing.

Others cut fire into steaks, with a knife, and drew water with a fish-net.

† 'Others make chalk of cheese, and honey of a 'dogs t—d.'

We saw a knot of others, about a baker's dozen in number, tippling under an arbour. They toped out of jolly bottomless cups, four sorts of cool, sparkling, pure, delicious vine-tree syrup, which went down like mother's milk; and healths and bumpers flew about like lightning. We were told, that these true philosophers were fairly multiplying the stars by drinking till the seven were fourteen, as brawny Hercules did with Atlas.

Others made a virtue of necessity, and the best of a bad market, which seemed to me a very good piece of work.

Others made alchymy with their teeth, and clapping

* *Others built churches*, &c.] This, and the other article with turned commas, are not in Rabelais, who says here, Others broke *(andouilles)* chitterlings against their knees.

† *Others made chalk*, &c.] The original says, Lanterns of bladders, and brass-shovels of clouds.

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ping their hind retort to the recipient, made scurvy faces, and then squeezed.

Others, in a large grass-plat, exactly measured how far the fleas could go at at hop, a step, and a jump; and told us, that this was exceeding useful for the ruling of kingdoms, the conduct of armies, and the administration of commonwealths; and that Socrates, who first got philosophy out of heaven, and from idle and trifling, made it profitable and of moment, used to spend half his philosophizing time in measuring the leaps of fleas, as Aristophanes, the quintessential, affirms.

I saw two gibroins by themselves, keeping watch on the top of a tower; and we were told, they guarded the moon from the wolves.

In a blind corner, I met four more very hot at it, and ready to go to loggerheads. I asked what was the cause of the stir and ado, the mighty coil and pother they made? And I heard that for four or five live-long days, those over-wise roisters had been at it ding-dong, disputing on three high, more than metaphysical propositions, promising themselves mountains of gold by solving them: the first was concerning a he-ass's shadow: the second, of the smoke of a lantern: and the third of goats' hair, whether it were wool or no? We heard that they did not think it a bit strange, that two contradictions in mode, form, figure, and time, should be true. Though I'll warrant the sophists of Paris had rather be unchristened than own so much.

While we were admiring all those men's wonderful doings, the evening star already twinkling; the queen (God bless her) appeared attended with her court, and again amazed and dazzled us. She perceived it, and said to us:

What occasions the aberrations of human cogitations through the perplexing labyrinths and abysses of admiration, is not the source of the effects, which

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sagacious mortals visibly experience to be the consequential result of natural causes: 'tis the novelty of the experiment, which makes impressions on their conceptive, cogitative faculties; that do not previse the facility of the operation adequately, with a subact and sedate intellection, associated with diligent and congruous study. Consequently let all manner of perturbation abdicate the ventricles of your brains, if any one has invaded them while they were contemplating what is transacted by my domestic ministers. Be spectators and auditors of every particular phænomenon, and every individual proposition, within the extent of my mansion; satiate yourselves with all that can fall here under the consideration of your visual or ascultating powers, and thus emancipate yourselves from the servitude of crassous ignorance. And that you may be induced to apprehend how sincerely I desire this, in consideration of the studious cupidity, that so demonstratively emicates at your external organs, from this present particle of time, I retain you as my abstractors: Geber, my principal talachin, shall register and initiate you at your departing.

We humbly thanked her queenship, without saying a word, accepting of the noble office she conferred on us.

CHAP. XXIII.

HOW THE QUEEN WAS SERVED AT DINNER, AND OF HER WAY OF EATING.

QUEEN WHIMS, after this, said to her gentlemen: The orifice of the ventricle, that ordinary embassador for the alimentation of all members, whether superior or inferior, importunes us to restore, by the

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apposition of idoneous sustenance, what was dissipated by the internal calidity's action on the radical humidity. Therefore spodizators, gesinins, memains, and parazons, be not culpable of dilatory protractions in the apposition of every re-roborating species, but rather let 'em pullulate and super-abound on the tables. As for you, nobilissim prægustators, and my gentilissim masticators, your frequently experimented industry, internected with perdiligent sedulity, and sedulous perdiligence, continually adjuvates you to perficiate all things in so expeditious a manner, that there is a necessity of exciting in you a cupidity to consummate them. Therefore I can only suggest to you still to operate, as you are assuefacted indefatigably to operate.

Having made this fine speech, she retired for a while with part of her women, and we were told, that 'twas to bathe, as the ancients did more commonly than we use now-a-days to wash our hands before we eat. The tables were soon placed, the cloth spread, and then the queen sat down. She eat nothing but celestial ambrosia, and drank nothing but divine nectar. As for the lords and ladies that were there, they, as well as we, fared on as rare, costly, and dainty dishes, as ever Apicius wot or dreamed of in his life.

When we were as round as hoops, and as full as eggs, with stuffing the gut, an * olla podrida was set before us, to force hunger to come to terms with us, in case it had not granted us a truce; and such a huge vast thing it was, that the plate which Pythies Althius gave king Darius, would hardly have covered it. The olla consisted of several sorts of pottages, sallads, fricasees, saugrenees, cabirotadoes, roast and boiled meat, carbonadoes, swinging pieces of powdered beef, good old hams, dainty deifical somates, cakes,

* *Olla podrida.*] Some call it an olio. Rabelais *pot-pourry.*

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cakes, tarts, a world of curds after the morisk way, fresh cheese, jellies, and fruit of all sorts. All this seemed to me good and dainty: however the sight of it made me sigh; for, alas, I could not taste a bit on't; so full I had filled my puddings before, and a bellyful's a bellyful, you know. Yet I must tell you what I saw, that seemed to me odd enough o'conscience: 'twas some pasties in paste; and what should those pasties in paste be, d'ye think, but pasties in pots? At the bottom I perceived store of dice, * cards, † tarots, luettes, chess-men and chequers, besides full bowls of gold crowns, for those who have a mind to have a game or two, and try their chance. Under this I saw a jolly company of mules in stately trappings, with velvet foot-cloths, and a troop of ambling nags, some for men and some for women; besides I don't know how many litters all lined with velvet, and some coaches of Ferrara make: all this for those who had a mind to take the air.

This did not seem strange to me: but if any thing did, 'twas certainly the queen's way of eating; and truly 'twas very new, and very odd: for she chewed nothing the good lady; not but that she had good sound teeth, and her meat required to be masticated; but such was her highnesses custom. When her prægustators had tasted the meat, her masticators took it and chewed it most nobly: for their dainty chops and gullets were lined through with crimson satin, with little welts, and gold purls, and their teeth were of delicate white ivory. Thus, when they had chewed the meat ready for her highnesses maw, they poured it down her throat through a funnel of fine gold, and so on to her craw. For that reason, they told us, she never visited a close-stool but by proxy.

* Great cards on which many different things are figured.
† Pieces of ivory to play withal.

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CHAP. XXIV.

HOW THERE WAS A BALL IN THE MANNER OF A TOURNAMENT, AT WHICH QUEEN WHIMS WAS PRESENT.

After supper there was a ball in the form of a tilt or tournament, not only worth seeing, but also never to be forgotten. First, the floor of the hall was covered with a large piece of velveted white and yellow chequered tapestry, each chequer exactly square, and three full spans in breadth.

Then thirty two young persons came into the hall; sixteen of them arrayed in cloth of gold; and of these, eight were young nymphs, such as the ancients described Diana's attendants: the other eight were a king, a queen, two wardens of the castle, two knights, and two archers. Those of the other band were clad in cloth of silver.

They posted themselves on the tapestry in the following manner: the kings on the last line of the fourth square; so that the golden king was on a white square, and the silvered king on a yellow square, and each queen by her king; the golden queen on a yellow square, and the silvered queen on a white one: and on each side stood the archers to guard their kings and queens; by the archers the knights, and the wardens by them. In the next row before 'em stood the eight nymphs; and between the two bands of nymphs four rows of squares stood empty.

Each band had its musicians, eight on each side, dressed in its livery; the one with orange-coloured damask, the other with white; and all played on different instruments most melodiously and harmoniously, still varying in time and measure as the figure

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figure of the dance required. This seemed to me an admirable thing, considering the numerous diversity of steps, back-steps, bounds, rebounds, jerts, paces, leaps, skips, turns, coupés, hops, leadings, risings, meetings, flights, ambuscadoes, moves, and re-moves.

I was also at a loss, when I strove to comprehend how the dancers could so suddenly know what every different note mean: for they no sooner heard this or that sound, but they placed themselves in the place which was denoted by the music, though their motions were all different. For the nymphs that stood in the first file, as if they designed to begin the fight, marched straight forwards to their enemies from square to square, unless it were the first step, at which they were free to move over two steps at once. They alone never fall back [which is not very natural to other nymphs] and if any of them is so lucky as to advance to the opposite king's row, she is immediately crowned queen of her king, and after that, moves with the same state, and in the same manner as the queen; but till that happens, they never strike their enemies but forwards, and obliquely in a diagonal line. However, they make it not their chief business to take their foes; for if they did, they would leave their queen exposed to the adverse parties, who then might take her.

The kings move and take their enemies on all sides square-ways, and only step from a white square into a yellow one, and vice versa, except at their first step the rank should want other officers than the wardens; for then they can set 'em in their place, and retire by him.

The queens take a greater liberty than any of the rest; for they move backwards and forwards all manner of ways, in a straight line, as far as they please, provided the place be not filled with one of their

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own party, and diagonally also keeping to the colour on which they stand.

The archers move backwards or forwards, far and near, never changing the colour on which they stand.

The knights move, and take in a lineal manner, stepping over one square, though a friend or a foe stand upon it, posting themselves on the second square to the right or left, from one colour to another; which is very welcome to the adverse party, and ought to be carefully observed, for they take at unawares.

The wardens move, and take to the right or left, before or behind them, like the kings, and can advance as far as they find places empty; which liberty the kings take not.

The law which both sides observe, is, at the end of the fight, to besiege and enclose the king of either party, so that he may not be able to move; and being reduced to that extremity, the battle is over, and he loses the day.

Now, to avoid this, there is none of either sex of each party, but is willing to sacrifice his or her life, and they begin to take one another on all sides in time, as soon as the music strikes up. When any one takes a prisoner, he makes his honours, and striking him gently in the hand, puts him out of the field and combat, and encamps where he stood.

If one of the kings chance to stand where he might be taken, it is not lawful for any of his adversaries that had discovered him, to lay hold on him: far from it, they are strictly enjoined humbly to pay him their respects, and give him notice, saying, God preserve you, sir! that his officers may relieve and cover him, or he may remove, if unhappily he could not be relieved. However, he is not to be taken, but greeted with a good-morrow, the others bending the knee; and thus the tournament uses to end.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XXV.

HOW THE THIRTY-TWO PERSONS AT THE BALL FOUGHT.

THE two companies having taken their stations, the music struck up, and with a martial sound, which had something of horrid in it, like a point of war, roused and alarmed both parties, who now began to shiver, and then soon were warmed with warlike rage; and having got in readiness to fight desperately, impatient of delay, stood waiting for the charge.

Then the music of the silvered band ceased playing, and the instruments of the golden side alone were heard, which denoted that the golden party attacked. Accordingly a new movement was played for the onset, and we saw the nymph, who stood before the queen, turn to the left towards her king, as it were to ask leave to fight; and thus saluting her company at the same time, she moved two squares forwards, and saluted the adverse party.

Now the music of the golden brigade ceased playing, and their antagonists began again. I ought to have told you, that the nymph, who began by saluting her company, had by that formality also given them to understand that they were to fall on. She was saluted by them in the same manner with a full turn to the left, except the queen, who went aside towards her king to the right; and the same manner of salutation was observed on both sides during the whole ball.

The silvered nymph that stood before her queen likewise moved, as soon as the music of her party sounded a charge: her salutations, and those of her side, were to the right, and her queen's to the left.

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She moved in the second square forwards, and saluted her antagonists, facing the first golden nymph: so that there was not any distance between them, and you would have thought they two had been going to fight; but they only strike sideways.

Their comrades, whether silvered or golden, followed 'em in an intercalary figure, and seemed to skirmish a while, till the golden nymph, who had first entered the lists, striking a silvered nymph in the hand on the right, put her out of the field, and set herself in her place. But soon the music playing a new measure, she was struck by a silvered archer, who after that was obliged himself to retire. A silvered knight then sallied out, and the golden queen posted herself before her king.

Then the silvered king, dreading the golden queen's fury, removed to the right, to the place where his warden stood, which seemed to him strong and well guarded.

The two knights on the left, whether golden or silvered, marched up, and on either side took up many nymphs, who could not retreat; principally the golden knight, who made this his whole business: but the silvered knight had greater designs, dissembling all along, and even sometimes not taking a nymph when he could have done it, still moving on till he was come up to the main body of the enemies, in such a manner, that he saluted their king with a God save you, sir!

The whole golden brigade quaked for fear and anger, those words giving notice of their king's danger: not but that they could soon relieve him, but because their king being thus saluted, they were to lose their warden on the right wing, without any hopes of a recovery. Then the golden king retired to the left, and the silvered knight took the golden warden, which was a mighty loss to that party. However, they resolved to be revenged, and surrounded

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rounded the knight that he might not escape. He tried to get off, behaving himself with a great deal of gallantry, and his friends did what they could to save him; but at last he fell into the golden queen's hands, and was carried off.

Her forces, not yet satisfied, having lost one of her best men, with more fury than conduct moved about, and did much mischief among their enemies: The silvered party warily dissembled, watching their opportunity to be even with them, and presented one of their nymphs to the golden queen, having laid an ambuscado; so that the nymph being taken, a golden archer had like to have seized the silvered queen. Then the golden knight undertakes to take the silvered king and queen, and says, Good-morrow. Then the silvered archer salutes them, and was taken by a golden nymph, and she herself by a silvered one.

The fight was obstinate and sharp. The wardens left their posts, and advanced to relieve their friends. The battle was doubtful, and victory hovered over both armies. Now the silvered host charge and break through their enemy's ranks, as far as the golden king's tent, and now they are beaten back: the golden queen distinguishes herself from the rest by her mighty achievements, still more than by her garb and dignity; for at once she takes an archer, and going sideways, seizes a silvered warden. Which thing the silvered queen perceiving, she came forwards, and rushing on with equal bravery, takes the last golden warden, and some nymphs. The two queens fought a long while hand to hand; now striving to take each other by surprise, then to save themselves, and sometimes to guard their kings. Finally, the golden queen took the silvered queen; but presently after she herself was taken by the silvered archer.

Then the silvered king had only three nymphs, an archer,

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archer, and a warden left; and the golden only three nymphs and the right knight: which made them fight more slowly and warily than before. The two kings seemed to mourn for the loss of their loving queens, and only studied and endeavoured to get new ones out of all their nymphs, to be raised to that dignity, and thus be married to them. This made them excite those brave nymphs to strive to reach the farthest rank, where stood the king of the contrary party, promising them certainly to have them crowned if they could do this. The golden nymphs were beforehand with the others, and out of their number was created a queen, who was dressed in royal robes, and had a crown set on her head. You need not doubt the silvered nymphs made also what haste they could to be queens: one of them was within a step of the coronation place; but there the golden knight lay ready to intercept her, so that she could go no further.

The new golden queen, resolved to shew herself valiant, and worthy of her advancement to the crown, achieved great feats of arms. But, in the mean time, the silvered knight takes the golden warden who guarded the camp: and thus there was a new silvered queen, who, like the other, strove to excel in heroic deeds at the beginning of her reign. Thus the fight grew hotter than before. A thousand stratagems, charges, rallyings, retreats and attacks were tried on both sides; till at last the silvered queen, having by stealth advanced as far as the golden king's tent, cried, God save you, sir! Now none but his new queen could relieve him: so she bravely came and exposed herself to the utmost extremity to deliver him out of it. Then the silvered warden, with his queen, reduced the golden king to such a stress, that to save himself, he was forced to lose his queen; but the golden king took him at last. However the rest of the golden party were soon taken; and that king being

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being left alone, the silvered party made him a low bow, crying, Good-morrow, sir! which denoted that the silvered king had got the day.

This being heard, the music of both parties loudly proclaimed the victory. And thus the first battle ended, to the unspeakable joy of all the spectators.

After this the two brigades took their former stations, and began to tilt a second time, much as they had done before; only the music played somewhat faster than at the first battle, and the motions were altogether different. I saw the golden queen sally out one of the first, with an archer and a knight, as it were angry at the former defeat, and she had like to have fallen upon the silvered king in his tent among his officers: but having been baulked in her attempt, she skirmished briskly, and overthrew so many silvered nymphs and officers, that it was a most amazing sight. You would have sworn she had been another Penthesilea; for she behaved herself with as much bravery as that Amazonian queen did at Troy.

But this havoc did not last long; for the silvered party, exasperated by their loss, resolved to perish, or stop her progress: and having posted an archer in ambuscado on a distant angle, together with a knight errant, her highness fell into their hands, and was carried out of the field. The rest were soon routed after the taking of their queen; who, without doubt, from that time resolved to be more wary, and keep near her king, without venturing so far amidst her enemies, unless with more force to defend her. Thus the silvered brigade once more got the victory.

This did not dishearten or deject the golden party: far from it, they soon appeared again in the field to face their enemies; and being posted as before, both the armies seemed more resolute and cheerful

ful than ever. Now the martial concert began, and the music was above a hemiole the quicker, according to the warlike phrygian mode, such as was invented by Marsyas.

Then our combatants began to wheel about, and charge with such a swiftness, that in an instant they made four moves, besides the usual salutations. So that they were continually in action, flying, hovering, jumping, vaulting, curvetting, with petauristical turns and motions, and often intermingled.

Seeing them turn about on one foot after they had made their honours, we compared them to your tops or gigs, such as boys use to whip about; making them turn round so swiftly, that they sleep, as they call it, and motion cannot be perceived, but resembles rest, its contrary: so that if you make a point or mark on some part of one of those gigs, 'twill be perceived not as a point, but as a continual line, in a most divine manner, as Cusanus has wisely observed.

While they were thus warmly engaged, we heard continually the claps and episemapsies, which those of the two bands reiterated at the taking of their enemies; and this, joined to the variety of their motions and music, would have forced smiles out of the most severe Cato, the never-laughing Crassus, the Athenian man-hater Timon; nay, even whining Heraclitus, though he abhorred laughing, the action that's most peculiar to man. For who could have forborn? seeing those young warriors, with their nymphs and queens, so briskly and gracefully advance, retire, jump, leap, skip, spring, fly, vault, caper, move to the right, to the left, every way still in time, so swiftly, and yet so dexterously, that they never touched one another but methodically.

As the number of the combatants lessened, the pleasure of the spectators increased; for the stragagems and motions of the remaining forces were more singular.

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singular. I shall only add, that this pleasing entertainment charmed us to such a degree, that our minds were ravished with admiration and delight; and the martial harmony moved our souls so powerfully, that we easily believed what is said of Ismenias's having excited Alexander to rise from table, and run to his arms, with such a warlike melody. At last the golden king remained master of the field: and while we were minding those dancers, queen Whims vanished, so that we saw her no more from that day to this.

Then Geber's michelots conducted us, and we were set down among her abstractors, as her queenship had commanded. After that, we returned to the port of Mateotechny, and thence straight aboard our ships: for the wind was fair, and had we not hoisted out o'hand, we could hardly have got off in three quarters of a moon in the wain.

CHAP. XXVI.

HOW WE CAME TO THE ISLAND OF ODES, WHERE THE WAYS GO UP AND DOWN.

We sailed before the wind, between a pair of courses, and in two days made the island of Odes, at which place we saw a very strange thing. The ways there are animals: so true is Aristotle's saying, that all self-moving things are animals. Now the ways walk there. Ergo, they are then animals. Some of them are strange unknown ways, like those of the planets; others are highways, crossways, and by-ways. I perceived that the travellers and inhabitants of that country asked, Whither does this way go? Whither does that way go? Some answered between

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tween Midy and Fevrolles, to the parish church, to the city, to the river, and so forth. Being thus in their right way, they used to reach their journey's end without any farther trouble, just like those who go by water from Lyons to Avignon or Arles.

Now, as you know that nothing is perfect here below, we heard there was a sort of people whom they called highwaymen, way-beaters, and makers of inroads in roads; and that the poor ways were sadly afraid of them, and shunned them as you do robbers. For these used to way-lay them, as people lay trains for wolves, and set gins for woodcocks. I saw one who was taken up with a lord chief justice's warrant, for having unjustly, and in spite of Pallas, taken the school-way, which is the longest. Another boasted, that he had fairly taken the shortest, and that doing so, he first compassed his design. Thus Carpalim, meeting once Epistemon looking upon a wall with his fiddle-diddle, or live urinal, in his hand, to make a little maid's water, cried, that he did not wonder now how the other came to be still the first at Pantagruel's levee, since he held his shortest, and least used.

I found Bourges highway among these. It went with the deliberation of an abbot, but was made to scamper at the approach of some waggoners, who threatened to have it trampled under their horses feet, and make their waggons run over it, as Tullia's chariot did over her father's body.

I also espied there the old way between Peronne and St. Quentin, which seemed to me a very good, honest, plain way, as smooth as a carpet, and as good as ever was trod upon by shoe of leather.

Among the rocks I knew again the good old way to la Ferrare, mounted on a huge bear. This at a distance would have put me in mind of St. Jerome's picture, had but the bear been a lion; for the poor way was all mortified, and wore a long hoary beard uncombed.

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uncombed and entangled, which looked like the picture of winter, or at least like a white-frosted bush.

On that way were store of beads or rosaries, coarsely made of wild pine tree; and it seemed kneeling, not standing, nor lying flat: but its sides and middle were beaten with huge stones; insomuch that it proved to us at once an object of fear and pity.

While we were examining it, a runner, bachelor of the place, took us aside, and shewing us a white smooth way, somewhat filled with straw, said, Henceforth, gentlemen, do not reject the opinion of Thales the Milesian, who said that water is the beginning of all things; nor that of Homer, who tells us, that all things derive their original from the ocean: for, this same way which you see here, had its beginning from water, and is to return whence she came before two months come to an end; now carts are driven here where boats used to be rowed.

Truly, said Pantagruel, you tell us no news; we see five hundred such changes, and more, every year in our world. Then reflecting on the different manner of going of those moving ways, he told us, he believed that Philolaus and Aristarchus had philosophised in this island, and that Saleucus indeed was of opinion, the earth turns round about its poles, and not the heavens, whatever we may think to the contrary: As when we are on the river Loire, we think the trees and the shore moves, though this is only an effect of our boat's motion.

As we went back to our ships, we saw three way-layers, who having been taken in ambuscado, were going to be broken on the wheel; and a huge fornicator was burned with a lingering fire, for beating away, and breaking one of its sides: we were told it was the way of the banks of the Nile in Egypt.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XXVII.

HOW WE CAME TO THE ISLAND OF SANDALS; AND OF THE ORDER OF SEMIQUAVER FRIARS.

Thence we went to the island of Sandals, whose inhabitants live on nothing but ling-broth. However, we were very kindly received and entertained by Benius the third, king of the island; who, after he had made us drink, took us with him to shew us a spick-and-span new monastery, which he had contrived for the semiquaver friars: so he called the religious men whom he had there. For he said, that on t'other side the water lived friars, who styled themselves her sweet ladyship's most humble servants. Item, the goodly friar-minors, who are semibreves of bulls; the smoaked-herring tribe of minim friars; then the crotchet friars. So that these diminutives could be no more than semiquavers. By the statutes, bulls, and patents of queen Whims, they were all dressed like so many house-burners; except that, as in Anjou your tilers used to quilt their knees when they tile houses, so these holy friars had usually quilted bellies, and thick quilted paunches were among them in much repute. Their cod-pieces were cut slipper fashion, and every monk of them wore two; one sewed before, and another behind; reporting that some certain dreadful mysteries were duly represented by this duplicity of cod-pieces.

They wore shoes as round as basons, in imitation of those who inhabit the sandy sea. Their chins were close shaved, and their feet iron-shod; and to shew they did not value fortune, Benius made them shave and poll the hind part of their poles, as bare as a bird's arse, from the crown to the shoulder-blades: but they had leave to let their hair grow before,

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before, from the two triangular bones in the upper-part of the skull.

Thus they did not value fortune a button, and cared no more for the goods of this world, than you or I do for hanging. And to shew how much they defied that blind jilt, all of them were, not in their hands like her, but at their waist, instead of beads, sharp razors, which they used to new grind twice a day, and set thrice a night.

Each of them had a round ball on their feet, because fortune is said to have one under hers.

The flap of their cowls hanged forward, and not backwards, like those of others: thus none could see their noses, and they laughed without fear both at fortune and the fortunate; neither more nor less than our ladies laugh at bare-faced trulls, when they have those mufflers on, which they call masks, and which were formerly much more properly called charity, because they cover a multitude of sins.

The hind part of their faces were always uncovered, as are our faces, which made them either go with the belly, or the arse foremost, which they pleased. When their hind face went forwards, you would have sworn this had been their natural gait; as well on account of their round shoes, as of the double cod-piece, and their face behind, which was as bare as the back of my hand, and coarsely daubed over with two eyes, and a mouth, such as you see on some Indian nuts. Now, if they offered to waddle along with their bellies forwards, you would have thought they were then playing at blindman's buff. May I never be hanged if it was not a comical sight.

Their way of living was thus. About owl-light they charitably began to boot and spur one another; this being done, the least thing they did was to sleep and snoar; and thus sleeping, they had barnicles on the handles of their faces, or spectacles at most.

You

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You may swear, we did not a little wonder at this odd fancy: but they satisfied us presently, telling us, that the day of judgment is to take mankind napping; therefore to shew they did not refuse to make their personal appearance, as fortune's darlings used to do, they were always thus booted and spurred, ready to mount whenever the trumpet should sound.

At noon, as soon as the clock struck, they used to awake. You must know that their clock-bell, church-bells, and refectuary-bells, were all made according to the pontial device, that is, quilted with the finest down, and their clappers of fox-tails.

Having then made shift to get up at noon, they pulled off their boots, and those that wanted to speak with a maid, alias piss, pissed; those that wanted to scumber, scumbered; and those that wanted to sneeze, sneezed. But all, whether they would or no (poor gentlemen!) were obliged largely and plentifully to yawn, and this was their first breakfast. (O rigorous statute!) Methought 'twas very comical to observe their transactions; for, having laid their boots and spurs on a rack, they went into the cloisters: there they curiously washed their hands and mouths, then sat them down on a long bench, and picked their teeth till the provost gave the signal, whistling through his fingers; then every he stretched out his jaws as much as he could, and they gaped and yawned for about half an hour, sometimes more, sometimes less, according as the prior judged the breakfast to be suitable to the day.

After that, they went in procession; two banners being carried before them, in one of which was the picture of virtue, and that of fortune in the other. The last went before, carried by a semiquavering-friar, at whose heels was another with the shadow or image of virtue in one hand, and an holy-water-

sprinkle

sprinkle in the other; I mean of that holy mercurial-water, which Ovid describes in his de fastis. And as the preceding semiquaver rang a hand-bell, this shaked the sprinkle with his fist. With that, says Pantagruel, This order contradicts the rule which Tully and the academics prescribed, that virtue ought to go before, and fortune follow. But they told us, they did as they ought, seeing their design was to breech, lash, and bethwack fortune.

During the processions, they trilled and quavered most melodiously betwixt their teeth I don't know what antiphonies, or chantings by turns: for my part, 'twas all Hebrew-Greek to me, the devil a word I could pick out on't; at last, pricking up my ears, and intensely listening, I perceived they only sang with the tip of theirs. Oh, what a rare harmony it was! How well 'twas tuned to the sound of their bells! You'll never find those to jar, that you won't. Pantagruel made a notable observation upon the processions: For, says he, have you seen and observed the policy of these semiquavers? To make an end of their procession, they went out at one of their church-doors, and came in at the other; they took a deal of care not to come in at the place whereat they went out. On my honour, these are a subtle sort of people, quoth Panurge; they have as much wit as three folks, two fools and a madman; they are as wise as the calf that ran nine miles to suck a bull, and when he came there 'twas a steer. This subtilty and wisdom of theirs, cried friar John, is borrowed from the occult philosophy: may I be gutted like an oyster, if I can tell what to make on't. Then the more 'tis to be feared, said Pantagruel: for subtilty suspected, subtilty foreseen, subtilty found out, loses the essence and very name of subtilty, and only gains that of blockishness. They are not such fools as you take them to be; they have more tricks than are good, I doubt.

After

After the procession, they went sluggingly into the fratry room by the way of walk and healthful exercise, and there kneeled under the tables, leaning their breasts on lanterns. While they were in that posture, in came a huge sandal, with a pitchfork in his hand, who used to baste, rib-roast, swaddle, and swinge them well favourably, as they said, and in truth treated them after a fashion. They began their meal as you end yours, with cheese, and ended it with mustard and lettuce, as Martial tells us the ancients did. Afterwards a platter full of mustard was brought before every one of them; and thus they made good the proverb, after meat comes mustard.

Their diet was this.

O' Sundays they stuffed their puddings with puddings, chitterlings, links, Bolonia sausages, forced-meats, liverings, hogs-haslets, young quails, and teals: you must also always add cheese for the first course, and mustard for the last.

O' Mondays, they were crammed with pease and pork, cum commento, and interlineary glosses.

O' Tuesdays, they used to twist store of holy-bread, cakes, buns, puffs, lenten loaves, jumbals, and biscuits.

O' Wednesdays, my gentlemen had fine sheeps-heads, calves-heads, and brocks-heads, of which there's no want in that country.

O' Thursdays, they guzzled down seven sorts of porridge, not forgetting mustard.

O' Fridays, they munched nothing but services or sorb-apples; neither were these full ripe, as I guessed by their complexion.

O' Saturdays, they gnawed bones; not that they were poor or needy, for every mother's son of 'em had a very good fat belly-benefice.

As for their drink, 'twas an antifortunal; thus they

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they called I don't know what sort of a liquor of the place.

When they wanted to eat or drink, they turned down the back-points or flaps of their cowls forwards, below their chins, and that served 'em instead of gorgets or slabbering-bibs.

When they had well dined, they prayed rarely all in quavers and shakes; and the rest of the day, expecting the day of judgment, they were taken up with acts of charity, and particularly

O' Sundays, rubbers at cuffs.

O' Mondays, lending each other flirts and fillips on the nose.

O' Tuesdays, clapperclawing one another.

O' Wednesdays, sniting and fly-flapping.

O' Thursdays, worming and pumping.

O' Fridays, tickling.

O' Saturdays, jirking and firking one another.

Such was their diet when they resided in the convent, and if the prior of the monk-house sent any of them abroad, then they were strictly enjoined, neither to touch nor eat any manner of fish, as long as they were on sea or rivers; and to abstain from all manner of flesh whenever they were at land; that every one might be convinced, that while they enjoyed the object, they denied themselves the power, and even the desire, and were no more moved with it, than the Marpesian rock.

All this was done with proper antiphones, still sung and chanted by ear, as we have already observed.

When the sun went to bed, they fairly booted and spurred each other as before, and having clapped on their barnicles, e'en jogged to bed too. At midnight the sandal came to them, and up they got, and having well whetted and set their razors, and been a processioning, they clapped the tables over

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thomselves, and like wire-drawers under their work, fell to it as aforesaid.

Friar John des Entoumeures, having shrewdly observed these jolly semiquaver friars, and had a full account of their statutes, lost all patience, and cried out aloud; Bounce tail, and God ha' mercy guts; if every fool should wear a bauble, fuel would be dear. A plague rot it, we must know how many farts go to an ounce. Would Priapus were here, as he used to be at the nocturnal festivals in Crete, that I might see him play backwards, and wriggle and shake to the purpose. Ay, ay, this is the world, and t'other is the country: may I never piss if this be not an antichthonian land, and our very antipodes. In Germany they pull down monasteries and unfrockify the monks: here they go quite kam, and act clean contrary to others, setting new ones up, against the hair.

CHAP. XXVIII.

HOW PANURGE ASKED A SEMIQUAVER FRIAR MANY QUESTIONS, AND WAS ONLY ANSWERED IN MONOSYLLABLES.

Panurge, who had since been wholly taken up with staring at these royal semiquavers, at last pulled one of them by the sleeve, who was as lean * as a rake, and asked him,

Hark'e me, friar quaver, semiquaver, demi-semiquavering quaver, where's the punk?

The friar pointing downwards, answered, There.

Pan. Pray have you many!

Fri. Few.

Pan. How many scores have you?

Fri.

* *As a rake.*] As a dried red-herring devil, in the original.

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Fri. One.
Pan. How many would you have?
Fri. Five.
Pan. Where do you hide 'em?
Fri. Here.
Pan. I suppose they are not all of one age; but pray how is their shape?
Fri. Straight.
Pan. Their complexion?
Fri. Clear.
Pan. Their hair?
Fri. Fair.
Pan. Their eyes?
Fri. Black.
Pan. Their features?
Fri. Good.
Pan. Their brows?
Fri. Soft.
Pan. Their graces?
Fri. Ripe.
Pan. Their looks?
Fri. Free.
Pan. Their feet?
Fri. Flat.
Pan. Their heels?
Fri. Short.
Pan. Their lower parts?
Fri. Rare.
Pan. And their arms?
Fri. Long.
Pan. What do they wear on their hands?
Fri. Gloves.
Pan. What sort of rings on their fingers?
Fri. Gold.
Pan. What rigging do you keep 'em in?
Fri. Cloth.
Pan. What sort of cloth is it?
Fri. New.

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Pan. What colour?
Fri. Sky.
Pan. What kind of cloth is it?
Fri. Fine.
Pan. What caps do they wear?
Fri. Blue.
Pan. What's the colour of their stockings?
Fri. Red.
Pan. What wear they on their feet?
Fri. Pumps.
Pan. How do they use to be?
Fri. Foul.
Pan. How do they use to walk?
Fri. Fast.
Pan. Now let's talk of the kitchen, I mean that of the harlots, and without going hand over head, let's a little examine things by particulars. What is in their kitchens?
Fri. Fire.
Pan. What fuel feeds it?
Fri. Wood.
Pan. What sort of wood is it?
Fri. Dry.
Pan. And of what kind of trees?
Fri. Yews.
Pan. What are the faggots and brushes of?
Fri. Holme.
Pan. What wood do you burn in your chambers?
Fri. Pine.
Pan. And of what other trees?
Fri. Line.
Pan. Harkee me, as for the buttocks, I'll go your halves: pray, how do you feed 'em?
Fri. Well.
Pan. First, what do they eat?
Fri. Bread.
Pan. Of what complexion?
Fri. White.

Pan.

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Pan. And what else?
Fri. Meat.
Pan. How do they love it drest?
Fri. Roast.
Pan. What sort of porridge?
Fri. None.
Pan. Are they for pies and tarts?
Fri. Much.
Pan. There I'm their man. Will fish go down with them?
Fri. Well.
Pan. And what else?
Fri. Eggs.
Pan. How do they like 'em?
Fri. Boiled.
Pan. How must they be done?
Fri. Hard.
Pan. Is this all they have?
Fri. No.
Pan. What have they besides then?
Fri. Beef.
Pan. And what else?
Fri. Pork.
Pan. And what more?
Fri. Geese.
Pan. What then?
Fri. Ducks.
Pan. And what besides?
Fri. Cocks.
Pan. What do they season their meat with?
Fri. Salt.
Pan. What sauce are they most dainty for?
Fri. Must.
Pan. What's their last course?
Fri. Rice.
Pan. And what else?
Fri. Milk.
Pan. What besides?

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Fri. Pease.
Pan. What sort?
Fri. Green.
Pan. What do they boil with 'em?
Fri. Pork.
Pan. What fruit do they eat?
Fri. Good.
Pan. How?
Fri. Raw.
Pan. What do they end with?
Fri. Nuts.
Pan. How do they drink?
Fri. Neat.
Pan. What liquor?
Fri. Wine.
Pan. What sort?
Fri. White.
Pan. In winter?
Fri. Strong.
Pan. In the spring?
Fri. Brisk.
Pan. In summer?
Fri. Cool.
Pan. In autumn?
Fri. New.

Buttock of a monk! cried friar John, how plump these plaguy trulls, these arch semiquavering strumpets must be! That damned cattle are so high fed that they must needs be high-mettled, and ready to wince, and give two ups for one go-down, when any one offers to ride 'em below the crupper.

Pr'ythee, friar John, quoth Panurge, hold thy prating tongue, stay till I have done.

Till what time do the doxies sit up?
Fri. Night.
Pan. When do they get up?
Fri. Late.
Pan. May I ride on a horse that was foaled of an acorn,

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acorn, if this be not as honest a cod as ever the ground went upon, and as grave as an old gate-post into the bargain. Would to the blessed St. Semiquaver, and the blessed worthy virgin St. Semiquavera, he were lord chief president [justice] of Paris. Odsbodikins, how he'd dispatch! With what expedition would he bring disputes to an upshot! What an abbreviator and clawer off of law-suits, reconciler of differences, examiner and fumbler of bags, peruser of bills, scribbler of rough-draughts, and an engrosser of deeds would he not make! Well, friar, spare your breath to cool your porridge: come, let's now talk with deliberation, fairly and softly, as law-year go to heaven. Let's know how you victual the venereal camp.

How is the snatchblatch?

Fri. Rough.

Pan. How is the gate-way.

Fri. Free.

Pan. And how'st within?

Fri. Deep.

Pan. I mean, what weather is it there?

Fri. Hot.

Pan. What shadows the brooks?

Fri. Groves.

Pan. Of what's the colour of the twigs?

Fri. Red.

Pan. And that of the old?

Fri. Grey.

Pan. How are you when you shake?

Fri. Brisk.

Pan. How is their motion?

Fri. Quick.

Pan. Would you have them vault or wriggle more?

Fri. Less.

Pan. What kind of tools are yours?

Fri. Big.

Pan. And in their helves?

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Fri. Round.

Pan. Of what colour's the tip?

Fri. Red.

Pan. When they've been used, how are they?

Fri. Shrunk.

Pan. How much weighs each bag of tools.

Fri. Pounds.

Pan. How hang your pouches?

Fri. Tight.

Pan. How are they when you have done?

Fri. Lank.

Pan. Now, by the oath you have taken, tell me, when you have a mind to cohabit, how you throw 'em?

Fri. Down.

Pan. And what do they say then?

Fri. Fie.

Pan. However, like maids, they say nay, and take it; and speak the less, but think the more; minding the work in hand; do they not?

Fri. True.

Pan. Do they get you bairns?—Babies

Fri. None.

Pan. How do you pig together?

Fri. Bare.

Pan. Remember you're upon your oath, and tell me justly, and bonâ fide, how many times a day you monk it?

Fri. Six.

Pan. How many bouts o'nights.

Fri. Ten.

Cat so, quoth friar John, the poor fornicating brother's bashful, and sticks at sixteen, as if that were his stint. Right, quoth Panurge, but couldst thou keep pace with him, friar John, my dainty cod? May the devil's dam suck my teat, if he does not look as if he had got a blow over the nose with a Naples' cowl-staff.

Pan.

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Pan. Pray, friar Shakewell, does your whole fraternity quaver and shake at that rate?

Fri. All.

Pan. Who of them is the best cock o'the game?

Fri. I.

Pan. Do you never commit dry bobs, or flashes in the pan?

Fri. None.

Pan. I blush like any black dog, and could be as testy as an old cook, when I think on all this; it passes my understanding. But, pray, when you have been pumpt dry one day, what have you got the next?

Fri. More.

Pan. By Priapus, they have the Indian herb, of which Theophrastus spoke, or I am much out. But harkee me, thou man of brevity, should some impediment honestly, or otherwise, impair your talents, and cause your benevolence to lessen, how would it fare with you then?

Fri. Ill.

Pan. What would the wenches do?

Fri. Rail.

Pan. What if you skipt, and let 'em fast a whole day?

Fri. Worse.

Pan. What do you give 'em then?

Fri. Thwacks.

Pan. What say they to this?

Fri. Bawl.

Pan. And what else?

Fri. Curse.

Pan. How do you correct 'em?

Fri. Hard.

Pan. What do you get out of 'em then?

Fri. Blood.

Pan. How's their complexion then?

Fri. Odd.

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Pan. What do they mend it with?

Fri. Paint.

Pan. Then, what do they do?

Fri. Fawn.

Pan. By the oath you have taken, tell me truly, what time of the year do you do it least in?

Fri. Now. *

Pan. What season do you do it best in?

Fri. March.

Pan. How is your performance the rest of the year?

Fri. Brisk.

Then, quoth Panurge, sneering, Of all, and of all, commend me to ball; this friar of the w for my money: you've heard how short, cor and compendious he is in his answers? Nothin be got out of him but monosyllables? By ji believe he would make three bites of a cherry.

Damn him, cried friar John, that's as true a his uncle: the dog yelps at another gat's rate he is among his bitches; there he is polysy... enough, my life for yours. You talk of making three bites of a cherry! God send fools more wit, and us more money: may I be doomed to fast a whole day, if I don't verily believe he would not make above two bites of a shoulder of mutton, and one swoop of a whole pottle of wine; zoons, do but see how down o' the mouth the cur looks! He's nothing but skin and bones; he has pissed his tallow.

Truly, truly, quoth Epistemon, this rascally monastical vermin all over the world mind nothing but their gut, and are as ravenous as any kites, and then, forsooth, they tell us they've nothing but food and raiment in this world: 'sdeath, what more have kings and princes?

CHAP.

* August.

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CHAP. XXIX.

HOW EPISTEMON DISLIKED THE INSTITUTION OF LENT.

PRAY did you observe, continued Epistemon, how this damned ill-favoured semiquaver mentioned March as the best month for caterwauling. True, said Pantagruel, yet Lent and March always go together: and the first was instituted to macerate and bring down our pampered flesh, to weaken and subdue its lusts, and to curb and assuage the venereal ...e.

...by this, said Epistemon, you may guess what ...d of a pope it was, who first enjoined it to be ...: since this filthy wooden-shoe'd semiquaver ... that his spoon is never oftener nor deeper in the ...inger of letchery than in Lent. Add to this, ... vident reasons given by all good and learned physicians, affirming, that throughout the whole year no food is eaten, that can prompt mankind to lascivious acts, more than at that time.

As for example, beans, pease, phasels or long-peason, ciches, onions, nuts, oysters, herrings, salt-meats, garum, (a kind of anchovy) and sallads, wholly made up of venereous herbs and fruits, as,

Rocket,
Nose-smart,
Taragon,
Cresses,
Parsley,
Rampions,
Poppy,
Celery,
Hopbuds,
Figs,
Rice,
Raisins, and others.

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'Twould not a little surprise you, said Pantagruel, should a man tell you, that the good pope, who first ordered the keeping of Lent, perceiving that at that time o' year the natural heat (from the centre of the body, whither it was retired, during the winter's cold) diffuses itself as the sap does in trees, through the circumference of the members, did therefore in a manner prescribe that sort of diet to forward the propagation of mankind. What makes me think so, is, that, by the registers of christenings at Tours, it appears that more children are born in October and November, than in the other ten months of the year, and reckoning backwards, 'twill be easily found that they were all made, conceived, and begotten in Lent.

I listen to you with both my ears, quoth friar John, and that with no small pleasure, I'll assure you. But I must tell you, that the vicar of Jambert ascribed this copious prolification of the women, not to that sort of food that we chiefly eat in Lent, but to the little licensed stooping members, your little booted Lent-preachers, your little draggle-tailed father confessors; who, during all that time of their reign, damn all husbands that run astray, three fathoms and a half below the very lowest pit of hell. So the silly cods-headed brothers of the noose dare not then stumble any more at the truckle-bed, to the no small discomfort of their maids, and are even forced, poor souls! to take up with their own bodily wives. Dixi, I have done.

You may discant on the institution of Lent as much as you please, cried Epistemon; so many men, so many minds: but certainly all the physicians will be against its being suppressed, though I think that time is at hand; I know they will, and have heard 'em say, were it not for Lent, their art would soon fall into contempt, and they'd get nothing, for hardly any body would be sick.

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All distempers are sowed in Lent; 'tis the true seminary and native bed of all diseases: nor does it only weaken and putrify bodies, but also makes souls mad and uneasy. For then the devils do their best, and drive a subtle trade, and the tribe of canting dissemblers come out of their holes. 'Tis then term-time with your cucullated pieces of formality, that have one face to God, and the other to the devil; and a wretched clutter they make with their sessions, stations, pardons, syntereses, confessions, whippings, anathematizations, and much prayer, with as little devotion. However, I'll not offer to infer, from this, that the Arimaspians are better than we are in that point; yet I speak to the purpose.

Well, quoth Panurge to the semiquaver friar, who happened to be by, dear bumbasting, shaking, trilling, quavering cod, what think'st thou of this fellow? Is he not a rank heretic?

Fri. Much.

Pan. Ought he not to be singed?

Fri. Well.

Pan. As soon as may be?

Fri. Right.

Pan. Should not he be scalded first?

Fri. No.

Pan. How then should he be roasted?

Fri. Quick.

Pan. Till at last he be?

Fri. Dead.

Pan. What has he made you?

Fri. Mad.

Pan. What do you take him to be?

Fri. Damned.

Pan. What place is he to go to?

Fri. Hell.

Pan. But first, how would you have him served here?

Fri. Burnt.

Pan.

Pan. Some have been served so?

Fri. Store.

Pan. That were heretics?

Fri. Less.

Pan. And the number of those that are to be warmed thus hereafter is?

Fri. Great.

Pan. How many of 'em d'ye intend to save?

Fri. None.

Pan. So you'd have them burnt?

Fri. All.

I wonder, said Epistemon to Panurge, what pleasure you can find in talking thus with his lousy tatterdemallion of a monk; I vow, did I not know you well, I might be ready to think you had no more wit in your head, than he has in both his shoulders. Come, come, scatter no words, returned Panurge, every one as they like, as the woman said when she kissed her cow. I wish I might carry him to Gargantua: when I'm married he might be my wife's fool. And make you one, cried Epistemon. Well said, quoth friar John: now poor Panurge, take that along with thee, thou'rt e'en fitted; 'tis a plain case thou'lt never scape wearing the bull's feather; thy wife will be as common as the highway, that's certain.

CHAP. XXX.

HOW WE CAME TO THE LAND OF SATIN.

Having pleased ourselves with observing that new order of semiquaver friars, we set sail, and in three days our skipper made the finest and most delightful island that ever was seen; he called it the island of Frize; for all the ways were of frize.

In

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In that island is the land of Satin, so celebrated by our court pages. Its trees and herbage never lose their leaves or flowers, and are all damask and flowered velvet. As for the beasts and birds, they are all of tapestry work. There we saw many beasts, birds on trees, of the same colour, bigness, and shape, of those in our country; with this difference, however, that these did eat nothing, and never sung, or bit like ours: and we also saw there many sorts of creatures which we never had seen before.

Among the rest, several elephants in various postures; twelve of which were the six males and six females that were brought to Rome by their governor in the time of Germanicus, Tiberius's nephew: some of them were learned elephants, some musicians, others philosophers, dancers, and shewers of tricks; and all sat down at table in good order, silently eating and drinking like so many fathers in a fratry-room.

With their snouts or proboscises, some two cubits long, they draw up water for their own drinking, and take hold of palm-leaves, plums, and all manner of edibles, using them offensively or defensively, as we do our fists; with them tossing men high into the air in fight, and making them burst with laughing when they come to the ground.

They have joints in their legs, whatever some men, who never saw any but painted, may have written to the contrary. Between their teeth they have two huge horns: thus Juba called 'em, and Pausanias tells us, they are not teeth, but horns: however, Philostratus will have 'em to be teeth, and not horns. 'Tis all one to me, provided you'll be pleased to own them to be true ivory. These are some three or four cubits long, and are fixed in the upper jaw-bone, and consequently not in the lowermost. If you hearken to those who will tell you the contrary, you'll find yourselves damnably mistaken, for that's

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a lie with a latchet: though 'twere Ælian that long-bow man that told you so, never believe him, for he lies as fast as a dog can trot. 'Twas in this very island that Pliny, his brother tell-truth, had seen some elephants dance on the rope with bells, and whip over the tables, presto, be gone, while people were at feasts, without so much as touching the toping topers, or the topers toping.

I saw a rhinoceros there, just such a one as Harry Clerberg had formerly shewed me: methought it was not much unlike a certain boar which I had formerly seen at Limoges, except the sharp horn on its snout, that was about a cubit long; by the means of which that animal dares encounter with an elephant, that is sometimes killed with its point thrust into its belly, which is its most tender and defenceless part.

I saw there two and thirty unicorns. They are a curst sort of creatures, much resembling a fine horse, unless it be that their heads are like a stag's, their feet like an elephant's, their tails like a wild boar's, and out of each of their foreheads sprouts a sharp black horn, some six or seven foot long; commonly it dangles down like a turkey-cock's comb. When an unicorn has a mind to fight, or put it to any other use, what does he do but make it stand, and then 'tis as straight as an arrow.

I saw one of them, which was attended with a throng of other wild beasts, purify a fountain with its horn. With that Panurge told me, that his prancer, alias his nimble-wimble, was like the unicorn, not altogether in length indeed, but in virtue and propriety: for as the unicorn purified pools and fountains from filth and venom, so that other animals came and drank securely there afterwards; in the like manner, others might water their nags, and dabble after him without fear of shankers, carnosities, gonorrhœa's, buboes, crinkams, and such other plagues,

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plagues, caught by those who venture to quench their amorous thirst in a common puddle; for with his nervous horn he removed all the infection that might be lurking in some blind cranny of the mephitic sweet-scented hole.

Well, quoth friar John, when you are sped, that is, when you are married, we'll make a trial of this on thy spouse, merely for charity-sake, since you are pleased to give us so beneficial an instruction.

Aye, aye, returned Panurge, and then immediately I'll give you a pretty gentle aggregrative pill of God, made up of two and twenty kind stabs with a dagger, after the Cæsarian way. Cat so, cried friar John, I had rather take off a bumper of good cool wine.

I saw there the golden fleece, formerly conquered by Jason, and can assure you on the word of an honest man, that those who have said it was not a fleece, but a golden pipin, because μῆλον signifies both an apple and a sheep, were utterly mistaken.

I saw also a cameleon, such as Aristotle describes it, and like that which had been formerly shewed me by Charles Maris, a famous physician of the noble city of Lyons on the Rhone: and the said cameleon lived on air, just as the other did.

I saw three hydra's, like those I had formerly seen. They are a kind of a serpent, with seven different heads.

I saw also fourteen phœnixes. I had read in many authors that there was but one in the whole world in every century: but if I may presume to speak my mind, I declare, that those who said this, had never sēen any, unless it were in the land of tapestry; though 'twere vouched by Lactantius Firmianus.

I saw the skin of Apuleius's golden ass.

I saw three hundred and nine pelicans.

Item, six thousand and sixteen Seleucid birds marching

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marching in battàlia, and picking up straggling grashoppers in corn-fields.

Item, some cynamologi, argatiles, caprimulgi, thynnunculs, onocrotals, or bitterns, with their wide swallows, stymphalides, harpíes, panthers, dorcas's, or bucks, cemas's cynocephalis's, satyrs, cartasons, tarands, uri, monopses, pegasi, neades, cepes, marmosets, or monkeys, presteres, bugles, musimons, byturos's, ophyri, screech owls, goblins, fairies, and griffins.

I saw Mid-lent o'horseback, with Mid-august and Mid-march holding its stirrups.

I saw some mankind wolves, centaurs, tigers, leopards, hyænas, camelopardels, and orix's, or huge wild goats with sharp horns.

I saw a remora, a little fish called echineis by the Greeks, and near it a tall ship, that did not get o'head an inch, though she was in the offing with top and top-gallants spread before the wind. I am somewhat inclined to believe, that 'twas the very numerical ship in which Periander the tyrant happened to be, when it was stopt by such a little fish in spite of wind and tide. 'Twas in this land of Satin, and in no other, that Mutianus had seen one of them.

Friar John told us, that in the days of yore, two sorts of fishes used to abound in our courts of judicature, and rotted the bodies and tormented the souls of those who were at law, whether noble or of mean descent, high or low, rich or poor: the first were your April fish or mackerel, [pimps, panders, and bawds;] the others your beneficial remora's, that is, the eternity of law-suits; the needless lets that keep 'em undecided.

I saw some sphynges, some raphes, some ounces, and some cepphi, whose fore-feet are like hands, and their hind-feet like man's feet.

Also some crocuta's and some eali as big as sea-horses,

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horses, with elephant's tails, boars, jaws and tusks, and horns as pliant as an ass's ears.

The leucrocutes, most fleet animals, as big as our asses of Mirebalais, have necks, tails, and breasts like a lion's, legs like a stag's, the mouth up to the ears, and but two teeth, one above, and one below; they speak with human voices, but when they do, they say nothing.

Some people say, that none ever saw an airy, or nest of sakers: if you'll believe me, I saw no less than eleven, and I'm sure I reckoned right.

I saw some left-handed halberts, which were the first that I had ever seen.

I saw some manticores, a most strange sort of creatures, which have the body of a lion, red hair, a face and ears like a man's, three rows of teeth which close together, as if you joined your hands with your fingers between each other: they have a sting in their tails like a scorpion's and a very melodious voice.

I saw some catablepas's, a sort of serpents, whose bodies are small, but their heads large without any proportion, so that they've much ado to lift them up; and their eyes are so infectious, that whoever sees 'em, dies upon the spot, as if he had seen a basilisk.

I saw some beasts with two backs, and those seemed to me the merriest creatures in the world: they were most nimble at wriggling the buttocks, and more diligent in tail-wagging than any water-wagtails, perpetually jogging and shaking their double rumps.

I saw there some milched craw-fish, creatures that I never heard of before in my life: these moved in very good order, and 'twould have done your heart good to have seen 'em.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XXXI.

HOW IN THE LAND OF SATIN WE SAW HEARSAY, WHO KEPT A SCHOOL OF VOUCHING.

We went a little higher up into the country of Tapestry, and saw the Mediterranean sea open to the right and left down to the very bottom: just as the red sea very fairly left its bed at the Arabian gulph, to make a lane for the Jews, when they left Egypt.

There I found Triton winding his silver shell instead of a born, and also Glaucus, Proteus, Nereus, and a thousand other godlings and sea monsters.

I also saw an infinite number of fish of all kinds, dancing, flying, vaulting, fighting, eating, breathing, billing, shoving, milting, spawning, hunting, fishing, skirmishing, lying in ambuscado, making truces, cheapening, bargaining, swearing, and sporting.

In a blind corner we saw Aristotle holding a lantern, in the posture in which the hermit uses to be drawn near St. Christopher, watching, prying, thinking, and setting every thing down in writing.

Behind him stood a pack of other philosophers, like so many bums by a head bailiff: as Appian, Heliodorus, Athenæus, Porphyrius, Pancrates, Archadian, Numenius, Possidonius, Ovidius, Oppianus, Olypius, Seleucus, Leonides, Agathocles, Theophrastus, Damostratus, Mutianus, Nymphodorus, Ælian, and five hundred other such plodding dons, who were full of business, yet had little to do: like Chrysippus or Aristarchus of Soli, who for eight and fifty years together did nothing in the world but examine the state and concerns of bees.

I spied Peter Gilles among these, with an urinal in his hand, narrowly watching the water of those goodly fishes.

When

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When we had long beheld every thing in this land of Satin, Pantagruel said, I have sufficiently fed my eyes, but my belly is empty all this while, and chimes to let me know it is time to go to dinner: let us take care of the body, lest the soul abdicate it; and to this effect, let us taste some of these *anacampserotes that hang over our heads. Pshaw, cried one, they are mere trash, stark naught o' my word, they are good for nothing.

I then went to pluck some myrobolans off of a piece of tapestry, whereon they hung, but the devil a bit I could chew or swallow them; and had you had them betwixt your teeth, you would have sworn they had been thrown silk; there was no manner of savour in them.

One might be apt to think Heliogabalus had taken a hint from thence, to feast those whom he had caused to fast a long time, promising them a sumptuous, plentiful, and imperial feast after it: for all the treat used to amount to no more than several sorts of meat in wax, marble, earthen-ware, painted and figured table-cloths.

While we were looking up and down to find some more substantial food, we heard a loud various noise, like that of paper-mills, or women bucking of linen: so with all speed we went to the place whence the noise came, where we found a diminutive, monstrous, mishapen old fellow, called Hear-say. His mouth was slit up to his ears, and in it were seven tongues, each of them cleft into seven parts. However he chattered, tattled, and prated with all the seven at once, of different matters, and in divers languages.

He had as many ears all over his head and the rest of his body, as Argus formerly had eyes; and was as blind as a beetle, and had the palsy in his legs.

About

* An herb, the touching of which is said to reconcile lovers.

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About him stood an innumerable number of men and women, gaping, listening, and hearing very intensely: among them I observed some who strutted like crows in a gutter, and principally a very handsome bodied man in the face, who held then a map of the world, and with little aphorisms compendiously explained every thing to them; so that those men of happy memories grew learned in a trice, and would most fluently talk with you of a world of prodigious things, the hundredth part of which would take up a man's whole life to be fully known.

Among the rest, they descanted with great prolixity on the pyramids and hieroglyphics of Egypt, of the Nile, of Babylon, of the Troglodytes, the Hymantopodes, or crumpfooted nation, the Blemiæ, people that wear their heads in the middle of their breasts, the Pigmies, the Cannibals, the Hyperborei and their mountains, the Egypanes with their goat's-feet, and the devil and all of others: every individual word of it by hear-say.

I am much mistaken if I did not see among them Herodotus, Pliny, Solinus, Berosus, Philostratus, Pomponius, Mela, Strabo, and God knows how many other antiquaries.

Then Albert, the great Jacobin friar, Peter Tesmoin, alias Witness, pope Pius the second, Volaterran, Paulus Jovius the valiant, Jemmy Cartier, Chaton the Armenian, Marco Paulo the Venetian, Ludovico Romano, Pedro Aliares, and forty cartloads of other modern historians, lurking behind a piece of tapestry, where they were at it ding-dong, privately scribbling the Lord knows what, and making rare work on't, and all by hear-say.

Behind another piece of tapestry [on which Naboth and Susanna's accusers were fairly represented] I saw close by Hear-say, good store of men of the country of Perche and Maine, notable students, and young enough.

I asked

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I asked what sort of study they applied themselves to? and was told, that from their youth they learned to be evidences, affidavit-men, and vouchers; and were instructed in the art of swearing: in which they soon became such proficients, that, when they left that country, and went back into their own, they set up for themselves, and very honestly lived by their trade of evidencing: positively giving their testimony of all things whatsoever, to those who feed them most roundly to do a job of journey-work for them; and all this by hear-say.

You may think what you will of it, but I can assure you, they gave some of us corners of their cakes, and we merrily helped to empty their hogsheads. Then in a friendly manner, they advised us to be as sparing of truth as possibly we could, if ever we had a mind to get court preferment.

CHAP. XXXII.

HOW WE CAME IN SIGHT OF LANTERN-LAND.

HAVING been scurvily entertained in the land of Satin, we went o' board, and having set sail, in four days came near the coast of Lantern-land. We then saw certain little hovering fires on the sea.

For my part I did not take them to be lanterns, but rather thought they were fishes, which lolled their flaming tongues on the surface of the sea; or lampyrises, which some call cicindela's or glow-worms, shining there as ripe barley does o' nights in my country.

But the skipper satisfied us that they were the lanterns of the watch, or more properly light-houses, set up in many places round the precinct of the place to discover the land, and for the safe piloting in of some

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some outlandish lanterns, which, like good franciscan and jacobin friars, were coming to make their personal appearance at the provincial chapter.

However, some of us were somewhat suspicious that these fires were the forerunners of some storm: but the skipper assured us again they were not.

CHAP. XXXIII.

HOW WE LANDED AT THE PORT OF THE LYCHNOBII, AND CAME TO LANTERN-LAND.

Soon after we arrived at the port of lantern-land, where Pantagruel discovered, on a high tower, the lantern of Rochel, that stood us in good stead, for it cast a great light. We also saw the lantern of Pharos, that of Nauplion, and that of Acropolis, at Athens, sacred to Pallas.

Near the port, there is a little hamlet inhabited by the Lychnobii, that live by lanterns, as the gulligutted friars in our country live by nuns: they are studious people, and as honest men as ever shit in a trumpet. Demosthenes had formerly lanternised there.

We were conducted from that place to the palace by three * obeliscolichnys, military guards of the port, with high-crowned hats, whom we acquainted with the cause of our voyage, and our design; which was to desire the queen of the country to grant us a lantern to light and conduct us, during our voyage to the oracle of the bottle.

They promised to assist us in this, and added, that we could never have come in a better time; for then the lanterns held their provincial chapter.

When

* A kind of beacons.

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When we came to the royal palace, we had audience of her highness, the queen of Lantern-land, being introduced by two lanterns of honour, that of Aristophanes, and that of Cleanthes. Panurge in few words acquainted her with the causes of our voyage, and she received us with great demonstrations of friendship; desiring us to come to her at supper-time, that we might more easily make choice of one to be our guide; which pleased us extremely. We did not fail to observe intensely every thing we could see, as the garbs, motions and deportments of the queen's subjects, principally the manner after which she was served.

The bright queen was dressed in virgin crystal of Tutia, wrought damaskwise, and beset with large diamonds.

The lanterns of the royal blood were clad partly with bastard-diamonds, partly with diaphanous stones; the rest with horn, paper, and oiled cloth.

The cresset-lights took place according to the antiquity and lustre of their families.

An earthen dark-lantern, shaped like a pot, notwithstanding this, took place of some of the first quality: at which I wondered much, till I was told it was that of Epictetus, for which three thousand drachmas had been formerly refused.

Martial's * polymix lantern made a very good figure there: I took particular notice of its dress, and more yet of the icosimyx, formerly consecrated by Canopa the daughter of Tisias.

I saw the pensile lantern, formerly taken out of the temple of Apollo Palatinus at Thebes, and afterwards by Alexander the great carried to the town of Cymos.

I saw another that distinguished itself from the rest by a bushy tuft of crimson silk on its head. I was

* A lamp with many wicks, or a branched candlestick with many springs coming out of it, that supply all the branches with oil.

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was told it was that of Bartolus, the lantern of the civilians.

Two others were very remarkable for glister-pouches that dangled at their waist. We were told, that one was the greater light, and the other the lesser light of the 'pothecaries.

When it was supper-time, the queen's highness first sat down, and then the rest, according to their rank and dignity.

For the first course, they were all served with large christmas candles; except the queen, who was served with a hugeous, thick, stiff, flaming taper, of white wax, somewhat red towards the tip; and the royal family, as also the provincial lantern of Mirebelais, who were served with nut-lights; and the provincial of lower Poitou, with an armed candle.

After that, God-wot, what a glorious light they gave with their wicks: I do not say all; for you must except a parcel of junior lanterns, under the government of a high and mighty one. These did not cast a light like the rest, but seemed to me dimmer than any long-snuff farthing candle, whose tallow has been half melted away in a hot house.

After supper we withdrew to take some rest, and the next day the queen made us chuse one of the most illustrious lanterns to guide us: after which we took our leave.

CHAP. XXXIV.

HOW WE ARRIVED AT THE ORACLE OF THE BOTTLE.

Our glorious lantern lighting and directing us to our heart's content, we at last arrived at the desired island, where was the oracle of the bottle. As soon as friend Panurge landed, he nimbly cut a caper with one

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one leg for joy, and cried to Pantagruel, Now we are where we have wished ourselves long ago. This is the place we have been seeking with such toil and labour. He then made a compliment to our lantern, who desired us to be of good cheer, and not be daunted or dismayed, whatever we might chance to see.

To come to the temple of the holy bottle, we were to go through a large vineyard, in which were all sorts of vines, as the Falernian, Malvesian, the Muscadine, those of Taige, Beaune, Mirevaux, Orleans, Picardent, Arbois, Coussi, Anjou, Grave, Corsica, Vierron, Nerac, and others. This vineyard was formerly planted by the good Bacchus, with so great a blessing, that it yields leaves, flowers, and fruit, all the year round, like the orange trees at Serene.

Our magnificent lantern ordered every one of us to eat three grapes, to put some vine-leaves in his shoes, and take a vine-branch in his left hand.

At the end of the close, we went under an arch built after the manner of those of the ancients. The trophies of a toper were curiously carved on it.

First, on one side, was to be seen a long train of flaggons, leathern bottles, flasks, cans, glass bottles, barrels, nipperkins, pint-pots, quart-pots, pottles, gallons, and old fashioned semaises [swinging wooden pots, such as those out of which the Germans fill their glasses] : these hung on a shady arbour.

On another side was store of garlic, onions shallots, hams, botargos, caviar, biscuits, neat's tongues, old cheese, and such like comfits, very artificially interwoven, and packed together with vine-stocks.

On another were a hundred sorts of drinking glasses, cups, cisterns, ewers, false cups, tumblers, bowls, mazers, mugs, jugs, goblets, talboys, and such other bacchic artillery.

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On the frontispiece of the triumphal arch, under the zoophore, was the following couplet:

You, who presume to move this way,
Get a good lantern, lest you stray.

We took special care of that, cried Pantagruel, when he read them: for there is not a better or a more divine lantern than ours in all Lantern-land.

This arch ended at a fine large round alley, covered over with the interlaid branches of vines, loaded and adorned with clusters of five hundred different colours, and of as many various shapes, not natural, but due to the skill of agriculture: some were golden, other blueish, tawny, azure, white, black, green, purple, streaked with many colours, long, round, * triangular, cod-like, hairy, great-headed, and grassy. That pleasant alley ended at three old ivy-trees, verdant, and all loaden with rings. Our most illustrious lantern directed us to make ourselves high crowned hats with some of their leaves, and cover our heads wholly with them, which was immediately done.

Jupiter's priestess, said Pantagruel, in former days, would not, like us, have walked under this arbour. There was a mystical reason, answered our most perspicuous lantern, that would have hindered her. For had she gone under it, the wine, or the grapes of which it is made, that is the same thing, had been over her head, and then she would have seemed overtopt and mastered by wine. Which implies, that priests, and all persons who devote themselves to the contemplation of divine things, ought to keep their minds sedate and calm, and avoid whatever may disturb and discompose their tranquillity; which nothing is more apt to do than drunkenness.

You

* *Triangle.*] Read *Trangle*; for that is the word used by Rabelais. It signifies a glass turned angularly. In the author's time they said *tor* for *tour*, *torner* for *tourner*.

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You also, continued our lantern, could not come into the holy bottle's presence, after you have gone through this arch, did not that noble priestess Bacbuc first see your shoes full of vine leaves: which action is diametrically opposite to the other, and signifies that you despise wine, and having mastered it, as it were, tread it underfoot.

I am no scholar, quoth friar John, for which I am heartily sorry; yet I find, by my breviary, that in the Revelation, a woman was seen with the moon under her feet, which was a most wonderful sight. Now, as Bigot explained it to me, this was to signify, that she was not of the nature of other women; for they have all the moon at their heads, and consequently their brains are always troubled with a lunacy: this makes me willing to believe what you said, dear madam Lantern.

CHAP. XXXV.

HOW WE WENT UNDER-GROUND TO COME TO THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY BOTTLE; AND HOW CHINON IS THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

We went under ground through a plastered vault, on which was coarsely painted a dance of women and satyrs, waiting on old Silenus, who was grinning o' horseback on his ass. This made me say to Pantagruel, that this entry put me in mind of the * painted

* *Painted cellar, or the house of Innocent the pastry-cook.*] The ancient Dutch scholiast here has these words, It was Rabelais's house, and in my time belonged to his son: in order to go from this house into the painted cellar, instead of going down stairs, as in other cellars, in this, people went up stairs; it being much higher than the house, and had as many steps as there are days in the year. It is the highest part of the castle of Chinon, which commands the whole town. The word painted is equivocal, and ought not to be written *cave peinte* (painted

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ed cellar, in the oldest city in the world, where such paintings are to be seen, and in as cool a place.

Which is the oldest city in the world? asked Pantagruel. It is Chinon, sir, or Cainon in Touraine, said I. I know, returned Pantagruel, where Chinon lies, and the painted cellar also, having myself drunk there many a glass of cool wine: neither do I doubt but that Chinon is an ancient town; witness its blazon. I own it is said twice or thrice,

Chinon,
Petite ville, grand renom,
Assise sur pierre ancienne:
Au haut le bois, au pied la Vienne.

Chinon,
Little town,
Great renown,
On old stone
Long has stood:
There's the Vienne, if you look down;
If you look up, there's the wood.

But how, continued he, can you make it out that it is the oldest city in the world? Where did you find this written? I have found it in the sacred writ, said I, that Cain was the first that built a town: we may then reasonably conjecture, that from his name he gave it that of Cainon. Thus, after his example, most other founders of towns have given them their names; Athena, that is Minerva in Greek, to Athens, Alexander, to Alexandria; Constantine, to Constantinople; Pompey, to Pompeiopolis in Cilicia; Adrian, to Adrianople; Canaan, to the Canaanites; Saba, to the Sabæans; Assur, to the Assyrians: and so Ptolemais,

(painted cellar) but *cave à pinte* (the pint-cellar) because people went thither for wine, and fetched it away in certain wine-pots, or pewter vessels, called *pintes*.

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Ptolemais, Cæsara, Tiberias, and Herodium in Judæa got their names.

While we were thus talking, there came to us the great flask whom our lantern called the philosopher, her holiness the bottle's governor. He was attended with a troop of the temple-guards, all French bottles in wicker armour; and seeing us with our javelins wrapped with ivy, with our illustrious lantern, whom he knew, he desired us to come in with all manner of safety, and ordered we should be immediately conducted to the princess Bacbuc, the bottle's lady of honour, and priestess of all the mysteries: which was done.

CHAP. XXXVI.

HOW WE WENT DOWN THE TEDRATIC STEPS, AND OF PANURGE'S FEAR.

We went down one marble step under ground, where there was a resting, or (as our workmen call it) a landing place: then turning to the left, we went down two other steps, where there was another resting place: after that we came to three other steps turning about, and met a third; and the like at four steps which we met afterwards. There, quoth Panurge, is it here? How many steps have you told, asked our magnificent lantern? One, two, three, four, answered Pantagruel. How much is that, asked she? Ten, returned he. Multiply that, said she, according to the same pythagorical tètrad. That is ten, twenty, thirty, forty, cried Pantagruel. How much is the whole, said she? One hundred, answered Pantagruel. Add, continued she, the first cube, that is eight; at the end of that fatal number you will find the temple-gate: and pray observe, this is

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the true psychogony of Plato, so celebrated by the academics, yet so little understood; one moiety of which consists of the unity of the two first numbers full of two square and two cubic numbers. We then went down those numerical stairs, all under ground: and I can assure you in the first place, that our legs stood us in good stead; for had it not been for them, we had rolled just like so many hogsheads into a vault. Secondly our radiant lantern gave us just so much light as is in saint Patrick's hole in Ireland, or Trophonius's cavern in Bœotia; which caused Panurge to say to her, after we were got down some seventy-eight steps:

Dear madam, with a sorrowful aching heart, I most humbly beseech your lanternship to lead us back. May I be led to hell, if I be not half dead with fear: my heart is sunk down into my hose; I am afraid I shall make buttered eggs in my breeches. I freely consent never to marry. You have given yourself too much trouble on my account; the Lord shall reward you in his great rewarding-place: neither will I be ungrateful when I come out of this cave of Troglodytes. Let us go back, I pray you. I am very much afraid this is Tænarus, the low way to hell, and methinks I already hear Cerberus bark. Hark! I hear the cur, or my ears tingle: I have no manner of kindness for the dog, for there never is a greater tooth-ache, than when dogs bite us by the shins: and if this be only Trophonius's pit, the lemures, hobthrushes and goblins will certainly swallow us alive; just as they devoured formerly one of Demetrius's halbardiers, for want of lunchions of bread. Art thou here, friar John? Pr'ythee, dear, dear cod, stay by me; I am almost dead with fear. Hast thou got thy bilbo? Alas! poor pilgarlic is defenceless: I am a naked man thou knowest; let us go back. Zoons, fear nothing, cried friar John, I am by thee, and have thee fast by the collar:

eighteen.

eighteen devils shan't get thee out of my clutches, though I were unarmed. Never did a man yet want weapons who had a good arm with as stout a heart; heaven would sooner send down a shower of them: even as in Provence, in the fields of la Crau, near Mariane, there rained stones (they are there to this day) to help Hercules, who otherwise wanted wherewithal to fight Neptune's two bastards. But whither are we bound? Are we a going to the little children's limbo? By Pluto they will bepaw and conskite us all. Or are we going to hell for orders? By cob's body, I'll hamper, bethwack, and belabour all the devils, now I have some vine-leaves in my shoes. Thou shalt see me lay about me like mad, old boy. Which way? where the devil are they? I fear nothing but their damned horns: but cuckoldy Panurge's bull's feather will altogether secure me from them.

Lo! in a prophetic spirit I already see him, like another Actæon, horned, horny, hornified. Pr'ythee, quoth Panurge, take heed thyself, dear frater, lest, till monks have leave to marry, thou wed'st something thou dost not like, as some quartan ague: if thou dost, may I never come safe and sound out of this hypogeum, this subterranean cave, if I don't tup and ram that disease merely for the sake of making thee a cornuted, corniferous property: otherwise I fancy the quartan ague is but an indifferent bed-fellow. I remember Gripe-men-all threatened to wed thee to some such thing, for which thou calledst him heretic.

Here our splendid lantern interrupted them, letting us know this was the place * where we were to have

* *Where we were to have a taste of the creature.*] It should be, where we were to observe taciturnity: *favere linguis*: which in the sacrifices, and other religious ceremonies of the Romans, signified to keep silence: *favorare* being the same as *favere linguis*. But this word by the printer's fault, used to be written *savorare*, which occasioned the mistake above.

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a taste of the creature, and be silent; bidding us not despair of having the word of the bottle before we went back, since we had lined our shoes with vine-leaves.

Come on then, cried Panurge, let's charge through and through all the devils of hell; we can but perish, and that's soon done: however, I thought to have reserved my life for some mighty battle. Move, move, move forwards; I am as stout as Hercules, my breeches are full of courage: my heart trembles a little, I own; but that's only an effect of the coldness and dampness of this vault; 'tis neither fear nor an ague. Come on, move on, piss, pish, push on. My name's William Dreadnought.

CHAP. XXXVII.

HOW THE TEMPLE GATES IN A WONDERFUL MANNER OPENED OF THEMSELVES.

After we were got down the steps, we came to a portal of fine jasper, of Doric order, on whose front we read this sentence in the finest gold, ΕΝ ΟΙΝΩ ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ; that is, In wine, truth, The two folding doors of the gate were of * Corinthian-like brass, massy, wrought with little vine-branches, finely embossed and engraven, and were equally joined and closed together in their mortaise without any padlock, key chain, or tie whatsoever. Where they joined, there hanged an Indian loadstone as big as an Egyptian bean, set in gold, having two points, hexagonal, in a right line; and on each side, towards the wall, hanged a handful of † scordium.

There

* *Corinthian-like brass.*] See Pliny, l. 34, c. 2. Corinthian brass is held to be a mixture of gold, silver, and brass.

† *Scordium, &c.*] Wrong: Rabelais says, *une poignée de scordon,*

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There our noble lantern desired us not to take it amiss that she went no further with us, leaving us wholly to the conduct of the priestess Bacbuc: for she herself was not allowed to go in, for certain causes rather to be concealed than revealed to mortals. However, she advised us to be resolute and secure, and to trust to her for the return. She then pulled the loadstone that hanged at the folding of the gates, and throwed it into a silver box fixed for that purpose: which done, from the threshold of each gate she drew a twine of crimson silk about nine foot long, by which the scordium hanged, and having fastened it to two gold buckles that hanged at the sides, she withdrew.

Immediately the gates * flew open without being touched: not with a creaking, or loud harsh noise, like that made by heavy brazen gates; but with a soft pleasing murmur that resounded through the arches of the temple.

Pantagruel soon knew the cause of it, having discovered a small cylinder or roller that joined the gates over the threshold, and, turning like them towards the wall on a hard well-polished ophites stone, with rubbing and rolling, caused that harmonious murmur.

I wondered how the gates thus opened of themselves to the right and left, and after we were all got in, I cast my eye between the gates and the wall, to endeavour to know how this happened: for one would have thought our kind lantern had put be-

 tween

don, i. e. a handful of garlic: σκόρδον in Greek: not σκόρδιον, *scordium*, which is another herb, *quæ allii odorem resipit* (says Robinson's lexicon;) it has indeed the smell of garlic and no more. In *malignis morbis efficax*, continues Robinson, speaking of *scordium*: called by the French *chamaras*, not *l'ail*. Erroneously therefore, here, and elsewhere in the same chapter, have the editors of Rabelais's works printed *scordeon* sometimes, and sometimes *scordion*.

* *Flew open.*] This is in imitation of the description of Apolidon's palace in ch. xi. of b. iv. of Amadis de Gaul.

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tween the gates the herb æthiopis, which they say opens some things that are shut: but I perceived that the parts of the gates that joined on the inside were covered with steel; and just where the said gates touched when they were opened, I saw two square * Indian loadstones, of a blueish hue, well polished, and half a span broad, mortaised in the temple wall. Now, by the hidden and admirable power of the loadstones, the steel plates were put into motion, and consequently the gates were slowly drawn: however, not always, but when the said loadstone on the outside was removed, after which the steel was freed from its power, the two bunches of scordium being at the same time put at some distance, because it † deadens the magnes, and robs it of its attractive virtue.

On the loadstone that was placed on the right side, the following iambic verse was curiously engraven in ancient Roman characters:

‡ *Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt.*

Fate leads the willing, and th' unwilling § draws.

The following sentence was neatly cut in the loadstone that was on the left:

ALL THINGS TEND TO THEIR END.

CHAP.

* *Indian loadstones.*] Before, in l. 4, ch. 62, the loadstone is mentioned as a stone, in ancient times, found in Ida in the country of Phrygia, as is said by Pliny, l. 5, ch. 30 & 36. Here Rabelais speaks of the Indian loadstone, whose virtue he believed to be so much the stronger, as in l. 7, of Ptolomy's geog. ch. 2, he had read, that in the islands called Manioles, such ships, as had iron pins, or nails in them, stopt short on their way, without any possibility of proceeding any farther, because of the loadstone which the adjoining land abounded with.

† *Deadens the magnes.*] See preface to Pliny's 29th book.

‡ *Ducunt volentem*, &c.] This verse is none of Seneca the tragedian's, as Erasmus took it to be in his adages, at the word *fato non repugnandum.* The thought is in some of the Greek iambics of the stoic Cleanthes, from whence Epictetus taking it, and putting it into his manuel, the other Seneca, who fancied it beautiful enough to make fresh use of it, put into Latin iambics Cleanthes's Greek ones, and inserted 'em in the CVIIth of his epistles.

§ *Draws.*] Or drags, which the reader pleases. Some editions have it *tirent*, others *trainent.*

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CHAP. XXXVIII.

OF THE TEMPLE'S ADMIRABLE PAVEMENT.

WHEN I had read those inscriptions, I admired the beauty of the temple, and particularly the disposition of its pavement, with which no work that is now, or has been under the cope of heaven, can justly be compared: not that of the temple of fortune at Præneste in Sylla's time; or the pavement of the Greeks, called * asarotum, laid by Sosistratus in Pergamus. For this here was wholly in compartments of precious stones, all in their natural colours. One of red jasper, most charmingly spotted. Another of † ophites. A third of porphyry. A fourth of ‡ lycophtalmy, a stone of four different colours, powdered with sparks of gold, as small as atoms. A fifth of agate, streaked here and there with small milk coloured waves. A sixth of § costly chalcedony. And another of green jasper, with certain red and yellowish veins. And all these were disposed in a diagonal line.

At the portico, some small stones were inlaid, and evenly joined on the floor, all in their native colours, to embellish the design of the figures; and they were ordered in such a manner, that you would have thought some vine-leaves and branches had been carelessly strewed on the pavement: for in some places

* *Asarotum.*] See Pliny, l. 36, ch. 35.

† See Pliny, l. 35, c. 7, &c. Read ophites, not ophir or ophire, as in some editions of Rabelais.

‡ *Lycophtalmy.*] See Pliny, l. 37, ch. xi. All the editions have either licoptalmy, or licopthalmy, or licophthalmy: but the true spelling is lycophthalmy, from λυκόφθαλμος.

§ *Costly chalcedony.*] *Cassidoine* by corruption. See Salmasius on Solinus. Costly, because the vases made of this stone are very subject to crack or break. *Murrhina & crystallina (pocula) ex eadem terra effodimus, quibus pretium faceret ipsa fragilitas*, says Pliny. in pref. of 33. l.

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places they were thick, and thin in others. That inlaying was very wonderful every where: here were seen, as it were in the shade, some snails crawling on the grapes; there, little lizards running on the branches: on this side, were grapes that seemed yet greenish; on another, some clusters that seemed full ripe, so like the true, that they could as easily have deceived starlings, and other birds, as those which Zeuxis drew.

Nay, we ourselves were deceived; for where the artist seemed to have strowed the vine-branches thickest, we could not forbear walking with great strides, lest we should entangle our feet, just as people go over an unequal stony place.

I then cast my eyes on the roof and walls of the temple, that were all pargetted with porphyry and mosaic work; which from the left side at the coming in, most admirably represented the battle, in which the good Bacchus overthrew the Indians; as followeth.

CHAP. XXXIX.

HOW WE SAW BACCHUS'S ARMY DRAWN UP IN BATTALIA IN MOSAIC WORK.

At the beginning, divers towns, hamlets, castles, fortresses, and forests were seen in flames; and several mad and loose women, who furiously ripped up, and tore live calves, sheep, and lambs, limb from limb, and devoured their flesh. There we learned how * Bacchus, at his coming into India, destroyed all things with fire and sword.

Notwithstanding this, he was so despised by the Indians,

* *Bacchus*, &c.] This chapter is taken from Lucian's discourse, intituled Bacchus.

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Indians, that they did not think it worth their while to stop his progress; having been certainly informed by their spies, that his camp was destitute of warriors, and that he had only with him a crew of drunken females, a low-built, old, effeminate, sottish fellow, continually addled, and as drunk as a wheel-barrow, with a pack of young clownish doddipoles, stark naked, always skipping and frisking up and down, with tails and horns like those of young kids.

For this reason the Indians had resolved to let them go through their country without the least opposition, esteeming a victory over such enemies more dishonourable than glorious.

In the mean time, Bacchus marched on, burning every thing; for, as you know, fire and thunder are his paternal arms; Jupiter having saluted his mother Semele with his thunder; so that his maternal house was ruined by fire. Bacchus aslo caused a great deal of blood to be spilt; which, when he is roused and angered, principally in war, is as natural to him, as to make some in time of peace.

Thus the plains of the island of Samos, are called * Panema, which signifies all bloody, because Bacchus there overtook the Amazons, who fled from the country of Ephesus, and there let them blood, so that they all died of phlebotomy. This may give you a better insight into the meaning of an ancient proverb, than Aristotle does in his problems; viz. Why 'twas formerly said, Neither eat, †nor sow any mint.

* *Panema.*] See Plutarch in his questions about Greek affairs, ch. 96.

† *Nor sow any mint.*] The reason of this proverb is not that mint being cold of itself, as Aristotle supposed, the using it would be bad for those whose trade is to fight. Mint has so little of this quality, that, according to Dioscorides, Hippocrates, and Ætius, it provokes urine, and causes seed to abound so as to slip away involuntarily by being too thin. The reason of the proverb is, rather because by exciting too much to love, those who have exhausted themselves in the wars

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mint in time of war. The reason is, that blows are given in time of war without any distinction of parts or persons; and if a man that's wounded has that day handled or eaten any mint, 'tis impossible, or at least very hard, to staunch his blood.

After this, Bacchus was seen marching in battalia, riding in a stately chariot, drawn by six young leopards. He looked as young as a child, to shew that all good topers never grow old: he was as red as a cherry, or a cherub, which you please; and had no more hair on his chin, than there is in the inside of my hand: his forehead was graced with pointed horns, above which, he wore a fine crown or garland of vine-leaves and grapes, and a mitre of crimson velvet, having also gilt buskins on.

He had not one man with him, that looked like a man; his guards, and all his forces, consisted wholly of bassarides, evantes, euhyades, edonides, trietherides, ogygiæ, mimallonides, mænades, thyiades, and bacchides frantic, raving, raging, furious, mad women, begirt with live snakes and serpents, instead of girdles, their dishevelled hair flowing about their shoulders, with garlands of vine-branches instead of forehead-cloths, clad with stags or goats-skins, and armed with torches, javelins, spears, and halberts, whose ends were like pine-apples: besides, they had certain small light bucklers, that gave a loud sound if you touched them never so little, and these served them instead of drums: they were just seventy nine thousand two hundred twenty-seven.

Silenus, who led the van, was one on whom Bacchus

wars of Venus must of necessity be less in a readiness for those of Bellona. There is, however, one way, and but one, to reconcile Aristotle with Hippocrates and the physicians, and that is, in Aristotle, to read κατατήκει, liquifies, instead of κατα↓ύχει, debilitates, or cowardizes, to come as near as I can to du Chat's superannuated word *ailachir*. This is the sentiment of Jerome Mercurialis, l. 4, c. 8, of his various readings. See Lud. Nonnius, l. 1, c. 20, of his De re cibaria.

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chus relied very much, having formerly had many proofs of his valour and conduct. He was a diminutive, stooping, palsied, plump, gorbellied, old fellow, with a swinging pair of stiff-standing lugs of his own, a sharp Roman nose, large, rough eyebrows, mounted on a well-hung ass: in his fist he held a staff to lean upon, and also bravely to fight, whenever he had occasion to alight; and he was dressed in a woman's yellow gown. His followers were all young, wild, clownish people, as hornified as so many kids, and as fell as so many tigers, naked, and perpetually singing and dancing country dances: they were called tityri and satyrs; and were in all eighty five thousand one hundred and thirty-three.

Pan, who brought up the rear, was a monstrous sort of a thing: for his lower parts were like a goat's, his thighs hairy, and his horns bolt upright; a crimson fiery phiz, and a beard that was none of the shortest. He was a bold, stout, daring, desperate fellow, very apt to take pepper in the nose for yea and nay.

In his left hand he held a pipe, and a crooked stick in his right. His forces consisted also wholly of satyrs, ægipanes, agripanes, sylvans, fauns, lemures, lares, elves, and hobgoblins; and their number was seventy eight thousand one hundred and fourteen. The signal or word common to all the army, was euohe.

CHAP. XL.

HOW THE BATTLE, IN WHICH THE GOOD BACCHUS OVERTHREW THE INDIANS, WAS REPRESENTED IN MOSAIC WORK.

In the next place we saw the representation of the good Bacchus's engagement with the Indians. Silenus,

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lenus, who led the van, was sweating, puffing, and blowing, belabouring his ass most grievously: the ass dreadfully opened its wide jaws, drove away the flies that plagued it, winced, flounced, went back, and bestirred itself in a most terrible manner, as if some damned gad-bee had stung it at the breech.

The satyrs, captains, serjeants, and corporals of companies, sounding * the orgies with cornets, in a furious manner went round the army, skipping, capering, bounding, jerking, farting, flying out at heels, kicking and prancing like mad, encouraging their company to fight bravely; and all the delineated army cried out Euohe!

First the menades charged the Indians with dreadful shouts, and a horrid din of their brazen drums and bucklers: the air rung again all-around, as the mosaic work well expressed it. And pray, for the future don't so much admire † Apelles, Aristides the Theban, and others who drew ‡ claps of thunder, lightnings, winds, words, manners and spirits.

We then saw the Indian army, who had at last taken the field, to prevent the devastation of the rest of their country. In the front were the elephants, with castles well garrisoned on their backs. But the army and themselves were put into disorder; the dreadful cries of the bacchides having filled them with consternation, and those huge animals turned tail, and trampled on the men of their party.

There you might have seen gaffer Silenus on his ass, putting on as hard as he could, striking athwart and

* *The orgies.*] The old editions have orties; that of 1600, as well as the new editions, orgies, which is the name given to the festivals of Bacchus. Now, as this passage is taken out of Lucian, who says, that in the heat of the battle fought by Bacchus against the Indians, a satyr of his army sung an orthie, *orthium carmen*, I make no question, but that we ought to read orthie, ὄρθος νόμος, a sort of poem which Herodotus, lib. 1, ch. 24, and Aulus Gellius, l. 16, c. 19, tell us Arion tuned his harp to before he was flung into the sea.

† *Apelles.*] See Pliny, l. 35, c. 10.

‡ *Claps of thunder*, &c.] See Pliny in the same place.

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and alongst, and laying about him lustily with his staff, after the old fashion of fencing. His ass was prancing and making after the elephants, gaping and martially braying, as it were to sound a charge, as he did when formerly in the bacchanalian feasts, he waked the * nymph Lottis, when Priapus, full of priapism, had a mind to priapise, † while the pretty creature was taking a nap.

There you might have seen Pan frisk it with his goatish shanks about the mænades, and with his rustic pipe excite them to behave themselves like mænades.

A little further you might have blessed your eyes with the sight of a young satyr who led seventeen kings his prisoners; and a Bacchis who, with her snakes, hauled along no less than two and forty captains; a little faun, who carried a whole dozen of standards taken on the enemy; and goodman Bacchus on his chariot, riding to and fro fearless of danger, making much of his dear carcass, and cheerfully toping to all his merry friends.

Finally, we saw the representation of his triumph, which was thus. First, his chariot was wholly covered with ivy, gathered on the mountain Meros: this for its scarcity, which you know raises the price of every thing, and principally of ‡ those leaves in India. In this Alexander the great followed his example at his Indian triumph. The chariot was drawn by elephants joined together, wherein he was imitated by Pompey the great, at Rome, in his African triumph. In it the good Bacchus was seen, drinking out of a mighty urn, which action Marius aped after his victory over the Cimbri § near Aix in Provence. All

* *Nymph Lottis.*] See Ovid's metam. lib. 9.

† *While the pretty creatures,* &c.] See before lib. 3, cap. 8.

‡ *Those leaves in India.*] It is Theophrastus's opinion, in lib. 16, cap. 34, of Pliny, that throughout India there grows no ivy. Thus, we are to read India, in this place, conformable to the old editions, not ida, as the new ones have it.

§ *Near Aix.*] See Pliny, lib. 33, cap. 11.

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All his army were crowned with ivy; their javelins, bucklers, and drums, were also wholly covered with it; there was not so much as Silenus's ass, but was betrapped with it.

The Indian kings were fastened with chains of gold close by the wheels of the chariot; all the company marched in pomp with unspeakable joy, loaded with an infinite number of trophies, pageants, and spoils, playing and singing merry *epiniciums, songs of triumph, and also rural lays and dithyrambs.

At the farthest end was a prospect of the land of Egypt; the Nile with its crocodiles, marmosets, †ibides, monkeys, trochilos's, or wrens, ichneumons, or Pharaoh's mice, hippopotami, or sea-horses, and other creatures its guests and neighbours. Bacchus was moving towards that country under the conduct of a couple of horned beasts, on one of which was written in gold, Apis, and Osiris on the other; because no ox or cow had been seen in Egypt till Bacchus came thither.

CHAP. XLI.

HOW THE TEMPLE WAS ILLUMINATED WITH A WONDERFUL LAMP.

Before I proceed to the description of the bottle, I'll give you that of an admirable lamp, that dispensed so large a light over all the temple, that, though it lay under ground, we could distinguish every object as clearly as above it at noon-day.

In

*Epinicium.] Songs of victory, from the Greek νίκη, victory.

†*Ibides.*] A kind of stork, very black, hath the legs of a crane, and a long crooked bill. See Herodotus, lib. 2, and Pliny, lib. 8, cap. 27. Cicero (lib. 1, de nat. deor.) and Pliny (lib. 10, cap. 28,) call these storks ibes; but our author choie rather to follow the usual declension of the Latin genitive.

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In the middle of the roof was fixed a ring of massy gold, as thick as my clenched fist. Three chains somewhat less, most curiously wrought, hung about two foot and a half below it, and in a triangle supported a round plate of fine gold, whose diameter or breadth did not exceed two cubits and half a span. There were four holes in it, in each of which an empty ball was fastened, hollow within, and open o'top, like a little lamp; its circumference about two hands breadth: each ball was of precious stone; one an amethyst, another an African carbuncle, the third an opale, and the fourth an anthracites: they were full of burning water, five times distilled in a serpentine lymbeck, and inconsumptible, like the oil formerly put into * Pallas's golden lamp at Acropolis of Athens by Callimachus. In each of them was a flaming wick, partly of asbestine flax, as of old in the temple of Jupiter Ammon, such as those which Cleombrotus, a most studious philosopher, saw; and partly of carpasian flax, which were rather renewed than consumed by the fire.

About two foot and a half below that gold plate, the three chains were fastened to three handles, that were fixed to a large round lamp of most pure chrystal, whose diameter was a cubit and a half, and opened about two hands breadth o'top; by which open place a vessel of the same chrystal, shaped somewhat like the lower part of a gourd-like lymbeck, or an urinal, was put at the bottom of the great lamp, with such a quantity of the afore-mentioned burning water, that the flame of asbestine wick reached the centre of the great lamp. This made all its spherical body seem to burn and be in a flame, because the fire was just at the centre and middle point: so that it was not more easy to fix the eye on it, than on the disk of the sun; the matter being

* *Pallas's golden lamp*, &c.] See Plutarch of oracles, and Pausanias's attics.

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being wonderfully bright and shining, and the work most transparent and dazzling, by the reflection of the various colours of the precious stones, whereof the four small lamps above the main lamp were made, and their lustre was still variously glittering all over the temple. Then this wandering light being darted on the polished marble and agate, with which all the inside of the temple was pargetted, our eyes were entertained with a sight of all the admirable colours which the rainbow can boast, when the sun darts his fiery rays on some dropping clouds.

The design of the lamp was admirable in itself, but, in my opinion, what added much to the beauty of the whole, was, that round the body of the chrystal lamp, there was carved in cataglyphic work, a lively and pleasant battle of naked boys, mounted on little hobby-horses, with little whirligig lances and shields, that seemed made of vine-branches with grapes on them: their postures generally were very different, and their childish strife and motions were so ingeniously expressed, that art equalled nature in every proportion and action. Neither did this seem engraved, but rather hewed out and imbossed, in relief, or, at least like grotesque, which by the artist's skill has the appearance of the roundness of the object it represents: this was partly the effect of the various and most charming light, which flowing out of the lamp, filled the carved places with its glorious rays.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XLII.

HOW THE PRIESTESS BACBUC SHEWED US * A FANTASTIC FOUNTAIN IN THE TEMPLE; AND HOW THE FOUNTAIN-WATER † HAD THE TASTE OF WINE, ACCORDING TO THE IMAGINATION OF THOSE WHO DRANK OF IT.

WHILE we were admiring this incomparable lamp, and the stupendous structure of the temple, the venerable priestess Bacbuc, and her attendants, came to us with jolly smiling looks; and seeing us duly accoutred, without the least difficulty, took us into the middle of the temple, where, just under the aforesaid lamp, was the fine fantastic fountain. She then ordered some cups, goblets, and talboys of gold, silver, and crystal to be brought, and kindly invited us to drink of the liquor that sprung there, which we readily did: for to say the truth, this ‡ fantastic fountain was very inviting, and its materials and workmanship more precious, rare, and admirable than any thing Plato ever dreamt of in limbo.

Its basis or ground-work was of most pure and limpid alabaster, and its height somewhat more than three

* *A fantastic fountain*, &c.] This and the next chapter (as they stood in the former editions) make really but one, though Mr. M. made two of them; the first of which contained but eight lines, according to him, and ended at the words fantastic fountain.

† *Had the taste of wine*, &c.] Pliny, lib. 2, cap. 103, says, on the credit of Mutianus, that in the isle of Andros, in the temple of Bacchus, there was a fountain which every year, on the fifth of January, never failed having the taste of wine. Baccius de Thermis, lib. 6, cap. 22, gives abundance of examples of such vinous springs.

‡ *Fantastic fountain.*] Fantastic, inasmuch as the liquor which flowed from it, had the taste of whatever sort of wine the drinker fancied he was drinking, or had a fancy to drink; which last, upon second thoughts, I take to be the true meaning of M. du Chat's words: *avoit en fantaisie de boire. Judicet lector.* I suspect it to be a flirt at the scripture.

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three spans; being a regular heptagon on the outside, with its stylobates or footsteps, arulets, cymasults or blunt tops, and doric undulations about it. It was exactly round within. On the middle point of each angle brink stood a pillar orbiculated, in form of a circle of ivory or alabaster. These were seven in number, according to the number of the angles.

Each pillar's length, from the basis to the architraves, was near seven hands, taking an exact dimension of its diameter through the centre of its circumference and inward roundness; and it was so disposed, that casting our eyes behind one of them, whatever its cube might be, to view its opposite, we found that the pyramidal cone of our visual light ended at the said centre, and there, by the two opposites, formed an equilateral triangle, whose two lines divided the pillar into two equal parts.

That which we had a mind to measure, going from one side to another, two pillars over, at the first third part of the distance between them, was met by their lowermost and fundamental line, which in a consult line drawn as far as the universal centre, equally divided, gave, in a just partition, the distance of the seven opposite pillars in a right line; beginning at the obtuse angle on the brink: as you know that an angle is always found placed between two others in all angular figures odd in number.

This tacitly gives us to understand, that seven semidiameters are in geometrical proportion, compass and distance, somewhat less than the circumference of a circle, from the figure of which they are extracted; that is to say, three whole parts, with an eighth and a half, a little more; or a seventh and a half, a little less; according to the instructions given us of old by Euclid, Aristotle, Archimedes, and others.

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The first pillar, I mean that which faced the temple gate, was of azure, sky-coloured sapphire.

The second of hyacinth, a precious stone, exactly of the colour of the flower into which Ajax's choleric blood was transformed; the Greek letters A I, being seen on it in many places.

The third an anachite diamond, as bright and glittering as lightning.

The fourth a masculin ruby ballais (peach-coloured) amethystising, its flame and lustre ending in violet or purple, like an amethyst.

The fifth an emerald, above five hundred and fifty times more precious than that of * Serapis in the labyrinth of the Egyptians, and more verdant and shining than those that were fixed instead of eyes in the marble lion's head, near king † Hermias's tomb.

The sixth of agate, more admirable and various in the distinctions of its veins, clouds, and colours, than that which ‡ Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, so mightily esteemed.

The seventh of syenites, transparent, of the colour of a beril, and the clear hue of hymetian honey; and within it the moon was seen, such as we see in the sky, § silent, full, new, and in the wain.

These stones were assigned to the seven heavenly planets by the ancient Chaldeans; and that the meanest capacities might be informed of this, just at the central perpendicular line, on the chapiter of the first pillar, which was of sapphire, stood the image of Saturn in ‖ elutian lead, with his scythe in his hand, and

* *Serapis.*] See Pliny, l. 37, c. 5.

† *Hermias's.*] See ibidem.

‡ *Pyrrhus.*] See Pliny, l. 37, c. 1.

§ *Silent moon.*] The new moon not yet shining. Camb. dict. *luna silens.* Virg. synodical in Gr.

‖ *Elutian lead.*] M. M.'s translation, being done from none of the best editions, either ancient or modern, has it eliacim lead, and others eliciam, but the right reading is elatian lead, agreeable to Pliny, l. 34, c. 16, where he calls this lead elutium, *ab aquæ elutione.*

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and at his feet a crane of gold, very artfully enamelled according to the native hue of the saturnine bird.

On the second, which was of hyacinth towards the left, Jupiter was seen in jovetian brass, and on his breast an eagle of gold enamelled to the life.

On the third was Phœbus in the purest gold, and a white cock in his right hand.

On the fourth was Mars in Corinthian brass, and a lion at his feet.

On the fifth was Venus in copper, the metal of which * Aristonidas made Athamas's statue, that expressed in a blushing whiteness his confusion at the sight of his son Learchus, who died at his feet of a fall.

On the sixth was Mercury in hydrargyre; I would have said quicksilver, had it not been fixed, malleable, and unmoveable: that nimble deity had a stork at his feet.

On the seventh was the moon in silver, with a greyhound at her feet.

The size of these statues was somewhat more than a third part of the pillars on which they stood; and they were so admirably wrought, according to mathematical proportion, that + Polycletus's canon (or rule) could hardly have stood in competition with them.

The basis of the pillars, the chapiters, the architraves, zoophores and cornices, were Phrygian work of massy gold, purer and finer than any that is found in the rivers ‡ Lede near Montpellier, Ganges in India, Po in Italy, Hebrus in Thrace, Tagus in Spain, and § Pactolus in Lydia.

The small arches between the pillars were of the same precious stone of which the pillars next to them were.

* *Aristonidas.*] Not Aristomides, as M. M. has it. See Pliny, l. 34, c. 14.

+ *Polycletus's canon or rule.*] See Pliny, l. 34, c. 8.

‡ *River Lede.*] The Lez. From Ledus.

§ *Pactolus.*] Pliny, l. 33, c. 4.

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were. Thus that arch was of sapphire which ended at the hyacinth pillar; and that was of hyacinth which went towards the diamond, and so on.

Above the arches and chapiters of the pillars, on the inward front, a cupola was raised to cover the fountain: it was surrounded by the planetary statues, heptagonal at the bottom, and spherical o'top; and of crystal so pure, transparent, well-polished, whole and uniform in all its parts, without veins, clouds, flaws, or streaks, that * Xenocrates never saw such a one in his life.

Within it were seen the twelve signs of the zodiac, the twelve months of the year, with their properties, the two equinoxes, the ecliptic line, with some of the most remarkable fixed stars about the antartic pole, and elsewhere, so curiously engraven, that I fancied them to be the workmanship of † king Necepsus, or Petosiris the ancient mathematician.

On the top of the cupola, just over the centre of the fountain, were three noble long pearls, all of one size, pear fashion, perfectly imitating a tear, and so joined together as to represent a flower-de-lis or lilly, each of the flowers seeming above a hand's breadth. A carbuncle jetted out of its calix or cup, as big as an ostrich's egg, cut seven square (that number so beloved of nature) and so prodigiously glorious, that the sight of it had like to have made us blind; for the fiery sun, or the pointed lightning, are not more dazzling and unsufferably bright.

Now were some judicious appraisers to judge of the value of this incomparable fountain, and the lamp of which we have spoke, they would undoubtedly affirm, it exceeds that of all the treasures and curiosities in Europe, Asia, and Africa put together. For that carbuncle alone would have darkened ‡ the

* *Xenocrates.*] Pliny, l. 37, c. 2.

† *King Necepsus*, &c.] Pliny, l. 7, c. 49.

‡ *The pantharb*, &c.] See Philostratus, l. 3, c. 14, of Apollonius' life. Heliodorus likewise speaks of this stone.

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pantharb of Iarchas the Indian magician, with as much ease as the sun outshines and dims the stars with his meridian rays.

Now let Cleopatra, that Egyptian queen, boast of her pair of pendants, those two pearls, one of which she caused to be * dissolved in vinegar in the presence of Anthony the triumvir, her gallant!

Or let † Pompeia Plautina be proud of her dress covered all over with emeralds and pearls curiously intermixed, she who attracted the eyes of all Rome, and was said to be the grave-pit and magazine of the conquering robbers of the universe.

The fountain had three tubes or channels of right pearl, seated in three equilateral angles already mentioned, extended on the margin; and those channels proceeded in a snail-like line, winding equally on both sides.

We looked on them a while, and had cast our eyes on another side, when Bacbuc directed us to watch the water: we then heard a most harmonious sound, yet somewhat stopped by starts, far distant, and subterranean; by which means it was still more pleasing than if it had been free, uninterrupted, and near us; so that our minds were as agreeably entertained through our ears with that charming melody, as they were through the windows of our eyes, with those delightful objects.

Bacbuc then said, Your philosophers will not allow that motion is begot by the power of figures; look here, and see the contrary. By that single snail-like motion, equally divided as you see, and a five-fold infoliature, moveable at every inward meeting, such as is the vena cava, where it enters into the right ventricle of the heart; just so is the flowing of

* *Dissolved in vinegar.*] See Pliny, l. 9, c. 35, and Macrobius's saturnalia, l. 3, c. 17.

† *Pompeia Plautina.*] Rabelais, who it's probable wrote from his memory, is mistaken here, and had forgot that Pliny, l. 6, c. 35, calls this lady Lollia Paulina.

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of this fountain, and by it an harmony ascends as high as your world's ocean.

She then ordered her attendants to make us drink; and to tell you the truth of the matter as near as possible, we are not, heaven be praised! of the nature of a drove of calf-lollies, who (* as your sparrows can't feed unless you bob them on the tail) must be rib-roasted with tough crab-tree, and firked into a stomach, or at least into an humour to eat or drink: no, we know better things, and scorn to scorn any man's civility, who civilly invites us to a drinking bout. Bacbuc asked us then, how we liked our tiff. We answered, that it seemed to us good harmless sober Adam's liquor, fit to keep a man in the right way, and, in a word, mere element; more cool and clear than Argyrontes in Ætolia, Peneus in Thessaly, Axius in Mygdonia, or Cydnus in Cilicia, a tempting sight of whose cool silver stream caused Alexander to prefer the short-lived pleasure of bathing himself in it, to the inconveniences which he could not but foresee would attend so ill-timed an action.

This, said Bacbuc, comes of not considering with ourselves, or understanding the motions of the musculous tongue, when the drink glides on it in its way to the stomach. Tell me, noble strangers, are your throats lined, paved, or enamelled, as formerly was that of † Pithyllus, nick-named Theutes, that you can have missed the taste, relish, and flavour of this divine liquor? Here, said she, turning towards her gentlewoman, bring my scrubbing brushes, you

* *As your sparrows*, &c.] Here the author has in his eye the *badauds* (cockneys we call 'em) of Paris. He before, in l. 2, c. 14, calls 'em *buvereaux* (i. e. sippers, small drinkers, though it may mean water-drinkers) because, as Budæus observes, l. 5, of his *de asse*, the people of Paris, generally, drink but little wine. Rabelais calls 'em calves (*veaux*.) Now to play the calf, is properly to play the cockney (*badaud*.) This *badaud* may well enough come from *vitellus*.

† *Pithyllus*.] See Athenæus, l. 1, c. 6.

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know which, to scrape, rake, cleanse and clear their palates.

They brought immediately some stately, swinging, jolly hams; fine, substantial neats-tongues; good hung-beef, pure and delicate botargos, venison, sausages, and such other gullet-sweepers. And, to comply with her invitation, we crammed and twisted till we owned ourselves * thoroughly cured of thirst, which before did damnably plague us.

We are told, continued she, that formerly a learned and valiant Hebrew chief leading his people through the deserts, where they were in danger of being famished, obtained of God some manna, whose taste was to them by imagination such as that of meat was to them before in reality: thus, drinking of this miraculous liquor, you'll find its taste like any wine that you shall fancy to drink. Come then, fancy and drink. We did so, and Panurge had no sooner whipped off his brimmer, but he cried, By Noah's open shop, 'tis vin de Baune, better than ever was yet tipped over tongue, or may ninety and sixteen devils swallow me. Oh! that to keep its taste the longer, we gentlemen topers had but necks some three cubits long, or so, as Philoxenus desired to have, or at least like a crane's, as † Melanthius wished his.

On the faith of true lanterners, quoth friar John, ‡ 'tis gallant, sparkling Greek wine: now, for God's

* *Thoroughly cured of thirst.*] It is indeed, in the original, *tres bien curé de soif.* But how could that be? They had as yet been only preparing themselves to drink stoutly, and pour it down lustily, by eating high-seasoned meats. M. du Chat therefore, to make sense of it, has added *lorsque*, thus read, *tres-bien curez lorsque de soif*, thoroughly cured except as to thirst, &c.

† *Melanthius.*] It is Athenæus, who l. 1, c. 5, relates the different wishes of these two drunkards.

‡ *'Tis gallant, sparkling, Greek wine.*] The author does not use the word *petillant*, sparkling, but *volligeant*, vaulting, bounding, curvetting, turning round on the toe. Neither does he mean real Greek wine, but a brisk wine, which like the North-east wind (*vent grec* in French) will make a man bound and curvet, instead of making any advances forward.

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God's sake, sweetheart, do but teach me how the devil you make it. It seems to me Mirevaux wine, said Pantagruel; for before I drank, I supposed it to be such. Nothing can be misliked in it, but that 'tis cold, colder, I say, than the very ice, colder than the water of * Nonacris and † Dircé, or the Conthoporian spring at Corinth, that froze up the stomach and nutritive parts of those that drank of it.

Drink once, twice, or thrice more, said Bacbuc, still changing your imagination, and you shall find its taste and flavour to be exactly that on which you shall have pitched. Then never presume to say that any thing is impossible to God. We never offered to say such a thing, said I; far from it, we maintain he is omnipotent.

CHAP. XLIII.

HOW THE PRIESTESS BACBUC EQUIPT PANURGE, IN ORDER TO HAVE THE WORD OF THE BOTTLE.

When we had thus chatted and tippled, Bacbuc asked, Who of you here would have the word of the holy bottle? I, your most humble little funnel, an't please you, quoth Panurge. Friend, saith she, I have but one thing to tell you, which is, that when you

* *Nonacris.*] See Pliny, l. 13, c. 2.

† *Dircé.*] The water of the fountain Dircé in Bœotia, though very clear, yet not being particularly renowned for its coldness, I make no doubt but Rabelais had in his head the Dircenna of Martial, the water whereof was as cold as ice. *Avidam rigens Dircenna placabit sitim*, says that poet, in the 51st epigr. of l. 1. It is true, that instead of Dircenna, Rabelais, who did not so narrowly look into the thing, has writ it Dircé, doubtless misled by honest Nicholas Perrot, whose words on this passage of Martial are: *Dircé & Neme fontes sunt frigidissimi æstate inter Bilbilim & Segobregam, in ripa fere Salonis amnis.* So I have e'en left it Dircé in the text; though I'm satisfied it is wrong.

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come to the oracle, you take care to hearken and hear the word only with one ear. This, cried friar John, is wine of one ear, as Frenchmen call it.

She then wrapt him up in a gaberdine, bound his noddle with a goodly clean biggin, clapt over it a felt, such as those through which hypocras is distilled, at the bottom of which, instead of a cowl, she put three obelisks; made him draw on a pair of old-fashioned codpieces instead of mittens, girded him about with three bagpipes bound together, bathed his jobbernol thrice in the fountain; then threw a handful of meal on his phiz, fixed three cock's feathers on the right side of the hypocratical felt, made him take a jaunt nine times round the fountain, caused him to take three little leaps, and to bump his a— seven times against the ground, repeating I don't know what kind of conjurations all the while in the Tuscan tongue, and ever and anon reading in a ritual or book of ceremonies, carried after her by one of her mystagogues.

For my part, may I never stir, if I don't really believe, that neither Numa Pompilius the second king of the Romans, nor the Cerites of Tuscia, nor the old Hebrew captain, ever instituted so many ceremonies as I then saw performed; nor were ever half so many religious forms used by the soothsayers of Memphis in Egypt to Apis; or by the Euboians, at Rhamnus, * to Rhamnusia; or to † Jupiter Ammon, or to ‡ Feronia.

When

* *To Rhamnusia.*] Here M. du Chat says, Rabelais has confounded the false with the true, after a most ridiculous manner. M. du C's note, I think, is no less confused. He seems to me, at present, to have explained *obscurum par obscurius.* He says Rhamnusia was the goddess fortune. Camb. dict. says, the goddess of revenge.

† *Jupiter Ammon.*] See Q. Curtius, l. 4.

‡ *Feronia.*] M. du Chat having said nothing of this goddess, and not having time myself to consult books about her, I shall transcribe the account which the authors of the Cambridge dictionary give of her. Feronia, dict. *a ferendis arboribus.* A goddess of the woods: for it is storied,

When she had thus accoutred my gentleman, she took him out of our company, and led him out of the temple through a golden gate on the right, into a round chapel made of transparent speculary stones, by whose solid clearness the sun's light shined there through the precipice of the rock * without any windows or other entrance, and so easily and fully dispersed itself through the greater temple, that the light seemed rather to spring out of it than to flow into it.

The workmanship was not less rare than that of † the sacred temple at Ravenna, or that in the island of Chemnis in Egypt. Nor must I forget to tell you, that the work of that round chapel was contrived with such a symmetry, that its diameter was just the height of the vault.

In the middle of it was an heptagonal fountain of fine alabaster most artfully wrought, full of water, which was so clear, that it might have passed for element in its purity and simplicity. The sacred bottle was in it to the middle, clad in pure fine crystal, of an oval shape, except its muzzle, which was somewhat wider than was consistent with that figure.

storied, that when her grove in the mountain Soracte was burnt down, the people carried thither her picture, and presently the woods sprang afresh. There is a spring also in that grove, according to Horace. Servius says, she was a nymph of Campania; and makes her also the goddess of freemen, in whose temple, having shaved their heads, they put on their cap, the badge of liberty.

* *Without any windows*, &c.] An imitation of Pliny's description of the temple of Fortune of Seius, built by Nero, l. 36, c. 22.

† *The sacred temple of Ravenna.*] Understand this of the cathedral church of Ravenna. It was anciently a temple consecrated to Hercules. In the close of the Vth century, or in the beginning of the VIth, Theodoric, king of Italy, built on the ruins of this ancient edifice the church which Rabelais here speaks of; a church superb and magnificent in the highest degree, according to the account Theodoric himself gives of it in his letter to Agapetus prefect of Rome; but whose immense riches the French no more spared than they did that of private families after the battle of Ravenna in 1512. See Cassiodorus, l. 1. ep. 6, and Francis Scot's itinerarium Italiæ, in his chapter of the city of Ravenna, but more especially, concerning the temple of Ravenna, Peter Ferretti in his VII books of the exarchate.

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CHAP. XLIV.

HOW BACBUC, THE HIGH-PRIESTESS, BROUGHT PANURGE BEFORE THE HOLY BOTTLE.

THERE the noble priestess Bacbuc made Panurge stoop and kiss the brink of the fountain; then bade him rise and dance three * ithymbi. Which done, she ordered him to sit down, between two stools placed there for that purpose, his arse upon the ground. Then she opened her ritual book, and, whispering in his left ear, made him sing an epilony, inserted here in the figure of the bottle.

* Dances in honour of Bacchus.

BOTTLE!

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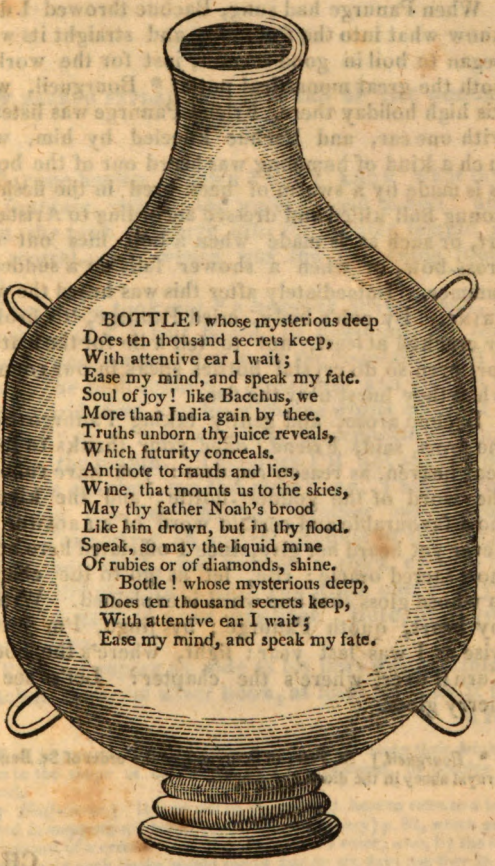

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When Panurge had sung, Bacbuc throwed I don't know what into the fountain, and straight its water began to boil in good earnest, just for the world as doth the great monastical pot at * Bourgueil, when 'tis high holiday there. Friend Panurge was listening with one ear, and Bacbuc kneeled by him, when such a kind of humming was heard out of the bottle, as is made by a swarm of bees bred in the flesh of a young bull killed and dressed according to Aristæus's art, or such as is made when a bolt flies out of a cross-bow, or when a shower falls on a sudden in summer. Immediately after this was heard the word TRINC. By cob's body, cried Panurge, 'tis broken, or cracked at least, not to tell a lie for the matter; for, even so do crystal bottles speak in our country, when they burst near the fire.

Bacbuc arose, and gently taking Panurge under the arms, said, Friend, offer your thanks to indulgent heaven, as reason requires: you have soon had the word of the goddess-bottle; and the kindest, most favourable and certain word of an answer that I ever yet heard her give, since I officiated here at her most sacred oracle: rise, let us go to the chapter, in whose gloss that fine word is explained. With all my heart, quoth Panurge; by jingo, I'm just as wise as I was last year: light, where's the book? Turn it over, where's the chapter? Let's see this merry gloss.

* *Bourgueil.*] St. Peter of Bourgueil, of the order of St. Benedict, a royal abbey in the diocese of Angers.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XLV.

HOW BACBUC EXPLAINED THE WORD OF THE GODDESS BOTTLE.

BACBUC having thrown I don't know what into the fountain, straight the water ceased to boil; and then she took Panurge into the greater temple, in the central-place, where was the enlivening fountain.

There she took out * a hugeous silver book, in the shape of a † half tierce, or hogshead, of sentences: and having filled it at the fountain, said to him; The philosophers, preachers, and doctors of your world, feed you up with fine words and cant at the ears; now, here we really incorporate our precepts at the mouth. Therefore I'll not say to you, read this chapter, see this gloss: no, I say to you, taste me this fine chapter, swallow me this rare gloss. Formerly ‡ an ancient prophet of the Jewish nation eat a book, and became a clerk even to the very teeth! now will I have you drink one, that you may be a clerk to your very liver. Here, open your mandibules.

Panurge gaping as wide as his jaws would stretch, Bacbuc took the silver book, at least we took it for a real

* *A hugeous silver book.*] The monks used to make their drinking cups in the shape of mass-books and prayer-books, to deceive the world.

† *Half-tierce.*] It may not be impertinent here to refer to a book called *la mappemonde papistique*, (map of popery) p. 82, which gives an account of a certain sham beato (saint) at Venice, who, by the help of five or six such books, would spend five or six days together in retirement, and make believe he subsisted all the while by a miracle. At last these devotional books were found to be no other than so many cases, some filled with march-pains made of the best and fleshiest parts of capons and partridges, and the others so many flaggons full of malmsey wine.

‡ *An ancient prophet.*] Ezekiel, c. ii. & iii.

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a real book, for it looked just for the world like a breviary; but, in truth, it was a breviary, or flask of right Falernian wine, as it came from the grape, which she made him swallow every drop.

By Bacchus, quoth Panurge, this was a notable chapter, a most authentic gloss, o' my word. Is this all that the trismegistian bottle's word means? I' troth I like it extremely, it went down like mother's milk. Nothing more, returned Bacbuc: for trinc is a panomphean word, that is, a word understood, used, and celebrated by all nations, and signifies, drink.

Some say in your world, that sack is a word used in all tongues, and justly admitted in the same sense among all nations: for, as Æsop's fable hath it, all men are born with a sack at the neck, naturally needy, and begging of each other; neither can the most powerful king be without the help of other men, or can any one that's poor subsist without the rich, though he be never so proud and insolent; nay, even were it * Hippias the philosopher, who boasted he could do every thing. Much less can any one make shift without drink than without a sack. Therefore here we hold not that laughing, but that drinking is the distinguishing character of man. I don't say drinking, taking that word singly and absolutely in the strictest sense; no, beasts then might put in for a share; I mean drinking cool delicious wine. For you must know, my beloved, that by wine we become divine; neither can there be a surer argument, or a less deceitful divination. Your † academics assert the same, when they make the etymology of wine, which the Greeks call ΟΙΝΟΣ, to be from vis, strength, virtue, and power; for 'tis in its power to fill the soul with all truth, learning, and philosophy.

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* *Hippias*, &c.] See Plato in his Hippias minor.
† *Academics.*] Varro, &c.

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If you observe what is written in Ionian letters on the temple gate, you may have understood that truth is in wine. * The goddess bottle therefore directs you to the divine liquor; be yourself the expounder of your undertaking.

'Tis impossible, said Pantagruel to Panurge, to speak more to the purpose than does this true priestess: you may remember I told you as much when you first spoke to me about it.

Trinc then: what says your heart, elevated by Bacchic enthusiam?

With this, quoth Panurge,
Trinc, trinc; by Bacchus let us tope,
And tope again; for, now I hope
To see some brawny, juicy rump,
And tickle't with my carnal stump.
E'er long, my friends, I shall be wedded,
Sure as my trap-stick has a red head;
And my sweet wife shall hold the combat,
Long as my baws can on her bum beat.
O what a battle of a— fighting
Will there be! which I much delight in?
What pleasing pains then shall I take
To keep myself and spouse awake!
All heart and juice, I'll up and ride,
And make a dutchess of my bride.
Sing Io pæan! loudly sing
To Hymen, who all joys will bring.
Well, friar John, I'll take my oath,
This oracle is full of troth;
Intelligible truth it bears,
More certain than the sieve and sheers.

* *The goddess bottle directs you to the divine liquor.*] Only cheer up your hearts and be merry; and for every thing else, so you hold fast your integrity, and maintain the character of a worthy honest man, whatever state or condition of life may fall to your lot, married or single, God will love you, and be your friend, and all good men will esteem you.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XLVI.

HOW PANURGE AND THE REST RHYMED WITH POETIC FURY.

WHAT a pox ails the fellow? quoth friar John. Stark staring mad, or bewitched o' my word! Do but hear the chiming dotterel gabble in rhyme. What o' devil has he swallowed? His eyes roll in his logger-head, just for the world like a dying goat's. Will the addle-pated wight have the grace to sheer off? Will he rid us of his damned company, to go shite out his nasty rhyming balderdash in some bog-house? Will no body be so kind as to cram some dog's-bur down the poor cur's gullet? or will he, monk-like, run his fist up to the elbow into his throat to his very maw, to scour and clear his flanks? Will he take a hair of the same dog?

Pantagruel chid friar John, and said:

Bold monk, forbear; this, I'll assure ye,
Proceeds all from poetic fury;
Warm'd by the God, inspired with wine,
His human soul is made divine.

For without jest,
His hallowed breast,
With wine possessed,
Could have no rest,
Till h'had expressed
Some thoughts at least
Of his great guest.
Then straight he flies
Above the skies,
And molifies,
With prophesies,
Our miseries.

And

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And since divinely he's inspired,
Adore the soul by wine acquired,
And let the toss pot be admired.

How! quoth the friar, is the fit of rhyming upon you too? Is't come to that? Then we are all peppered, or the devil pepper me. What would I not give to have Gargantua see us while we are in this magotty crambo-vein! Now may I be curst with living on that damned empty food, if I can tell, whteher I shall scape the catching distemper. The devil a-bit do I understand which way to go about it: however, the spirit of fustain possesses us all, I find. Well, by St. John, I'll poetise, since every body does; I find it coming. Stay, and pray pardon me, if I don't rhyme in * crimson; 'tis my first essay.

† Thou, who canst water turn to wine,
Transform my bum by power divine
Into a lantern, that may light
My neighbour in the darkest night.

Panurge then proceeds in his rapture, and says:

From Pythian Tripos ne'er were heard
More truths, nor more to be revered.
I think from Delphos to this spring,
Some wizard brought that conjuring thing.
Had honest Plutarch here been toping,
He then so long had ne'er been groping
To find according to his wishes,
Why oracles are mute as fishes

At

* *Crimson.*] *Craimoisi* (crimson) in French does not so much signify a particular colour, as the perfection of any colour whatsoever. Thus they say, *rouge-cramoisi* (red crimson) *violet-cramoisi* (violet-crimson.) We say a knave in grain, and so too they say (*rot-en cramoisi*) an ass in grain, as much as to say an ass or fool in perfection. Thus, to rhyme in crimson, is, properly speaking, to make as excellent verses in their kind, as crimson is in matter of colours.

† *Thou, who canst, &c.*] It is more prophane in the French original a good deal; it is too impious even in the translation: but we must consider a monk speaks it, as honest Martin Luther used to excuse his rapping out an oath now and then; Consider I was bred a monk.

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At Delphos: now the reason's clear,
No more at Delphos they're, but here.
Here is the tripos, out of which
Is spoke the doom of poor and rich.
For * Athenæus does relate
This bottle is the womb of fate:
Prolific of mysterious wine,
And big with prescience divine:
It brings the truth with pleasure forth,
Besides you hav't a pennyworth.
So, friar John, I must exhort you
To wait a word that may import you,
And to enquire, while here we tarry,
If it shall be your luck to marry.

Friar John answers him in a rage, and says;

How, marry! by St. Bennet's boot,
And his gambadoes, I'll ne'er do't.
No man that knows me e'er shall judge
I mean to make myself a drudge:
Or that pilgarlic e'er will doat
Upon a paltry petticoat.
I'll ne'er my liberty betray
All for a little leap-frog play;
And ever after wear a clog
Like monkey or like mastiff-dog:
No, I'd not have, upon my life,
Great Alexander for my wife,
Nor Pompey, nor his dad-in-law,
Who did each other clapper-claw.
Not the best he that wears a head,
Shall win me to his truckle-bed.

Panurge, pulling off his gaberdine and mystical accoutrements, replied:

Wherefore thou shalt, thou filthy beast,
Be damned twelve fathoms deep at least;

While

* *Athenæus.*] Lib. 2, cap. 1.

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While I shall reign in Paradise,
Whence on thy loggerhead I'll pies.
Now when that dreadful hour is come,
That thou in hell receiv'st thy doom,
E'en there, I know, thou'lt play some trick,
And Proserpine shan't scape a prick
Of the long pin within thy breeches.
But when thou'rt using these capriches,
And catterwauling in her cavern,
Send Pluto to the farthest tavern,
For the best wine that's to be had,
Lest he should see, and run horn mad:
She's kind, and ever did admire
A well-fed monk, or well-hung friar.

Go to, quoth friar John, thou old noddy, thou doddipoled ninny, go to the devil thou'rt prating of; I've done with rhyming; the * rheum gripes me at the gullet. Let's talk of paying and going; come.

CHAP. XLVII.

HOW WE TOOK OUR LEAVE OF BACBUC, AND LEFT THE ORACLE OF THE MOLY BOTTLE.

Do not trouble yourself about any thing here, said the priestess to the friar; if you be but satisfied, we are. Here below, in these circumcentral regions, we place the sovereign good not in taking and receiving, but in bestowing and giving; so that we esteem ourselves happy, not if we take and receive much of others, as perhaps the sects of teachers do in your world, but rather if we impart and give much. All I have

* *Rheum.*] He has rhymed himself into a rheum, as Marot says in his short epistle to the king:

Et en rimant, bien souvent je m'enrhime.

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have to beg of you, is that you leave us here your names in writing, in this ritual. She then opened a fine large book, and as we gave our names, one of her (she) mystagogues, with a gold pin, drew some lines on it, as if she had been writing; but we could not see any characters.

This done, she filled three small leather vessels with fantastic water, and giving them into our hands, said, Now, my friends, you may depart, and may that intellectual sphere, whose centre is every where, and circumference no where, whom we call GOD, keep you in his almighty protection. When you come into your world, do not fail to affirm and witness, that the greatest treasures, and most admirable things, are hidden under ground; and not without reason.

Ceres was worshipped, because she taught mankind the art of husbandry, and by the use of corn, which she invented, abolished that beastly way of feeding on acorns; and * she grievously lamented her daughter's banishment into our subterranean regions, certainly foreseeing that Proserpine would meet with more excellent things, more desirable enjoyments, below, than she her mother could be blest with above.

What do you think is become of the art of forcing the thunder and celestial fire down, which the wise Prometheus had formerly invented? 'Tis most certain you have lost it; 'tis no more on your hemisphere: but here below we have it. And, without a cause, you sometimes wonder to see whole towns burnt and destroyed by lightning and ethereal fire, and are at a loss about knowing from whom, by whom, and to what end, those dreadful mischiefs were

* *She grievously lamented, &c.*] But what follows, one would think she should rather have envied her daughter. But great wits may say any thing, and reason any how. I wonder M. du Chat takes no notice of this inconsistency of Rabelais.

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were sent. Now, they are familiar and usual to us; and your philosophers, who complain that the ancients have left them nothing to write of, or to invent, are very much mistaken. Those phænomena which you see in the sky; whatever the surface of the earth affords you, and the sea, and every river contains, it is not to be compared with what is hid within the bowels of the earth.

For this reason the subterranean ruler has justly gained, in almost every language, the epithet of rich. Now, when your sages shall wholly apply their minds to a diligent and studious search after truth, humbly begging the assistance of the sovereign God, whom formerly the Egyptians in their language called The Hidden and the Concealed, and invoking him by that name, beseech him to reveal and make himself known to them, that almighty Being will, out of his infinite goodness, not only make his creatures, but even himself known to them.

Thus will they be guided by good lanterns. For all the ancient philosophers and sages have held two things necessary, safely and pleasantly to arrive at the knowledge of God and true wisdom; first, God's gracious guidance, then man's assistance.

So among the philosophers, Zoroaster took Arimaspes for the companion of his travels; Æsculapius, Mercury; Orpheus, Musæus; Pythagoras, * Aglaophemus; and among princes and warriors, Hercules, in his most difficult achievements, had his singular friend Thesus; Ulysses, Diomedes; Æneas, Achates: you

* *Aglaophemus.*] Cælius Rhodiginus, lib. 23, cap. 4. of his ancient readings, says: *Quæ sane ratio admiranda Zoroastri veterum theologorum principi Arimaspem conciliavit, Æsculapium Mercurio, Orpheo Musæum, Pythagoræ Aglaophemum.* It is plain, that Rabelais, who is not altogether so much an original as many take him to be, [as appears by M. du Chat's notes in abundance of instances] has copied this passage. See Jamblicus, Marcilius Ficinus, and Picus de la Mirandula, concerning this favourite of Pythagoras.

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you followed their examples, and came under the conduct of an illustrious lantern: * now, in God's name depart, and may he go along with you!

* *Now, in God's name depart, and may he go along with you!*] The usual words of the French preachers concluding their sermons.

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE HEROIC DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF THE NOBLE PANTAGRUEL.

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THE MOST CERTAIN, TRUE, AND INFALLIBLE

* PANTAGRUELIAN PROGNOSTICATION,

FOR THE YEAR THAT'S TO COME,

AND EVER AND AYE.

Calculated for the benefit and noddification of the giddy-brained and weather-wise Would-be's.

BY MASTER ALCOFRIBAS NASIER,

Architriclin to the afore-mentioned Pantagruel.

TO THE

COURTEOUS READER,

GREETING.

HAVING considered the infinite abuses arising from the † whole cart-loads of Louvain prognostication,

* *Pantagruelian prognostication.*] I can't exactly say in what year this piece was first published; but there is a Gothic edition of 1535, by Francis Justus, in 12mo. printed at Lyons, and I doubt not there were other editions of it before; for by Calvin's first letter, dated 1533, it is apparent that Pantagruel was not unknown to the world. However that be, it is certain Rabelais is not so much the inventor of this ingenious satire, as was an anonymous German, who, in the beginning of the XVIth century, composed just such a one in his own tongue, which was translated into Latin, and enlarged, by James Henrichmann, another German. This last, in the year 1508, dedicated it to the baron de Schwartzenberg, and to the poet Henry Bebel, with an invitation to him to join it to his Facetiæ, as he actually did in the edition thereof, which came out in 1512. See the two preliminary epistles of Bebelius's Facetiæ, edition of Antwerp 1541.

† *Whole cart-loads of Louvain prognostications.*] This tallies with the following words of Henrichmann's preliminary epistle: *Quotannis quidam ex syderum ratione ac motu terrestrium mentiuntur futuros effectus, idque postea literis mandantes, publicè omnibus legendum exhibent. Illos autem sæpissimè in judicio suo falsos esse videmus, adeo ut vulgus nunc illorum scripta mendaciorum libellos palàm vocitare audeant.*

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tions, made * in the shadow of a pot of drink, or so; I have here calculated one of the most sure and unerring that ever was seen in black and white, as hereafter you'll find. For, doubtless, considering what the royal prophet says to God in the fifth psalm, Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing, 'tis a henious, foul, and crying sin to tell a damned wilful lie, thereby to deceive the poor gaping world, greedy of novelties; such as the French, above all others, have been time out of mind, as Cæsar in his commentaries, and John de Gravot in his Gallic mythologies, have set down. Which is daily observable throughout all France, where the first questions, which you shall put to people newly arrived, are, What news? Is there no news stirring? What do they say? What's the discourse abroad? And so inquisitive they are, that they'll be stark-staring mad at those who come out of strange countries, unless they bring a whole budget-full of strange stories, calling them dolts, blockheads, ninny-hammers, and silly ouffs.

Since then, they are so ready to ask after news, and consequently the more glibly swallow down every flim-flam story that's told them, were it not expedient that some people, on whose faith we might depend, should hold offices of intelligence on the frontiers of the kingdom, and have a competent salary allowed them for nothing else but to examine the news that is brought, whether it is true or no? Yea, verily, friends. Even so did my good master Pantagruel through all the countries of Utopia and Dipsody: whence it comes that his territories are so prosperous, that at present they can't tell how to make away with their wine fast enough, but are fain to let it run about in waste, if plenty of good fellows

* *In the shadow of a pot of drink.*] In the shadow of a glass of wine: *à l'ombre d'ung verre de vin.*

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lows from other parts do not come to help them off with it.

Being therefore desirous to satisfy the curiosity of every good companion, I have tumbled over and over all the pantarchs of the heavens, calculated the quadrates of the moon, hooked out whatever all the * astrophiles, † hypernephelists, ‡ anemophylaxes, § uranopetes, ‖ ombrophores, and the devil and all of them, have thought; and then having conferred with Empedocles upon the whole, who, by the way desires to be kindly remembered to you, I have, here crammed the pith, marrow, and matter of the substance of it into a few chapters. Assuring you that I say nothing of it, but what I think; and that I think nothing of it, but what it is; and there is no more to be known in those matters, than what you are going to read. As for any thing that may hereafter be said over and above, it will come to pass, per'anture aye, per'anture no.

Take notice, by the by, that if you don't believe every syllable, iota, and tittle of it, you do me a great deal of wrong, for which, either here or elsewhere, you may chance to be clawed off with a vengeance. A good salt-eel, crab-tree, or bull's-pizzle may be plentifully bestowed on your outward man. You may take pepper in the nose, and snuff and suck up the air as you would oysters, as much as you please; ¶ 'tis all one for that.

Well,

* *Astrophiles.*] Star-lovers, Gr.

† *Hypernephelists.*] Such as, by their speculations, raise themselves above the clouds. Gr.

‡ *Anemophylaxes.*] Those who bend their thoughts to foretel the blowing of the winds. Gr.

§ *Uranopetes.*] Those who scale the heavens. Gr.

‖ *Ombrophores.*] Those whose application consists in foretelling the rain. Gr.

¶ *'Tis all one for that.*] Here M. Motteux should have added: For depend upon't, there will be hot work at the oven, if the baker don't fall asleep. *Car hardiment il y aura de bien chauffer si le fournier ne s'endort.* Upon which conclusion of the sentence, and its beginning

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Well, however, come, suite your noses my little children; and you old doating father grey-beards pull out your best eyes, d'on your barnacles, and in the scale of the sanctuary, weigh me every tittle of what I am going to tell you.

OF THE GOLDEN NUMBER.

* THE GOLDEN NUMBER *non est inventus*: I cannot find it this year by any calculation that I have made. Let's go on; *verte folium*, turn over leaf.

CHAP. I.

OF THE GOVERNOR AND LORD ASCENDANT THIS YEAR.

WHATSOEVER those blindfolded blockheadly fools the astrologers of Louvain, Norimberg, Tubing, and Lyons, may tell ye, don't you feed yourselves up with whims and fancies, nor believe there is any governor of the whole universe this year, but God the creator, who by his divine word rules and governs all; by whom all things are in their nature, propriety, and conditions, and without whose preservation and governance all things in a moment would be reduced to nothing, as out of nothing they were by him created. For of him comes, in him is, and by,

beginning with the arguillades, (i. e. the whippings with an eel, or an eel's skin.) M. du Chat observes, that it is a warning to the French protestants to quit the kingdom betimes, or prepare to be infallibly burnt in it, since their enemies had sworn to destroy them, root and branch.

* *The golden number.*] It runs thus in the original: Of the golden number, *non dicitur*: because I cannot find it, &c.

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by him is made perfect every being, and all life and motion, as says the evangelical trumpet, my lord St. Paul, Rom. the 11th.

Therefore the ruler of this year, and of all others, according to our authentic solution, will be God almighty. And neither Saturn, nor Mars, nor Jupiter, nor any other planet, nor the very angels, nor saints, nor men, nor devils, shall have any virtue, efficacy, or influence whatsoever, unless God of his good pleasure gives it them. As Avicen says, second causes have not any influence or action whatsoever, if the first cause did not influence them.—Does not the good little mannikin speak truth, think ye?

CHAP. II.

OF THE ECLIPSES THIS YEAR.

This year there will be so many eclipses of the sun and moon, that I fear, (not unjustly) * our pockets will suffer inanition, be full empty, and our feeling at a loss. Saturn will be retrograde, Venus direct, Mercury as unfixed as quicksilver. And a pack of planets won't go as you would have them.

For this reason the crabs will go side-long, and the rope-makers backward; the little stools will get upon the benches, and the spits on the racks, and the bands on the hats; and many a one's yard will hang down and dandle for want of leathern pouches; fleas will be generally black; bacon will run away from pease in lent; the belly will waddle before; the a—— will sit down first; there won't be a bean left in a twelfth cake, nor an ace in a flush; the dice won't

* *Our pockets, &c.*] By the sun, chymists mean gold; and by the moon, silver.

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won't run as you wish, though you cog them, and the chance that you desire will seldom come; brutes shall speak in several places; shrovetide will have its day; one part of the world shall disguise itself to gull and chouse the other, and run about the streets like a parcel of addle-pated animals and mad devils; such a hurly-burly was never seen since the devil was a little boy; and there will be above seven and twenty irregular verbs made this year, * if Priscian don't hold them in. If God don't help us, we shall have our hands and hearts full. But on the other side, if he be with us, nothing can hurt us, as says the cœlestial star-gazer, who was rapt into the third heaven, Romans the 8th. *Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos?* If God be for us, who can be against us? In good faith, *nemo domine*, no body an't like your worship; for he is as powerful as he is good. Here for the same, praise ye his holy name.

+ CHAP. III.

OF THE DISEASES THIS YEAR.

THIS year the stone-blind shall see but very little; the deaf shall hear but scurvily; the dumb shan't speak very plain; the rich shall be somewhat in a better case than the poor, and the healthy than the sick. Whole flocks, herds, and droves of sheep, swine,

* *If Priscian, &c.*] Priscian is here put for grammar in general, and in particular for the French grammar, so subject to changes, especially in the verbs, at that time; some saying *alla*, others *allit*, *allerent*, *allirent*, and *allarent*; *mors* for *mordu*, *querre* for *querir*, and an hundred others, which were used for the most part indifferently.

+ *Chap. III.*] This chapter is so like that which Joach. Fortius Rindelbergius of Antwerp has entitled Ridicula, *sed jucunda, quædam vaticinia*, (anno 1529,) that I know not which of the two is the original.

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swine, and oxen, cocks and hens, ducks and drakes, geese and ganders, shall go to pot; but the mortality will not be altogether so great among apes, monkies, baboons, and dromedaries. As for old age, 'twill be incurable this year, because of the years past. Those who are sick of the pleurisy will feel a plaguy stitch in their sides; those who are troubled with the thoro'-go-nimble, or wild-squirt, will often prostitute their blind cheeks to the bog-house; catarrhs this year shall distil from the brain on the lower parts; sore eyes will by no means help the sight; ears shall be at least as scarce and short in Gascony, and among knights of the post, as ever: a most horrid and dreadful, virulent, malignant, catching, perverse and odious malady, shall be almost epidemical, insomuch that many shall run mad upon it, not knowing what nail to drive to keep the wolf from the door; very often plotting, contriving, cudgelling, and puzzling their weak shallow brains, and syllogizing and prying up and down for the philosopher's stone, though they only get Midas's lugs by the bargain. I quake for very fear when I think on't; for I assure you, few will escape this disease, which Averroes calls lack of money: and by consequence of the last year's comet, and Saturn's retrogradation, a huge drivelling he-scoundrel, all be-crinkumed, be-scabbed, and cauliflowed with the pox, shall die in the spital: at his death will he a horrid clutter between the cats and the rats, hounds and hares, hawkes and ducks, and eke between the monks and eggs.

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CHAP. IV.

OF THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH THIS YEAR.

I FIND, by the calculations of * Albumasar, in his book of the great conjunction, and elsewhere, that this will be a plentiful year of all manner of good things to those who have enough: but your hops of Picardy will go near to fare the worse for the cold. As for oats, they'll be a great help to horses. I dare say there won't be much more bacon than swine. *Pisces* having the ascendant, 'twill be a mighty year for muscles, cockles, and perriwinkles. Mercury somewhat threatens our parsley beds; yet parsley will be to be had for money. Hemp will grow faster than the children of this age, and some will find there's but too much on't. There will be but a very few bon-chrestens, but choak-pears in abundance. As for corn, wine, fruit, and herbs, there never was such plenty as will be now, if poor folks may have their wish.

CHAP. V.

OF THE DISPOSITION OF THE PEOPLE THIS YEAR.

'TIS the oddest whimsy in the world, to fancy there are stars for kings, popes, and great dons, any more than for the poor and needy. As if, forsooth, some new stars were made since the flood, or since Romulus or Pharamond, at the making somebody king; a thing that † Triboulet or Caillette would have

* *Albumazar.*] An Arabian philosopher and astrologer, who lived about the year 910 of the Christian æra.

† *Triboulet, or Caillette.*] Two court-fools.

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have been ashamed to have said, and yet they were men of no common learning or fame; and for aught you or I know, this same Triboulet may have been of the kings of Castille's blood in Noah's ark, and Caillette of that of *king Priam. Now, mark ye me, those odd nations come from nothing in the world but want of faith: I say, the true catholic faith. Therefore, resting fully satisfied that the stars care not a fart more for kings than for beggars, nor a jot more for your rich topping fellows, than for the most sorry, mangy, lousy rascal; I'll e'en leave other sible-pated fortune-tellers to speak of the great folks, and I will only talk of the little ones.

And in the first place, of those who are subject to Saturn; as for example, such as lack the ready, jealous or horn-mad, self-tormenting prigs, dreaming fops, crabbed eves-droppers, raving, doting churls, hatchers and brooders of mischief, suspicious distrustful slouches, †mole-catchers, close-fisted gripping miners, usurers and pawnbrokers, christian-jews, pinch-crusts, hold-fasts, snidlers and penny-fathers, redeemers of dipt, mortgaged, and bleeding copyholds and messuages, fleecers of sheered asses, shoemakers and translators, tanners, bricklayers, bell-founders, compounders of loans, patchers, clowters, and botchers of old trumpery stuff, and all moping melancholic folks, shall not have this year whatever they'd have; and ‡ will think more than once how

* *King Priam.*] He jokes upon those writers who very orderly trace the genealogy of the kings of Spain up to Adam, and deduce the descent of the kings of France from king Priam.

† *Mole Catchers.*] Avaricious money-hunters, who, in order to come at riches, which the earth contains in its bowels, never cease digging and delving, as it were, like the ancient French miners, called franc-taupin (from *talpa*, a mole). See this explained elsewhere.

‡ *Will think more than once how they may get the king's picture.*] It is, in the original, Will study hard about the invention of the holy-cross. The invention (or finding) of the holy cross, is a solemn holiday celebrated by the church of Rome on the third of May: also, a shift or device to get money; and that's what it means here: a merry allusion

they may get good store of the king's pictures into their clutches; in the mean time they'll hardly throw shoulders of mutton out at the windows, and will often scratch their working noddles where they do not itch.

As for those who are under Jupiter, as canting vermin, bigots, pardon-pedlars, voluminous abbreviators, scribblers of breves, * copists, pope's bull-makers, dataries, pettifoggers, capuchins, monks, hermits, hypocrites, cushion-thumping mountebanks, spiritual comedians, forms of holiness, pater-noster faces, wheadling gabblers, wry-necked scoundrels, spoilers of paper, † stately gulls, ‡ notched-cropt-eared meacocks, public register's clerks, clergy-taylors, wafer-makers, rosary-makers, engrossers of deeds, notaries, grave-bubbles, protocoles, prompters to speakers, and deceitful makers of promises, shall fare according as they have money. So many clergymen will die, that there will not be men enough found on whom their benefices may be conferred, so that many will hold two, three, four, or more. The tribe of hypocrites shall lose a good deal of its ancient fame, since the world is grown a rake, and

allusion to the other. These *double entendres*, with which our author abounds, are very pretty in the French, but not always capable of being rendered into English.

* *Copists.*] Petty scribes in the Court of Rome, who copy the bulls in order for engrossing. See Erasmus's praise of folly, on the words *Top copistæ. Infimi scribæ, qui bullas quas vocant effingunt Romæ.* Erasmus laughs at the word *copista* as barbarous Latin. And in the epistles obsc. viror. lib. 2. in that of Dr. Hackstro (chopt-straw) *non placet mihi Romæ: quia copistæ & curtesani* (courtiers) *sunt ita superbi, quod non creditis.*

† *Stately Gulls.*] So, indeed, Cotgrave has Englished Rabelais's word *prelingnauts*, but M. du Chat is more particular: a chief in a court of judicature, who (in like manner as a taster (*un preguste*) takes the essay of meats with his tongue) sums up, and presents the opinion of the other judges before he declares his own.

‡ *Notched-cropt-eared.*] *Esperruequetz*, which Cotgrave says is one that wears long locks, or curled hair; but it really means as M. M. translates it, what the Italians call *tosato, senza zazzera*, crop-haired, without a perriwig. (*Esperruqué.*)

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and will not be fooled much longer, as Avenzagel saith.

Those who are under Mars, as hangmen, cut-throats, dead-doing fellows, free-booters, hedge-birds, footpads and highwaymen, catch-poles, bum-bailiffs, beadles and watchmen, reformadoes, tooth-drawers and corn-cutters, pintle-smiths, shavers, and frig-beards, butchers, coiners, paltry quacks, and * mountebanks, renegadoes, apostates and marranized miscreants, incendiaries or boutefeus, chimney-sweepers, boorish cluster-fists, charcoal-men, alchymists, merchants of eel-skins and egg-shells, grid-iron and rattle-makers, cooks, paltry pedlars, thrashmongers and spangle-makers, bracelet-makers, lantern-makers and tinkers, this year will do fine things; but some of them will be somewhat subject to be rib-roasted, and have a St. Andrew's cross scored over their jobbernols at unawares. This year one of those worthy persons will go nigh to be made a field-bishop, and, mounted on a horse that was foaled of an acorn, give the passengers a blessing with his legs.

Those who belong to Sol, as topers, quaffers, whipcans, tosspots, whittled, mellow, cupshotten swillers, merry-greeks, with crimson snouts of their own dying; fat, pursy gorbellics, brewers of vine and of beer, bottlers of hay, porters, mowers, menders of tiled, slated, and thatched houses, burthen-bearers, packers, shepherds, ox-keepers, and cow-herds, swine-herds, and hog-drivers, fowlers and bird-catchers, gardeners, barn-keepers, hedgers,

* *Mountebanks.*] *Tucuins.* In the edition of 1542, it is *avicennists.* Most of the rest have *taquins,* because they knew not what *taciins* meant. Buhahylha Ben-Gezla, an Arabian, physician to Charlemagne, writ a book, intituled, *Taciins*; a work which signifies tables, repertories, because they were tables containing an enumeration of all distempers, with their cures. This book was translated from the Arabic into Latin, by a Jew, Farrogut, another physician of Charlemagne's. The translation is still in being, though the original is lost. See further in du Chat.

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common mumpers and vagabonds, day-labourers, scowerers of greasy thrum caps, stuffers, and bum-basters of pack saddles, rag-merchants, idle lusks, slothful idlebies, and drowsy loiterers, smell-feasts, and snap-gobbets, gentlemen generally wearing shirts with neck-bands, or heartily desiring to wear such; all these will be hale and sharp set, and not troubled with the gout at the grinders, or a stoppage at the gullet, when at a feast on free cost.

Those whom Venus is said to rule, as punks, jilts, flists, queans, morts, doxies, strumpets, buttocks, blowings, tits, pure ones, concubines, convenients, cracks, drabs, trulls, light-skirts, wrigglers, misses, cats, rigs, triad virgins, benarobas, barbers-chairs, hedge-whores, wagtails, cockatrices, whipsters, twiggers, harlots, kept-wenches, kind-hearted things, ladies of pleasure, by what titles or names soever dignified or distinguished; bawds, pimps, panders, procurers, and mutton-brokers; wenchers, leachers, shakers, smockers, cousins, cullies, stallions and bellibumpers: ganymedes, bardachoes, hufflers, ingles, fricatrices, he-whores, and sodomites; swaggering huff-snuffs, bouncing bullies, braggadocio's, tory-rory rakes and tantivy-boys; peppered, clapped, and poxed dabblers; shankered, cauliflowered, carbuncled martyrs and confessors of Venus; rovers, ruffian-rogues, and hedge-creepers, female chamberlains; *nomina mulierum desinentia in ess, ut*, laundress, sempstress, hostes, &c. & in *er, ut*, mantua-maker, bed-maker, bar-keeper, fruiterer, &c. all these will be famous this year. But when the sun enters Cancer, and other signs, let them beware of the crinkams and its attendants; as shankers, claps, virulent gonorrhœas, cordees, buboes, or running-nags, pock-royals, botches, wens, or condyloms, tetters, scabs, nodes, glands, tumours, carnosities, &c. Nuns shall hardly conceive without carnal copulation: very few virgins shall have milk at the breasts.

As

As for those who come under Mercury, as sharpers, rooks, cozeners, setters, as sherks, cheats, pick-pockets, divers, buttocking foils, thieves, millers, night-walkers, masters of arts, decretists, picklocks, deer-stealers, hedge rhymers, composers of serious doggrel metre, Merry-andrews, Jack-puddings, tumblers, masters in the art of hocus pocus, legerdemain, and powder of prelinpinpin; such as break Priscian's head, quibblers and punsters, stationers, paper-makers, card-makers, and pirates, will strive to appear more merry than they will often be: sometimes they will laugh without any cause, and will be pretty apt to be blown up, sh—i' th' plum-bag, and march off, * unless they find themselves better stored with chink, and stronger of the cod than they need be.

Those who belong to madam Luna, as hawkers of almanacks and pamphlets, huntsmen, ostrich-catchers, falconers, couriers, salt-carriers, lunatics, maggotty fools, crack-brained coxcombs, addle-pated frantic wights, giddy, whimsical foplings, exchange-brokers, post-boys, foot-boys, tennis court keepers' boys, glass mongers, light-horse, watermen, mariners, messengers, rakers and gleaners, will not long stay in a place this year. However, so many swag-bellies and puff-bags will hardly go to † St. Iliacco, ‡ as there did in the year 524. Great numbers of

* *Unless, &c.*] Wrong: to the last degree wrong. Read, if they find themselves, &c. not, unless they find themselves, &c. *s'ils se trouvent plus d'argent, &c.* not *s'ils ne se trouvent plus d'argent, &c.* It means, that nothing can hinder them from running away with your money, but your not trusting them with it. Again, instead of need be, read should be.

† *St. Iliacco.*] St. James in Galicia.

‡ *As there did in the year 524.*] There had been published many predictions, which, on account of the grand conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, in the sign of Pisces in 1524, did declare there would be in February that year a second universal deluge: there needed no more to send the Germans, at that time very much addicted to pilgrimaging, in shoals to St. James in Galicia. This is what is here mean

*pilgrims will come down from the mountains of Savoy and Auvergne; but Sagitarius sorely threatens them with kibed heels.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE CONDITION OF SOME COUNTRIES.

The noble kingdom of France shall prosper and triumph this year in all † pleasures and delights, so that foreign nations shall willingly retire thither. Presents of nosegays, and feasts on birth-days, and saints-days, treats, pastimes, and a thousand sports, shall keep up the mirth. There will be plenty of delicious wines; many radishes in Limosin; store of chesnuts in Perigord and Dauphiné; a deal of olives in Languedoc; whole shoals of sand in Olone; a world of fish in the sea; swarms of stars in the firmament; abundance of salt at Brouage; and prodigious quantities of corn, pulse, kitchen-herbs, flowers, fruit, butter, cheese, milk, and other diary goods. No plague, no war, no vexation. A fart for poverty; hang sorrow, cast away care. Old gold, such as your double ducats, rose-nobles, angels, spankers, spur-royals, and well-wooled sheep of Berry, will once more be in fashion, and plenty of seraphs

meant by Rabelais, who by lifrelofres means the German pilgrims, who began to grow scarce after the reformation had got good footing among them.

* *Pilgrims.*] *Miquelots* in the original. Young people who were wont to go on pilgrimage to St. Michael (thence their name miquelots, I suppose). These occasioned the proverb, Little beggars go to St. Michael, great ones to St. James.

† *Pleasures and delights.*] France enjoyed peace from the treaty concluded at Cambray 1529; but the famine which happened in that kingdom about that time, occasioned the plague, and both those scourges continued therein till the beginning of 1534. Therefore, either this prognostication was not published till 1534, at soonest, or Rabelais was much out in his guessing.

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seraphs and crowns with a sun upon them. However, about midsummer you are threatened with an invasion by black fleas, and weevils of la Deviniere. *A Deo, nil est ex omni parte beatum;* nothing is yet found that is perfectly happy; but care must be taken to curb them with store of evening nuncions.

Italy, Romania, Naples and Sicily will remain where they stood last year. People will be * very thoughtful there towards the latter end of lent, and sometimes will † rave and dream at noon-day.

Germany, Switzerland, Saxony, Strasburgh, Antwerp, &c. will thrive upon't, if they don't fail to do so. Woe be to pardon-pedlars, if they come among them: I dare engage that there will not be many ‡ yearly obits, trentals, and services for the dead founded there.

Spain, Castile, Portugal, and Arragon will be subject to § sudden thirst, and young and old will be wofully afraid of dying: for which reason they will be sure to keep themselves || warm when it is cold; and will often tell over their money if they have any.

England, Scotland, and the ¶ Easterlings, will be but

* *Very thoughtful, &c.*] Will think of their sins, which they are to confess at easter.

† *Rave and dream at noon-day.*] In the original there is no rave, but only dream, and M. du Chat says, Rabelais alludes to the constant custom of the people of Rome to take a nap of two hours immediately after dinner; not in bed, but in easy leather chairs made on purpose, with backs and springs to move higher or lower. See Misson's travels, let. 33.

‡ *Yearly.*] Wrong: read, there will not be many obits, &c. founded there this year, *ceste année* (not yearly.) For now the reformation had taken deep root.

§ *Sudden thirsts.*] No sudden in Rabelais: great thirsts, if you will: alterations in French, not altercations, as some editions have it. M. du Chat's note here is two-fold: these countries are very hot, and the inquisition there spares nobody.

|| *Warm when it is cold.*] It is only warm in the original: that is, says M. du Chat, people there should keep close and snug, not only because the evening dews are mortal there, but that they may give the inquisition no advantage over them.

¶ *Easterlings.*] Otherwise Osterlins. See Commines, l. 5, c. 18.

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but * indifferent Pantagruelists. Wine would at least prove as wholesome to them as beer, provided it were good and delicious. When they sit at table, their best hopes will be the after-game. St. Traignant of Scotland will work miracles and sh— wonders like mad; but the devil-a-bit he will see the better for all the candles that will be offered him, if † Aries ascending does not fumble, and rumble, tumble, stumble and be humble, though he grumble, and be scorned, and unhorned.

The Muscovites, Indians, Persians, and Troglodytes, will often be troubled with the bloody flux, because they will not be ridden, tapped, and rammed by the Romanists, considering the ball of Sagitarius asceadant. The Bohemians, Jews, and Egyptians will not be brought this year to conform with the said Romanists, as they expect; Venus bitterly threatens them with ‡ wens at the throat, if they do not condescend to the will of § the king of the papillons.

‖ Escargots [snails] ¶ Sarabouytes, ** cauquemarres,

* *Indifferent Pantagruelists.*] Will not always have wine to drink when they have a mind to it.

† *Aries.*] The pope, and his power.

‡ *Wens at the throat.*] Gibbets.

§ *The king, &c.*] The king of France: in the original, *roy de parpaillons* (see this explained elsewhere.) What Rabelais seems to hint at here is the Bohemians, &c. who by an edict were banished the kingdom, on pain of being hanged. [*Boemien* likewise means a gipsy.]

‖ *Escargots.*] This does not mean snails strictly, in this place at least, but, as M. du Chat observes, monks and other religious, to whom the discipline (whip) seems to be instead of a fly-flap to drive away those troublesome insects. Rabelais calls them escargots (snails) either because as in c. 40, l. 1. we read that, like beetles, they eat the turd of the world, (feed upon the sins of the people) or else, because that being covered with the cowl, they resemble snails in their sheils.

¶ *Sarabouytes.*] Or rather *sarabaites*, spoken of in the last ch. of l. 2, and ch. liv. of l. 4, were, in old times, a certain sort of religious, who lived in the utmost licentiousness and dissolution.

** *Cauquemarres.*] From *calcare mares.* These are the same religious whom elsewhere Rabelais calls *farfadets*, a name by which he likewise calls the hobgoblins, and raw-head and bloody-bones. To these,

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res, [nightmares] cannibals shall be pestered with ox-flies, [informers, promoters] and will have but little heart to play on the cymbals, and tongs and keys [or, to letcher] unless guaiacum be in request.

As for Austria, Hungary, and Turkey, by my troth, my dainty lads, I can't tell how they will do; neither does pilgarlic trouble his head a jot about it, considering the sun's brave entrance into Capricornus; and if you chance to know more of the matter than I do, pray scatter no words, keep it to yourselves, but stay for the lame post.

and the preceding, our author declares that the discipline they will give themselves will reduce them to the same condition with cannibals, and other nations of America, who, not knowing how to make themselves clothes (at least, not caring to do it) suffer great inconveniences from the flies, when the Europeans don't come and fetch their guaiacum, in return for which they generally give them clothes to cover them.

OF THE

FOUR SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

CHAP. VII.

OF THE SPRING.

IN all this year's revolution there will be but one moon, neither will it be new. I dare warrant, you are damnably down o'the mouth about it; * you who do not believe in God, and persecute his holy and divine word, as also those that stand up for it. But you may e'en hang yourselves out of the way; I tell you there will never be any other moon than that which God created in the beginning of the world, and which was placed in the sky to light and guide mankind by night. But, in good sooth, I'll not infer thence that it never shews to the earth and earthly people a decrease or increase of its light, according as it is nearer the sun or further from it. No, no; why should I say this? for, wherefore, because, however, notwithstanding, that, &c. and let none of you hereafter pray that heaven may keep her from the wolves; for they will not meddle with her this twelve months, I'll warrant you. Apropos, now I think on't, you will see as many flowers again this season, as in all the other three; neither shall that man be thought a fool, who will have wit enough to lay by money, and get together more of it this quarter than he will do of † cobwebs in the whole year. The

* *You who do not, &c.*] No Lutheran could have expressed himself in stronger terms.

† *Cobwebs.*] It should be herrings, *arancs*: though some editions have it *araignes*. M. du Chat says, Rabelais here means, that in the spring people had better keep their money, than lay it out in herrings, which are good for nothing in that season of the year.

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The *griffons and marrons, (men who make the ways passable in great snows, and dwell on the mountains of Savoy and Dauphiné) and the hyperboreans, that are perpetually furred with snow, are to miss this season, and have none on't: for Avicenna tells us, it is not spring till the snow does melt away on the mountains. †Believe the liar. I have known the time when men reckoned ver, or the spring, to begin when the sun entered into the first degree of Aries. If they reckon it otherwise now, I knock under, and mum's the word.

CHAP. VIII.

OF SUMMER.

In the summer I can't justly tell you what kind of wind will blow; but this I know, that it ought to be warm weather then, and now and then a sea-breeze. However, if things should fall out otherwise, you must be sure not to curse God; for he is wiser than we, and knows what is fit for us far better than we ourselves: you may take my word for't, whatever ‡Haly and his gang may have said. It will be a delicious thing to be merry, and drink cool wine; though some have said there is nothing more contrary to thirst. I believe it; and indeed *contraria contrariis curantur.*

CHAP.

*Griffons.] *Gryphons*: men, who, like true griffins, climb up the sharpest and steepest rocks.

†*Believe the liar.*] *Croyez ce porteur*, in the original; believe the bearer: i. e. I stand to what he says about the matter.

‡*Haly.*] An Arabian philosopher and mathematician. *Vossius de scient. mathem.* (on the credit of Luke Gaurie) places him in 1202. Helvic. tabl. 33, in 1121.

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CHAP. IX.

OF AUTUMN.

In autumn men will make wine, or before or after it; it is all one to me, so we have but good hub and nippitati enough: foul mistakes will then be in season, for many a one will think only to burst at the broad-side by the way of a fizzle-cum-funk, and will foully give their breeches a clyster with a fæcal decoction. As for those men and women who have vowed to fast till the stars be in the heavens, they may e'en from this present hour begin to feed like farmers by my particular grant and dispensation. Neither do they begin of the soonest; for those pretty twinkling things have been fixed there above sixteen thousand and I can't tell how many days, and stuck in to the purpose too, let me tell you. Nor would I have you for the future hope to catch larks when the sky falls: for on my honour that will not happen in your time. Legions of hypocritical church-vermin, cucullated sham saints, pedlars and hawkers of pardons, * perpetual mumpers and mumblers of orisons, and other such gangs of rascally scoundrels will come + out of their dens. Scape that scape can, say I. Harkee me! take heed also of the bones whenever you eat fish, and God preserve you from a dose of ratsbane too.

CHAP.

* *Perpetual mumpers.*] In the original it is *perpetuans*, and means all monks; whose communities never die, but are perpetual.

+ *Out of their dens.*] With a purpose to catch from the country-folks all they can of their harvest.

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CHAP. X,

OF WINTER.

In winter, in my silly opinion, those men will not be overwise, who will sell their furred gowns, swans' skins, and other warm clothes, to buy fuel; neither did the ancients use to do so, says Avenzouart. If it chance to rain, don't fret yourselves; so much the less dust you will have when you go abroad. Keep yourselves as hot as toasts, d'ye hear: beware of catarrhs; drink of the best, till the other sort mend; and pray henceforth sh— no more o'bed. * Oh ho! poultry, do you build your nests so high?

'AN

* *Oh ho! poultry, &c.*] A mere joke, or trivial pleasantry, put here by Rabelais out of the gaiety or wantonness of his humour, without any relation to what went before. Other noted authors, both comical and serious, have used the very same words at the winding up of their works. Philip d'Alcippe for one, John Edouard du Monin for another, *cum multis aliis.*

END OF THE PANTAGRUELIAN PROGNOSTICATION.

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AN

EPISTLE

BY

PANTAGRUEL's LIMOSIN,

GRAND EXCORIATOR OF THE LATIALE TONGUE;

Mentioned Book II. Chap. VI.

TO HIS OWN AMICISSIM, RESIDING AT THE INCLITE AND FAMOSISSIM URB OF LUGDUN.

OUR auricles, percuss'd by fame sonorous,
Your mirabundous acts have brought before us.
Your placid life, here inaudite before,
Replates the town of Lugdun o'er and o'er:
Where nymphs convening three times thrice divine,
Prostrate themselves as vot'ries at your shrine.
Some, voluntarily fly into your arms,
For your opiparous or aureous charms:
Some, tender souls! on you themselves obtrude,
Mov'd by your tongue's most melleous dulcitude.
Your phrase, robustly propt, with ease produces
Fractions in many weak virgineous cruises:
When you're placientated, the fort is won;
Id est, when e'er y'impel the matter on.

You therefore, if your appetite desires
New dapes each hour, pursue what that requires.
If sated with your urban stale fruitions,
Or with your half unnatural coitions,
You to your neighb'ring rural fund migrate,
And there your lassate corps re-animate.
There ev'ry joy to you is an oblation,
In which your ingeny finds delectation,

The

The gay Merul and warbling Philomel,
To please you, strive each other to excel.
Their pleasant notes tristitious thoughts confound,
And wake your soul with their letating sound.

To that amæne recess the rural quire,
Sylvanus, satyrs, fauns, and Pan retire:
Gods, demigods, nymphs, dryads, naiads meet,
And leave their mansions for your dulcior seat;
And when the turb is once accumulate,
Jucund jucundity's immensurate.
With sumptuous cates divine ambrosia joins,
And nectar there exuperates all your wines.
With this each dry exuriant guest replete is,
As at the feast of Peleus and his Thetis.
Then all arise; the tables here sublate;
In arbours, some themselves refocillate;
Some in ferine venation take delight;
For coney-caption some have appetite:
In fine, ludes omniform are there invented,
And every indoles and sense contented.
Pleasure invades, pain abdicates the mind:
What more in heaven can its grand tenants find!

While we, alas! must still obambulate,
Sequacious of the court and courtier's fate;
O most infaust who optates there to live!
An aulic life no solid joys can give.
We've been cruciated since your last migration,
With an indesinent obequitation:
Our boots and legs have not been separated,
While we the Burgade lands have conculcated.
Lute, unds and sands did long our march oppose,
And asp'rous rocks, the bulwarks of our foes.

But now I'll not too many verbs effund,
Nor with our ills your auricles obtund:
Nor all our martial conflicts represent,
Obscesses, storms, and fights sanguinolent:

When

When angry Mars Burgundia cicatris'd,
And friend with friend in dolors sympathis'd;
Desp'rate of conquest, thro' dire accidents,
Apert we jac'd to th'æther without tents.
At last the kind, tho' rigid brume came on;
The camp was derelict, and all are gone.
For when hybernal evils appropinque,
The legions on their hybernacles think.

So, when the bellic season was expir'd,
Wisely the regal majesty retir'd.
To Fonsbellaqueus now the monarch's come,
The noblest master to the noblest dome:
No more had Nero's match'd its noble pride,
Than with the king the tyrant could have vy'd.
Were ev'n Diana's temple rais'd again,
The regal palace would eclipse the fane.
'Tis true, you've ocul'd it in times præterit,
But ev'ry day 't has meliorated merit,
And those who supervis'd it *noct hestern*,
In *hodiern hores*, will major things discern.
Opining to revise a structure new,
Where art surpass'd itself, and nature too.

Now to apply my primary ingredient,
That you move *huc* I think it not expedient:
For, should you come before the brume's abated,
Th' opime you'd finguish for the macerated.
Since, thanks to Jove's benignity you're valid,
Chuse not a frigid state, while your's is calid;
Unless salubrity you vilipend,
And, from your own become your medic's friend,
For in veracity, these times denote
Morbs to the same, and obits to th' ægrote;
And alterate the suavest pulchritude
To the complexion of its native mud.

Incluse with silves behind, and lakes before us,
Our outward man wants something that's calorous.

Scarce

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Scarce one poor fascicle can we acquire;
In fine all solaces from us retire.
And were it not (in this extremity)
Juvated by the town's proximity,
To which we equitate with maturation,
And to kind nature make sacrification,
Soon in our sepulchres we should all hide us;
For, sure, one hebdomad would here occide us.

By this imparity you plainly see
Our life's distress, and your's jucundity;
Our state's naufrageous and periclitating:
If then you sape, as we are cogitating,
Hither, till spring return, make no transition,
Tho' you were stimulated by ambition.
What tho' honorabilities it offers,
Large heaps of numms to fill your largest coffers,
Imperial favour too, and what not else?
Ample munificence, and office celse,
Such as you execute when here? yet these
Have no intrinsic valor, tho' they please.
Our means of life are pote, and cibe, and vest;
Who jugulates himself for wealth's a beast.

To this epistle finis now we'll fix,
Which to your school a transit does adnix;
Where rules to prolix loquels are prescrib'd,
And doct verbocination is imbib'd:
Excoriating the language latiale,
To make reply let not your calam fail;
But a'rament at large the candid chart,
With corresponding rhymes transcending art.
Which will to him be th' altest obligation
Who is

Your serv with maxim veneration,

DESBRIDE GOUSIER.

AN

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AN EPIGRAM.

All strive of late to bring to purity
Our tongue that once lay in obscurity;
And profligating all barbarity,
With th' Attic set the French in parity;
So, to revive its old nobility,
They shun the phrase of our mobility;
But thus disguis'd by a fatality,
'Tis mere excoriated latiality.

THE

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THE

PHILOSOPHICAL CREAM

OF

ENCYCLOPEDIC QUESTIONS.

BY PANTAGRUEL.

Which were sorbonicoficabilitudinissely debated in the Schools of the Decree near St. Denys de la Chartre at Paris.

UTRUM, a platonic idea, hovering to the right on the orifice of the chaos, might drive away the squadrons of democratical atoms?

Utrum, the * flickermice flying through the translucidity of the cornered gate, might, spy-like, discover the morphean visions twirling and unwinding in a circular manner the thread of the *rete admirabile* that wraps up the † *attili* of ill caulked brains?

Utrum, the atoms turning about at the sound of the hermagorical harmony, might make a compaction or a dissolution of a quintessence, by the subtraction of the pythagorical numbers?

Utrum, the hybernal frigidity of the antipodes, passing in an orthogonal line, through the homogeneous solidity of the centre, might warm the superficial connexity of our heels by a soft antiperistasis?

Utrum, the tassels of the torrid zone might so far be dipt and wetted at the cataracts of the Nile, as

* Bats.

† A certain fish in the river Po, which sometimes weighs 1000lb. [so says M. M. but not Torriano.]

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as to moisten the most caustic parts of the empyreal heaven?

Utrum, by reason of the long hair that was bestowed on the bear at her metamorphosis, if her breech were but shaved the Italian way *à la bougarone*, to make Triton a beard, she might not be keeper of the arctic pole?

Utrum, an elementary sentence might alledge a decennal prescription against amphibious animals, and *è contra* the other respectively put in her petition in case of seizure and novelty?

Utrum, an historical grammar, and posteriority, by the triad of articles, might find some line or character of their chronicle on the zenonian palm? [open hand, i. e. eloquence.]

Utrum, the *genera generalissima*, by a violent elevation over their predicaments, might crawl and clamber up to the stories of the transcendants, and consequently let the special and predicable species follow, to the unspeakable loss and damage of poor masters of arts?

Utrum, Proteus, that transformed himself into all manner of shapes, turning himself into a * cigale, and musically trying his voice in the dog-days, might make a third concoction with the morning-dew carefully bottled up in May, before the full resolution of a zodiacal girdle?

Utrum, the black scorpion might bear a solution of the continuum in his substance, and, by the effusion of his blood, darken and blacken the milky-way, to the great loss and grief of the swag-bellied † jacobites?

FRANCISCUS

* A thick, broad-headed flying insect, which sits on trees in hot countries, and sings after a shrieking fashion: it is called *cicada* in Latin, and therefore mistaken by some here for the grasshopper.

† *Jacobites.*] German jacobites in the original. It alludes from these pilgrims of St. James in Gallacia, to the philosophers, the followers of the jacobin Albertus Magnus. *Albertistæ dicunt quòd galaxia*

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* FRANCISCUS RABELÆSUS,

POETA SITIENS, PONEBAT.

† *Vita Lyæe, sitis ; liquisti, flebis, adures ;*
Membra, hominum, tumulum ; morte, liquore, face.

galaxia est naturæ cælestis, thomistæ dicunt quòd galaxia est naturæ elemetaris, says Dr. Gerlam (all-sheep) in part 2d of epist. obs. viror.

* *Franciscus Rabelæsus.*] Wrong: for he did not write it himself, but another person. The old editions have it as it should be, *Francisco Rabelæso*, &c.

† *Vita*, &c.] *Vita, liquisti membra morte : Lyæe, flebis hominem liquore : sitis, adures tumulum face.* So it is to be read, according to the editions of 1567, 1573, 1584, and 1600, not *foco* as in that of 1596.

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TWO

EPISTLES

TO

TWO WOMEN OF DIFFERENT HUMOURS.

TO THE FIRST ODD WOMAN.

OLD, toothless, pox'd, mischievous hag of night;
Old graceless witch, who liv'st in virtue's spite;
Old treacherous beldam, burthen to the earth;
Plots, broils, and wars, from thee derive their birth.
Old arrant bawd, by whose destructive trade
The lewd are sold, the modest are betray'd:
Honour thou never knew'st, thou living tomb,
Whor'd with thy father, in thy mother's womb.
Thy charity does like the devil's prove,
And damns the wretches who thy lewdness love.
Thy livid blood with pois'nous rage is swell'd;
Thy breast with gall, thy head with mischief fill'd.
Thou ne'er of any but thyself spok'st well,
And for detraction ev'n surpassest hell.
Old brimstone-bawd, with brandy flaming red,
That mak'st a curst rank brothel of thy bed;
Propitious to all malice and ill-luck,
That hast a tet to give the devil suck:
Damn'd witch, thou dost in magic far excel
Medæa, and the blackest fiends of hell:
Thou mak'st thy hideous phiz more dreadful still;
But when thou dost, we should thy hagship kill,
Lest thy redoubled ugliness affright,
And, like Medusa's, ruin us at sight.
Thou, scarlet whore, ne'er mourn'st for doing ill;
Thy only tears are rhumes, and wines distill'd;

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Thy only sighs are vented at thy bum,
Outstink a carrion, and outroar a drum.
Old monstrous hag, of matchless, dreadful kind,
Thou the three furies in one body join'd:
Satan, outdone by thee, does envious grow,
And longs to burn thee in revenge below.
Dissembling witch, whose tongue, still muttering, dares
Mock frowning heav'n with thy unhallow'd pray'rs:
Thou, bold bad sprite, with Satan's borrow'd force,
Pretend'st to turn a rapid river's course;
With spells to paleness fright the astonish'd moon,
And darken quite the blushing sun at noon.
Base murd'ring sorceress, with relentless heart,
On innocence thou try'st thy cursed art;
Bewitching infants in their mothers' arms,
And death alone can end the painful charms.
No God thou own'st, but thy insatiate gut;
Thou mak'st each trull turn up her filthy scut.
Pity thou slight'st, by pity thou'rt abhorr'd,
And more deserv'dst a faggot than a cord.
Thy cruel heart with rancour has its load,
Natural to thee as poison to a toad.
Thou worst of mischiefs, guide to endless death,
Who scatter'st plagues with thy contagious breath,
Canst thou expect unpunish'd to remain,
And for each crime to 'scape a double pain?
Millions in judgment will against thee rise,
And loudly call for vengeance to the skies.
Those whom thy arts to lawless flames decoy'd,
Shall be below to burn thy soul employ'd.
But thou'rt the worst of hells for impious deeds,
T'other perhaps in punishments exceeds;
Prepare, prepare for its revenging pains,
There to be rack'd in everlasting chains.
Tremble, and loudly to the mountains call,
That they may gape, and crush thee with their fall!
For still thy latter sins the first excel,
And, living on, thou'lt grow too bad for hell.

Damn'd harridan, with reeking lust more drunk
Than Messaline that great imperial punk:
Ne'er tir'd, or sated, thou out-dost her more
Than she out-did the utmost stint of whore.
Thy sweaty carcase (which kind heaven confound!)
With noisome steams offends us all around.
Old drunken pisspot, sink of filth and sin,
Plaister without, and rottenness within;
Curst lump of lees; thou universal sore;
Thou putrid product of the common-shore;
Thou lowest, last degree of infamy;
Thou very highest top of villany;
Repent, or know I'll double ev'ry curse:
But no, thou canst not mend, nor e'er be worse.

AN EPISTLE TO ANOTHER WOMAN OF A QUITE DIFFERENT HUMOUR.

Hail! reverend matron, virtuous as you're fair;
Hail! you, whose autumn may with spring compare;
Matron, adorn'd so richly in your mind,
That in your looks the treasures we may find.
With pious doctrine you your faith improve,
Shun idle talk, and books of idler love,
And setting vice and needless forms apart,
Your suff'ring God engrave within your heart:
While you on earth a heav'nly saint commence,
Your charity is, like the world immense;
Ready to ease th' afflicted of their load,
At awful distance y' imitate your God.
So sweet, so modest, and so void of pride,
That ev'n that God does own you for his bride.
You to all folly wisely shut your eyes,
And dare the world's alluring joys despise.
That sacred writ alone is your delight,
Which saves the soul from everlasting night.

You

You temper still, yet never to a fault,
Your wine with water, and your words with thought;
And never cherish'd an unchast desire,
Or cou'd be warm'd but by the nuptial fire;
But, waiting for your Saviour, pass away
In pray'rs the night, in pious acts the day.
In faith, in piety alone extreme,
You shun applause, yet best deserve esteem.
The prophet's great inspirer fills your breast;
Your head, your heart, by the whole God possest:
While some unthinking virgins are betray'd,
And made proficients in hell's thriving trade.
Your wise advice, your great example draws
The thoughtless wretches out of Satan's jaws.
Matron, in wedlock faithful and sedate,
An honour to that honourable state:
Not weakness made you wed but piety,
Thus to increase the saint's society.
Those wanton toys cou'd ne'er your heart entice;
Which stifle virtue, and encourage vice.
Matron, whom all the christian Pallas term,
Wise in your conduct, and your courage firm.
I prize, admire, and love your matchless store,
Your outward beauties much, your inward graces more.
From heav'n you came, and to that heav'n are born;
Virtue adorns you, virtue you adorn.
Oh that I may, e'en till my latest hours,
Advance in knowledge, contemplating your's!
May you obtain below what earth can crave!
What heav'n can grant, above, you're sure to have.

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LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

FRANCIS RABELAIS, M.D.

DURING HIS STAY IN ITALY.

IN THE YEAR 1535.

LETTER. I.

TO MY LORD BISHOP OF MAILLEZAIS.

MY LORD,

I WRIT to you at large on the nine and twentieth of November, and sent you some Naples grain for your sallads, of every sort that is eaten on this side, except pimpernell, which then I could not procure. I have sent you no great quantity at present, because it had been too much for the courier at one time; but if you please to have more, either for your gardens, or to dispose of otherwise, I will send it you upon notice. I had written to you before, and sent to you the four signatures concerning the benefices of friar Dom. Philip, obtained in the name of those whom you have set down in the instructions you gave me. I have not received since any letter from you that mentions the receipt of the aforesaid signatures. I received only one dated from l'Ermenaud, when my lady d'Estissac came thither, in which you let me know that you had received two packets from me; one from Ferrara, t'other from this city, with the cypher which I writ to you: but for aught I understand,

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stand, you had not yet received the packet where the signatures were inclosed. I can now give you an account, that my business has been granted and dispatched better, and with more certainty than I could have wished; and I have had therein the assistance and advise of worthy men, particularly of the cardinal de Genutiis, who is judge of the palace, and of the cardinal Simonetta, who was auditor of the chamber, a very knowing man, and well versed in such matters. The pope was of opinion that I should proceed in my business per cameram: the above-mentioned cardinals were of a mind, that it should be by the court of contradicts: because, that in *foro contentioso*, it cannot be revocable in France, and *quæ per contradictoria transiguntur transeunt in rem judicatam: quæ autem per cameram, & impugnari possunt, & in judicium veniunt.* Those things which are transacted by contradictories, pass as determined; but those things which are done by the chamber, may be called into question, and tried over again.

Upon the whole, I have nothing more to do, than to take up the bulls sub plumbo.

My lord cardinal du Bellay, as likewise my lord bishop of Mascon, have assured me that the charges shall be remitted me, though the pope by old custom remits nothing, except of what is dispatched *per cameram*. There will remain to be paid, only the referendaries, proctors, and other such like scribblers and blotters of parchment. If my money falls short, I will recommend myself to your lordship's alms; for I don't think to leave this place till the emperor goes.

He is at present at Naples, whence, as he has written to the pope, he will depart on the sixth of January. This town is already full of Spaniards: and he has sent an extraordinary ambassador to the pope, besides him who constantly resides at this court, to give him notice of his coming. The pope

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leaves him half the palace, and all the borough of St. Peter for his retinue, and has ordered three thousand beds to be prepared, according to the Roman custom, that is to say, with quilts: for the city has been unprovided of 'em ever since it was sacked by the Lanskenets. He has got together as much hay, straw, oats, spelt-corn, and barley, as he could find; and of wine, as much as is arrived in ripâ: I fancy he'll be at no small charge, which can't be very easy to him in this his great poverty, so apparent in him, more than in any pope for these three hundred years past. The Romans have not yet resolved how to behave themselves upon this occasion, and have had many meetings, by order of the senators, conservators, and governor; but they can't agree in their opinions. The emperor has declared to them, by his said ambassador, that he does not design his people shall be entertained at free-cost, but as the pope shall think fit to entertain 'em, which does the more sensibly touch the pope: for he understands well enough, that by this saying the emperor means to see how, and with what affection, he will treat him and his people.

The holy father has sent two legates to him by the choice of the consistory; to wit, the cardinal of Siena, and cardinal Cesarini. Since which, the cardinals Salviati and Rodolph are also gone to him, and with them my lord de Saintes. I understand 'tis about the affair of Florence, and concerning the difference between the duke Alexander de Medicis and Philip Strossi, whose estate, which is considerable, the duke had a mind to confiscate. Next to the Fourques of Ausbourg in Germany, he is counted the richest merchant in Christendom; and the duke has set people here to poison or kill him, whatever came on't. Being advertised of this attempt, he obtained of the pope to go armed. And he commonly went attended with thirty soldiers, armed at all points.

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points. The said duke of Florence having notice (I suppose) that Strossi, with the abovementioned cardinals, was gone to the emperor, and that he offered to the emperor four hundred thousand ducats, only to give commissions to people who might inform against the tyranny and baseness of the said duke, left Florence, constituted cardinal Cibo his governor, and came to this city the morrow after Christmas-day, the twenty-third hour, entering at St. Peter's gate, followed by fifty light horse, in white armour, with lances, and about a hundred harquebusiers. The rest of his train was but little, and in no very good order. And no soul went to see him, but the emperor's ambassador, who met him at the same gate. As soon as he was in town, he came to the palace, and had a short audience of the pope: and had lodgings in St. George's palace. The next morning he went away, attended as before.

Eight days since, news came to this town, and his holiness has received letters from divers parts, that the sophy, king of Persia, has defeated the army of the Turks. Yesterday night arrived here the nephew of monsieur de Vely, the king's ambassador to the emperor, who assured my lord cardinal du Bellay, that the thing was true: and that this had been the greatest slaughter that has been heard of these four hundred years; for above forty thousand horse were killed on the Turks' side.

Consider what a number of foot fell there! As likewise on the sophy's side. For among people that do not willingly fly, *non solet esse incruenta victoria:* the victory does not use to be without blood.

The principal defeat was near a little town called Coni, not far distant from the great city of Tauris, for which the sophy and the Turk contend; the other action was near a place called Batelis. The manner was thus: the Turks had divided their army,

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and one part was sent to take Coni; of which the sophy having intelligence, he, with his whole army, rushed upon this separated part, before they could stand upon their guard.

See here the effect of ill counsel, in dividing his army before he had gotten the victory. The French can give a good account of this, when the duke of Albany drew out the strength and flower of the camp before Pavia. Upon the news of this rout and defeat, Barbarossa is retired to Constantinople to secure the country, and says, by his good gods, that this is nothing, considering the mighty power of the Turk. But the emperor is eased of the fear that he had of the Turk's coming into Sicily, as he had threatened in the beginning of the spring. And this may give repose to Christendom for some considerable time; and those who would lay tythes upon the church, *eo prætextu*, that they would fortify themselves against the approach of the Turk, are but ill-furnished with demonstrative arguments.

LETTER. II.

MY LORD,

I HAVE received letters from monsieur de Sanct Cerdos, dated from Dijon; in which he tells me of a process that he has depending in the court of Rome. I dare not answer him, without running the hazard of incurring a great deal of displeasure. But I understand he has the greatest right in the world, and that he suffers a manifest injury; and that he ought to come hither in person. For there is no such affair, how equitable soever, that is not lost for want of a man's own soliciting in it; especially when he has a strong party, who can overawe with threats those who solicit for him. The want of a cypher prevents

prevents my writing to you more at large. But it troubles me to see so much as I do, particularly, being sensible of the great kindness you have for him; and likewise because he has of a long time loved and favoured me. In my opinion Monsieur de Basiac, conseiller (one of the judges assistants) in the parliament of Tholouse, came hither this winter on a less occasion, and is older and more infirm than he, and yet has had a quick dispatch to his content

LETTER III.

MY LORD,

THE duke of Ferrara, who went to the emperor at Naples, returned hither this morning. I know not yet how he has determined matters relating to the investiture and homage of his lands: but I understand he is come back not well satisfied with the emperor. I fear he will be forced to empty his coffers of those crowns his father left him, and that the pope and emperor will fleece him at pleasure; considering also that it was for above six months before he refused to espouse the king's interest, notwithstanding all the emperor's remonstrances and threats. My lord bishop of Limoges, who was the king's ambassador at Ferrara, seeing the said duke, without acquainting him with his design, was retired to the emperor, is returned to France. 'Tis feared that * Renée will receive no little displeasure by it: the duke having removed madam de Soubise her governess, and ordered her to be served by Italians, which don't look well.

LETTER

* Renée of France duchess of Ferrara.

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LETTER IV.

MY LORD,

THREE days since arrived here a post from monsieur de Crissé, who brings an account that some of the lord Rânce's men, who went to the relief of Geneva, were defeated by a party of the duke of Savoy's. With him came a courier from Savoy, who brought the news of it to the emperor. This may unhappily prove *seminarium futuri belli*, the cause of an ensuing war. For these little wilful broils draw after them great battles, which is demonstrable from ancient history, as well Greek and Roman as French, as appears by the battle at Vireton.

LETTER V.

MY LORD,

ABOUT fifteen days since, Andrew Doria, who went with stores to those who hold the Gouletta near Tunis for the emperor, as likewise to supply them with water, (for the Arabians of the country make continual war upon them, and they dare not stir out of their garrison,) is arrived at Naples, where he staid not above three days with the emperor, since when, he is sailed hence with nine and twenty galleys; it is said, in quest of Judeo and Cacciadiavolo, who have burnt a great deal of the country of Sardinia and Minorca. The grand master of Rhodes, who was born in Piedmont, is lately dead; in whose room the commandeur of Forton, between Montauban and Tholouse, is chosen.

LETTER

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LETTER VI.

MY LORD,

I HERE send you a book of prognostications which busies this whole town: 'tis entitled, *De eversione Europæ*, of the overturning of Europe. For my part, I give no credit at all to it. But Rome was never so wholly given over to vanities and prophecies as it is at present. I am apt to think the reason is, because *mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus;* the giddy multitude always change with the prince. I have also sent you an almanack for the ensuing year 1536. I send you besides, the copy of a brief which his holiness has lately decreed for the arrival of the emperor: as likewise the emperor's entry into Messina and Naples, and the funeral oration at the interment of the deceased duke of Milan.

My lord, I humbly recommend myself to your good favour, praying to our Lord for your good health and long life.

Rome, *Dec.* 30, 1536.

LETTER VII.

To the lord de Maillezais.

MY LORD,

I HAVE received the letters you were pleased to write to me, dated the second of December: by which I understand that my two packets are come to your hands; one of the 18th, the other of the 22d of October, with the four signatures which I sent you. I writ since to you more at large, on the nine and twentieth of November, and thirtieth of December. By this time, I believe, you have received

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ceived the said packets. For Mr. Michael Parmentier, bookseller, living at the arms of Basil, writ to me the fifth of this instant, that he had received and sent them to Poitiers. You may assure yourself, that the packets which I shall send you will be safely delivered at Lyons: for I put them into the great sealed packet, which is for the king's affairs; and when the courier comes to Lyons, he is dispatched by the governor; then his secretary, who is much my friend, takes the packet, which I superscribe on the first sheet, to the aforesaid Michael Parmentier. Afterwards there is no difficulty, unless from Lyons to Poitiers, which is the reason that obliges me to set an extraordinary postage upon it, that the greater care may be taken of it by the messengers at Poitiers, in hopes to get a spill by it. For my part, I constantly encourage the said Parmentier with some small presents, which I send him of novelties on this side, or to his wife, that he may be the more diligent to engage merchants or messengers at Poictiers to deliver the packets to your lordship. And I very much approve of the advice which you gave me in your letter, that I should not trust them to the hands of the banquiers, for fear they should be picked and broke open. I think 'twill not be amiss, the first time you write to me, especially if it be business of consequence, that you write a line to the said Parmentier, and inclose a piece of gold to him in your letter, in consideration of the care he takes to send your packets to me, and mine to you. A small matter sometimes highly obliges honest men, and makes 'em more diligent for the time to come, when the case requires a speedy dispatch.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

MY LORD,

I HAVE not as yet presented your letters to my lord bishop de Saintes; for he is not yet returned from Naples, whither he went with the cardinals Salviati and Rodolph. He will return in two days; then I will give him your letters, and desire an answer of 'em, which I will send you by the first courier that goes hence. I understand their affairs have not had that success with the emperor which they hoped for: and that the emperor had positively answered, that at their request and instance, as likewise at the late pope Clement's, he had created Alexander de Medicis, duke of the territories of Florence and Pisa, which he never thought to do, nor would have done: mean while to depose him, would be the trick of some stage-player, which does and undoes the same thing. However, that they should resolve to acknowledge him as their duke and lord, and obey him as his vassals and subjects, and besure they did so. As to the complaints they made against the said duke, he would take cognisance of them when he came to Florence.

For he designs, after some stay at Rome, to pass through Sienna, and thence to Florence, to Bolonia, to Milan and Genoa. Thus the aforesaid cardinals, together with the bishop of Saintes, Strossy, and some others, returned, *re infectâ*, [as wise as they went.]

The thirteenth of this month came back hither the cardinals of Sienna and Cæsarini, who had been elected by the pope, and the whole college, legates to the emperor. They have so negociated the matter, that the emperor has deferred his coming hither to the latter end of February. If I had as many crowns, as the pope would give days of pardon; *proprio motu*

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motu, de plenitudine potestatis; of his own free will, out of the plenity of his power: and other such like favourable circumstances, to any one that could defer it for five or six years to come; I should be richer than ever was Jacques Cœur. Here are great preparations made in this city for his reception; and a new way is made by the pope's command, by which he is to make his entry: that is, through St. Sebastian's gate, towards *Champidoli*, *templum pacis*, (the temple of peace,) and the amphitheatre, and he is to pass under the ancient triumphal arches of Constantine and Titus, of Numetianus, and others: then on one side of St. Mark's palace, by Campo de Fiore, and by the palace Farnese, where the pope used to reside; then by the banks, and below St Angelo's castle. To make and level which way, above two hundred houses, and three or four churches, are pulled down to the ground, which most people take for an ill omen. On the day of the conversion of St. Paul, his holiness went to St. Paul's to hear mass, and made a feast to all the cardinals. After dinner he returned, passing through the above-mentioned way, and looked at St. George's palace. But 'tis a sad sight to behold the ruins of the demolished houses that are not paid for; nor have the landlords any recompence made 'em.

To day arrived here the Venetian embassadors, four brave old grey-headed gentlemen, who are going to the emperor at Naples. The pope has sent all his family before 'em; his bed-chamber-men, chamberlains, janisaries, lanskenets; and the cardinals have sent their mules in pontificalibus.

Likewise, the 7th of this month, the embassadors of Sienna were introduced in good order, and after they had made their speech in open consistory, and that the pope had answered 'em in fine Latin, they suddenly parted for Naples. I believe embassadors will be sent from all parts of Italy to the emperor; and

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and he knows well enough how to play his game, to get money out of 'em, as it has been discovered about ten days since. But I am not yet fully acquainted with the subtilty, which ('tis said) he made use of at Naples; hereafter I may give you an account of it.

The prince of Piedmont, the duke of Savoy's eldest son, died at Naples fifteen days ago: the emperor ordered him a very honourable interment, at which he assisted in person.

The king of Portugal, six days since, commanded his embassador at Rome, that immediately upon receipt of his letter, he should return to him in Portugal; which he did the same hour, and came ready booted and spurred to take his leave of the most reverend the lord cardinal du Bellay. Two days after, was killed near the bridge of St. Angelo, in open day, a Portuguese gentleman, who solicited here for the whole body of the Jews that were baptized under king Emanuel of Portugal, that he might succeed to their estates when they died. The king has also exacted several things of them against the edict and ordinance of the said king Emanuel. I doubt we shall hear of some sedition in Portugal.

LETTER IX.

MY LORD,

In the last packet I sent you, I gave you an account, that part of the Turks, army was defeated by the sophy, near Betelis. The Turk did not very long delay his revenge: for two months after, he fell upon the sophy with the greatest fury imaginable; and, after having put to fire and sword a great part of the country of Mesopotamia, he has driven back the sophy on the other side of mount Taurus. In the mean time, he causes a great number of gallies to be built

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built upon the river Tanais, by which they may come to Constantinople. Barbarossa is still at Constantinople, to secure the country, and has left several garrisons at Bona and Algiers, lest the emperor should by chance attack him. I have sent you his picture, drawn by the life; as also a map of Tunis, and of the sea-port towns adjacent. The lanskenets, whom the emperor sent into the dutchy of Milan to keep the strong places, are all drowned and lost at sea, to the number of fifteen hundred, in one of the biggest and stoutest ships belonging to the Genoese; and it was near to a port belonging to the commonwealth of Lucca, called Lerza. The occasion was, because they being weary of the sea, and desirous to get ashore, which they could not for the tempest and stress of weather, imagined that the pilot of the ship would still keep them off at sea, longer than he needed: for which cause they killed him, with some other of the officers of the said ship, after whose death the ship remained without a commander; and instead of taking in their sails, the lanskenets hoisted them, as being unpractised in sea-affairs, and in this confusion they perished within a stone's throw of the aforesaid port.

My lord, I understand that my lord bishop de Lavaur, who was the king's ambassador at Venice, has had his audience of leave, and is returning to France. The bishop of Rhodes goes in his place, and is now at Lyons with all his retinue, ready to go, when the king has given him his instructions.

My lord, I humbly recommend myself to your favour, praying to our lord to give you long life in good health.

Your most humble servant,

Rome, Jan. 28.
1536.

FRANCIS RABELAIS.

LETTER

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LETTER X.

MY LORD,

I WRIT to you at large all the news I could learn, the 28th of January last past, by a gentleman, servant to Monsieur de Montreuil, called Tremeliere, who returned from Naples, where he had bought some horses of that kingdom for his lord, and was returning to him with all speed. The same day I received the packet that you were pleased to send me from Legugé, dated the 10th of the said month, in which you may see the method I have taken for the delivery of your letters, by which they are safely and suddenly brought to me here. Your said letters and packets were delivered at the arms of Basil, on the one and twentieth of the same month; the eight and twentieth they were delivered to me here. And to encourage at Lyons, (for that's the point and principal place) the bookseller at the arms of Basil to be diligent in this affair, I repeat what I writ to you in my aforementioned packet, if you chance to write to me about any thing of consequence: that it is my advice, that on the first occasion of writing to me, you write a word or two to him in a letter, in which be pleased to inclose some gold crowns, or some other piece of old gold, as a royal, an angel, or salutation, in consideration of the pains and care he takes of them; so small a matter will more and more endear him to your service.

Now, to answer your letters, I have diligently searched the registers of the palace, since the time that you commanded me, that is, the year 1529, 1530 and 1531, to see if Dom. Phillipe's act of resignation to his nephew were to be found, and have given the clerks of the register two gold crowns, which is but a small recompence for the great and tedious trouble in it. In short, they have found nothing of it, nor ever

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ever heard news of his procurations; wherefore, I doubt there is some foul play in his case, or the instructions you writ to me were not sufficient to find 'em. And that I may be more certified in it, you should tell me, *cujus diocesis*, of what diocess the said friar Dom. Phillippe was; and if you have heard nothing to give more light in the matter, as if it was *purè & simpliciter*, or *causâ permutationis*.

LETTER XI.

MY LORD,

WHAT I writ to you of my lord cardinal du Bellay's answer, when I presented him your letters, ought not to displease your lordship. My lord of Mascon has sent you an account of the whole matter and we are not yet like to have a legate in France. 'Tis certain, that the king has presented the cardinal of Lorrain to the pope. But I believe, that the cardinal du Bellay will endeavour by all means possible to get it for himself. The old proverb is true, which says, *nemo sibi secundus*. And I shrewdly suspect, by certain signs that I see, that my lord cardinal du Bellay will engage the pope on his behalf, and thus be made acceptable to the king. Nevertheless, be not uneasy, if his answer be a little ambiguous in your concern.

LETTER XII.

MY LORD,

THE grains which I sent you, I can assure you, are the best of Naples, of the same which his holiness has caused to be sowed in his privy-garden of Belvedere.

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Belvedere. There are no other kind of sallads on this side but those of Nasidord and Arroussa; but those of Legugé seem to me altogether as good, and somewhat more sweet and grateful to the stomach, and particularly better for you; for those of Naples, in my opinion, are too hot and tough.

As for the season for sowing 'em, you must caution your gardeners not to sow 'em altogether so early as they do on this side, for it is not warm weather so soon with you as here. They may very well sow your sallads twice a year, that is to say, in Lent, and in November; and they may sow the white cardes or thistles in August and September; melons, pompions, and the others in March; fencing them for some days with mats, and a thin layer of horse-dung, not altogether rotten, when they fear it will freeze. Many other grains besides are sold here, as Alexandria gilliflowers, matronal-violets, and shrubs, with which they refresh their chambers in the summer, called Belvedere, and other physical herbs. But this would be more for my lady d'Estissac's turn. If you please to have of all sorts, I will send you without fail. But I am forced to have recourse again to your alms; for the thirty crowns which you ordered to be paid me here are almost gone: yet I have converted none of them to any ill use; nor for eating; for I eat and drink at my lord cardinal du Bellay's, or at my lord Mascon's. But a great deal of money goes away in these silly postage letters, chamber-rent, and wearing apparel, though I'm as frugal as I can be. If you will be pleased to send me a bill of exchange, I hope I shall make use of it wholly to your service, and not remain ungrateful. I see in this city a thousand pretty cheap things, which are brought from Cyprus, Candia, and Constantinople. If you think fit, I will send what I think fittest of them to you and my lady d'Estissac. The carriage from hence to Lyons will cost nothing.

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Thanks be to God I have made an end of my business, and it has cost me no more than the taking out of the bulls; his holiness having, of his own good nature, given me the composition. And I believe you will find the proceedings right enough, and that I have obtained nothing by them, but what is just and lawful. But I have been obliged to advise very much with able counsel, that every thing might be according to due form; and I dare modestly tell you, that I have in a manner hardly made use of my lord cardinal du Bellay, or my lord embassador; though, out of their own kindness, they not only offered me their own good word and favour, but absolutely to make use of the king's name.

LETTER XIII.

MY LORD,

I HAVE not as yet presented your first letter to the bishop of Saintes, for he is not yet returned from Naples, whither he went, as I writ to you before. He is expected here within these three days: then I will give him your second, and entreat an answer of it. I understand, that neither he, nor the cardinals Salviati, and Rodolph, nor Philip Strozzi with his money, have done any thing with the emperor in their affair, though they were willing to pay him a million of gold upon the nail, in the name of all the foreigners and exiles of Florence, also to finish la Rocca [the fortress] begun at Florence, to maintain a sufficient garrison in it for ever in the name of the emperor, and to pay him yearly 100,000 ducats, provided and upon condition he restored them to their former goods, lands, and liberty.

On the contrary, the duke of Florence was most honourably received by him at his arrival. The emperor

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peror went out before him, and, *post manus oscula*, he ordered him to be attended to the castle of Capua in the same town, where his natural daughter has an apartment; she is affianced to the said duke of Florence, by the prince of Salerne, viceroy of Naples, the marquis de Vast, the duke d'Alva, and other principal lords of his court. He held discourse with her as long as he staid; kissed her, and supped with her: afterwards the above-mentioned cardinals, the bishop of Xaintes and Strozzi, never left soliciting. The emperor has put them off for a final resolution to his coming to that town, to the Rocca, which is a place of prodigious strength, that the duke has built at Florence. Over the portico he has caused an eagle to be painted, with wings as large as the sails of the windmills of Mirebalais, thereby declaring and insinuating, that he holds of no body but the emperor And, in fine, he has so cunningly carried on his tyranny, that the Florentines have declared before the emperor, *nomine communitatis* [in the name of the commonalty] that they will have no other lord but him. 'Tis certain, that he has severely punished the foreigners and exiles. A pasquil has been lately set up, wherein 'tis said,

To Strozzi,

Pugna pro patriâ. [Fight for thy country.]

To Alexander, duke of Florence,

Datum serva. [What's given thee, keep.]

To the emperor,

Quæ nocitura tenes, quamvis sint chara, relinque.
Quit what will hurt thee, tho' 'tis ne'er so dear.

To the king,

Quod potes id tenta. [Dare what thou canst.]

To the cardinals Salviati and Rodolph.

Hos brevitas sensus fecit conjungere binos.
Pure want of sense unites these blocks,
As petty tradesmen join their stocks.

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LETTER XIV.

MY LORD,

I WRIT to you, that the duke of Ferrara is returned from Naples, and retired to Ferrara. Her highness, the lady Renée, is brought to bed of a daughter: she had another fine daughter before, between six and seven years of age, and a little son of three years old. He could not agree with the pope, because he demanded an excessive sum of money for the investiture of his lands. Notwithstanding, he had abated fifty thousand crowns for the love of the said lady, and this by the solicitations of my lords the cardinals du Bellay and Mascon, still to increase the conjugal affection of the said duke towards her. This was the occasion of Lyon Jamet's coming to this town, and they only differed for fifteen thousand crowns: but they could not agree, because the pope would have him acknowledge, that he held and possessed all his lands entirely in fee of the apostolical see, which the other would not. For he would acknowledge no more than his deceased father had acknowledged, and what the emperor had adjudged at Bolonia, by a decree in the time of the deceased pope Clement.

Thus he departed, *re infectâ* [without doing any thing,] and went to the emperor, who promised him at his coming, that he would easily make the pope consent, and come to the point contained in his said decree; and that he should go home, leaving an ambassador with him, to solicit the affair, when he came on this side; and that he should not pay the sum already agreed upon, before he heard further from him. The craft lies here, that the emperor wants money, and seeks it on all hands, and taxes all the world he can, and borrows it from all parts. When he come hither, he will demand some of the pope,

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'tis a plain case. For he will represent to them, that he has made all these wars against the Turk and Barbarossa, to secure Italy and the pope, and that he must of necessity contribute to it. The pope will answer that he has no money, and will manifestly prove his poverty to him. Then the emperor, without disbursing any thing, will demand the duke of Ferrara's of him, which he knows he may command at a word; and this is the mystery of the matter. Yet 'tis not certain whether things will be managed thus or no.

LETTER XV.

MY LORD,

You ask whether the lord Pietro Ludovico is the pope's legitimate son or bastard: be assured the pope was never married, which is as much as to say, that the aforesaid gentleman is certainly a bastard. The pope had a very beautiful sister. There is to be seen to this day, at the palace, in that apartment where the summists reside, built by pope Alexander, an image of our lady, which ('tis said) was drawn after that gentlewoman: she was married to a gentleman, cousin to the lord Rance, who being in the war, in the expedition of Naples, the said pope Alexander ****: now the lord Rance having certain knowledge of the thing, gave notice of it to his cousin, telling him, that he ought not to suffer such a wrong done to their family by a Spanish pope; and that if he would endure it, he himself would not. In short, her husband killed her; for which fact the present pope grieved; and to assuage his sorrow, Alexander made him a cardinal, being yet but very young, and bestowed several other marks of his favour upon him.

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At that time the pope kept a Roman lady, of the house of Ruffina, and by her had a daughter, who was married to the lord Bauge, count of Sancta Fiore, who died in this town since I came hither. By her he has one of the two little cardinals (who is called the cardinal of Sancta Fiore.) The pope likewise had a son, who is the said Pietro Ludovico, concerning whom you enquire, who has married the daughter of the count de Cervelle, on whom he has got a whole house full of children, and among others the little Cardinacule Farnese, who was made vice-chancellor by the death of the late cardinal de Medicis. By what is said you may judge why the pope did not very well love the lord Rance, and *vice versâ* (on the other side) the lord Rance put no great confidence in him: whence arises a great quarrel between my lord John Paul de Cere, son to the said lord Rance, and the above-named Pietro Ludovico, for he is resolved to revenge the death of his aunt.

But he is quit of it on the part of the said lord Rance, for he died the 11th day of this month, going a hunting, in which he extremely delighted, old as he was. The occasion was this: he had got some Turkish horses from the fairs of Racana, and as he was hunting on one of them that was very tender-mouthed, it fell, tumbled over him, and bruised him with the saddle-bow so severely, that he did not live above half an hour after the fall. This was a great loss to the French, for the king in him has lost a good servant for his affairs in Italy. 'Tis rightly said that the lord John Paul his son will be no less hereafter. But it will be a long time ere he gets such experience in feats of arms, or so great a reputation among the commanders and soldiers, as the late brave man had. I wish with all my heart, that my lord d'Estissac, by his death, had the county of Pontoise; for, 'tis said, it brings a good revenue.

To assist at the funeral, and to comfort the Marchioness

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chioness his wife, my lord cardinal has sent to Ceres, near twenty miles from this town, my lord de Rambouillet, and the abbot of St. Nicaise, who was a near kinsman to the deceased. (I believe you have seen him at court). He is a little man, all life; who was called the archdeacon of the ursins: besides, he has sent some others of his prothonotaries; which likewise my lord of Mascon has done.

LETTER XVI.

MY LORD,

I DEFER to my next to give you more at large the news concerning the emperor; for his design is not yet perfectly discovered. He is still at Naples, but is expected here by the end of this month. Great preparations are made for his coming, and abundance of triumphal arches. His four harbingers have been a good while here in town; two of them Spaniards, one Burgundian, and the fourth a Fleming.

'Tis great pity to see the ruins of the churches, palaces, and houses, which the pope caused to be demolished, and pulled down, to make and level him a way. For the charges of his reception he has laid a tax on the college of cardinals, on those who have places at court, and the artificers of the town, as much as the very aquarols. The town is already full of foreigners.

On the 5th of this month the Cardinal of Trent (Tridentinus) arrived, being sent here by the emperor. His train is very numerous, and more sumptuous than the pope's. He had with him above a hundred Germans, all dressed alike: their gowns were red, with a yellow galloon; and on their right sleeve was embroidered a wheat-sheaf tied close, and round it was written *unitas*.

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I hear he is much for peace, and reconciling all the christian princes. He eagerly desires a general council, whatever is done in other matters. I was present when he said to my lord cardinal du Bellay: 'His holiness, the cardinals, bishops, and prelates of the church, are against a council, and will by no means hear any thing of it, though they are pressed by secular princes on that subject; but I see the time at hand when the prelates of the church shall be reduced to demand a council, and the laity will not hearken to it. This will be when the latter have taken from the church all the wealth and patrimony which they had given, while ecclesiastics, by the means of frequent councils, maintained peace and unity among the laiety.'

Andrew Doria came to this town on the 3d of this month, in no very good equipage. No manner of particular respect was shewn him at his arrival, save only the lord Pietro Ludovico conducted him as far as the palace of the cardinal Camerlingo, who is a Genoese, of the house of Spinola. The next day he saluted the pope, and the day after went away for Genoa, on the emperor's behalf, to inform himself underhand concerning the disposition of the French about the war.

We have had here a positive account of the old queen of England's death; and they add that the princess, her daughter, lies very ill.

However, the bull that was issued out against the king of England to excommunicate him, and to interdict and proscribe his kingdom, did not pass at the consistory, because of the articles *De commentibus externorum et commerciis mutuis*, of the passages of foreigners and mutual intercourses, which my lord cardinal du Bellay and the bishop of Mascon opposed, in the king's name, on account of the interest which he pretends to have in it. It has been put off till the emperor's arrival.

My

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My lord, I most humbly recommend myself to your kind favour, praying God that it may please him to keep you long in health and prosperity.

Rome, *Feb.* 15, 1536.

Your lordship's most humble servant,

FRANCIS RABELAIS.

THE END.

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